

# RELIGIO PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO  
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES, LITERATURE, SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, ROMANCE AND GENERAL REFORM.

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Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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## Literary Department.

### LIFE WITHOUT AN ATMOSPHERE.

How wearily the grind of toil goes on  
Where love is wanting, how the eye and ear  
And heart are starved amidst the pleasurable  
Of nature and how hard and cold  
Life without an atmosphere. I look  
Across the laps of half a century,  
And call to mind old homesteads, where no flower  
Told that the spring had come, but evil weeds,  
Nightshade and rough-leaved harkness in the place  
Of the sweet daisy gridding of the rose  
And honeysuckle, where the thornless walls seemed  
Blazing in sun, without a tree or vine  
To cast the treacherous shadow of its leaves  
Across the certain windows from whose panes  
Flattered the signal rays of shifting scenes:  
Within the cluttered kitchen floor unwashed  
(Broom-clean I think they called it), the best room  
Stiff in a cellar dark, shut from the air  
To bid midsummer, lookless, pitiless  
Save the inevitable summer breeze  
Over the fire-place, or a murmuring pipe,  
A green-haired woman, peony-checked, beneath  
Impossible willows; the wide-throated hearth  
Brilliant with faded pine-branches half-fettersing  
The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's back;  
And, in sad keeping with all things about them,  
Stuffy, querulous women, sour and silent men,  
Uddily, drowsily, bid to fore their time.  
With scarce a human interest save their own  
Mousethous round of small economies;  
Or the poor sound of the neighborhood;  
Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,  
Treating the May-flowers with regardless feet;  
For then the song sparrow and the bobolink  
Sang not, nor wilds made music in the leaves;  
Burned, gold and crimson over all the hills,  
The sacramental mystery of the woods,  
Church-guests, fearful of the unseen Powers,  
But gazing on over-palpitant and potent,  
Savage, as shroud economy, their souls  
And winter park with the least possible outlay  
Of salt and sanctity; in daily life  
Showing as little actual comprehension  
Of Christian charity and love as duty,  
And the sermon on the Mount had been  
Outdated like last year's almanac;  
Rich in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields,  
And yet so parched and bare and comfortless,  
The very straggling limping on his rounds,  
The sun and air his sole sustenance,  
Laughed at a poverty that said its taxes,  
And bugged its rage in self-complacency?  
Whittier's "Among the Hills."

his manner whether their coarse jests caused him amusement or uneasiness.  
After an ineffectual effort at a break down, he staggered to ward the bar, amid a general roar of laughter, and leaned against the counter.  
"Some gin and sugar, Harris," said he, addressing a tall, lank, middle-aged man, who was rinsing tumblers in a pail of water.  
"You have had enough, Nash," replied the man.  
"I have got a flip left," said the young man, feeling in his pockets until he extracted a small silver coin. The remark of the bar tender, who was also the ostensible keeper of the house, had excited a feeling of irritation. He threw down the coin, and striking his fist violently upon the counter, exclaimed:  
"I want some gin, Harris."  
"Certainly, Jerry," said the other, soothingly, "don't make a fool of yourself."  
Harris placed an empty tumbler before the youth, and commenced pouring the liquor from a long necked, black bottle.  
Several of his comrades interposed at this moment, with the inquiry:  
"Jerry, ain't you going to treat?"  
"Treat! no. You are a set of common suckers. When—"  
The young man gulped down the liquor at a single draught and placed the tumbler on the counter, then steadying himself as well as he was able, he fastened his eyes, blood-shot and fiery, upon the countenance of Harris.  
"Do you know what they call your cursed hole, about town?" inquired the intoxicated youth, with an attempt at a scornful sneer.  
"No, Jerry."  
"They call it the Tapis Franc."  
"What's that?"  
"Did you never read the Mysteries of Paris?" stammered the young man.  
"No."  
"Well, the Tapis Franc, Paris, is a low place where thieves and rowdies assemble to drink and skin each other; and this is the Tapis Franc of New York."  
"What harm has it ever done you?"  
"Harm enough," exclaimed Jerry Nash. "I came here with two dollars, this morning, and now I haven't got one red cent."  
"If you don't like it, you needn't stay here."  
The pale face of the youth grew red with anger at these words, and he actually seemed to grow sober on the instant.  
"Needn't stay. I wish to God that I had never seen the inside of your doors. Needn't stay!"  
An associate pulled him by the arm:  
"Bob Harris was in fun, Jerry."  
"Every shilling that I can earn, or borrow, is thrown away in this miserable hole; and they I am told I needn't stay."  
With a mocking smile, Harris remarked:  
"You had better go home to your mother, Jerry."  
"And if I do," fiercely replied the young man, "I shall hear her curses upon your head. You will stick yet, Bob Harris, under the bitter curses of heart-broken wives and mothers."  
The reckless levity of the party, was in a measure silenced by the strange bearing of Jeremiah Nash.  
During the progress of this scene, Hugh Simonson had remained standing near the entrance of the room. Careless, however, of the jeering or sullying of others, the robber passed through the midst of the group of spectators, and descended a flight of three or four steps, which led to an adjoining apartment or basement, in the rear of the building. There were assembled a score—perhaps two dozen individuals, varying from eighteen to sixty years of age. The greater number were gathered around a round table, some as players, others as lookers on. The stakes were generally small, often as low as a shilling or a quarter of a dollar, and rarely exceeding one or two dollars. A young man well dressed, with dull eyes, and calm, passionless features, dealt the cards from a small tin box passing at every turn to gather in the winners and pay the losses of the party, was in a measure silenced by the strange bearing of Jeremiah Nash.  
The attention of Simonson was almost instantly diverted from the group around the faro table, by the sound of a smooth, monotonous voice behind him. He turned about and beheld a party of four persons playing bluff at a small square table at the opposite side of the room. The voice belonged to a thin, spare man, sitting with his back towards the robber—and that man was James Fogle.  
Hugh Simonson approached his confederate and touched him gently with the end of his cane. Fogle gave a nod of recognition, and soon afterwards, leaving the card table, followed the stout robber through the back door into a small yard at the rear of the building.  
"I have found you, Jim Fogle, in the nick of time," remarked Simonson.  
"Silence, Hugh, till I look about us; there may be eavesdroppers near."  
Fogle examined the premises until he was satisfied that no listeners were present.  
"Now proceed very cautiously. Fences may have extra as well as walls."  
"Well, Jim, our work must be done to-night. The sky will be cloudy and dark—just the thing."  
"Are you strong enough, Hugh?" said Fogle, with a quiet, provoking smile, "you lost some blood last evening?"  
"You say this to chafe me," replied the thief, bitterly. "If I meet that chap again I will repay him with interest."  
"Banish all thoughts of revenge, if you regard my counsel, and stick to some trade more profitable than fighting."  
"I don't want your advice," muttered Simonson, gruffly.

"Not now, Hugh; but you will, ere long. You are getting continually into scrapes."  
"All this palaver has nothing to do with our job in Blecker street," continued the other, impatiently. "My apprentice, Williams, has just signed the indentures, and, though he has no great pluck, will make an excellent pack-horse. I have promised to break him in to-night."  
"But this is Tuesday," remarked Fogle, with a slight start.  
"I cannot go out with you to-night," said Fogle, in a grave, decided tone.  
"Why not?"  
"Because, Tuesday is a black day with me. Some thing unlucky always turns up against me if I undertake an enterprise on Tuesday."  
"Idiotic!"  
"I have in my memory example upon example and I never tempt fortune to betray me."  
"Fortune be damned," replied the ruffian, coarsely; "she is a slippery jade at the best, and I don't give her a thought. I have always heard that Friday is an unlucky day, because it is longest; Friday, but I do not know why the other days of the week should be unlucky, unless it is because they are wedding days."  
"You do not know, nor I either."  
"Fogle, this looks like a get off. I did not think you had such a soft spot in your cunning head."  
"Just, or so, or kneel me down, as the boy served you last night," replied Fogle, "I will not alter my determination. I have promised myself, with an oath, that I will never try a venture on Tuesday."  
"What shall be done?"  
"Put it off until another evening, or proceed about it."  
"By George, I have a great notion to undertake it, with the assistance of Williams."  
"Do it, Simonson. You will do better with him than with me."  
"Do it, you believe in the thing, Jim Fogle?" said the other, with a menacing glance. "You did not seem so indifferent yesterday."  
"Wait till I have done," replied Fogle, quietly, "before you start off in a pet. If the treasures of the Bank of England were in question: I would not go out to-night, for I have a presentiment against it. But your plan is a good one, and I am prepared to follow it. I will do it, Hugh: you can go out with your man, Williams, and make the trial; if you secure the stuff, bring it to my quarters in Laurens street, as we agreed. You will find me there, with a good fire in the furnace, and the tools to run the power into solid, marketable ingots."  
Hugh Simonson, during this speech, stood gazing intently upon the features of his companion; but the countenance of James Fogle rarely manifested more than his words, unless his object required it.  
"Cool and calculating as you are," said the former, "you are not in the habit of shrinking danger."  
"Danger always, Hugh; but not the risk of serious consequences. Are you not sharp enough to see the distinction?"  
"Not I, and besides, I cannot discover any great difference in the luck of the thing, between taking the power and blowing the fire."  
"Look you, Simonson, I assure you that I will not lend the turn of a finger to this business till the clock strikes Wednesday morning. If you don't suspect me of foul play, say so, and the game is up."  
"No, Jim Fogle, I always have trusted you, and I will now. Whatever others may say, I do not believe that you are such a cursed rascal as to abandon or betray a comrade. You will see, Williams and I, in Laurens street, before clock striking."  
The ghost of a smile flitted across the demure visage of James Fogle, as he replied:  
"Have a care, Hugh, you are apt to be too confident and daring."  
The thieves returned to the smoky apartments of the Tapis Franc. James Fogle resumed his seat at the card table, and Hugh Simonson, passing through the building into Ann street, directed his footsteps towards the scene of the intended burglary, for the purpose of reconnoitering.  
Two hours later, Mark Masters the police officer, and James Fogle, were closeted together in a private apartment at Cromley's Hotel.  
"It was a capital thing, Mr. Masters," said Fogle, with a dry laugh, "a capital thing. I went to Colonel Winck, and hired myself as a waiter at fifteen dollars a month, and found, the moment I set my eyes on the chaps, I knew them like a book."  
"Who were they?"  
"Black Jack and a quiet-eyed Harry."  
"What regular lay birds?"  
"They were playing a strong game, Mr. Masters. Jack Harker was dressed in tip-top style, and talked large—Harry Orme backing him up in everything. They were deceiving the youngsters, Mr. Tracy and Mr. Willoughby, beautifully, with advantage cards. I was glad of a chance at one, to settle an old score."  
"You caught them cheating?" inquired the police officer.  
"It was as open as daylight. They changed the cards at the beginning of the game, and had it all their own way."  
"Well, you exposed them?" observed Mark Masters, quietly.  
"I did, Mr. Masters, Jack Harker was savage at first, but as soon as I unmasked myself they knew it was all up with them."  
"How did the young men behave?"  
"Mr. Willoughby was off at a flash as soon as he knew the real character of Captain Harker and his cronies. Heated out and out like a gentleman. But I tell you, sir, if I am any judge of human nature there is something wrong about the other young fellow, Mr. Tracy. He said behind to parley with the detected gamblers,

and to make them poney up their winnings. There were high words about letters from the South and some talk of the police. But it seemed to me that they were shaming it all the while. It is true that Mr. Tracy compelled them to hand over the money which they had won from Mr. Willoughby and himself."  
"Nothing wrong in that, Fogle."  
"I'll bet sixpence against a rotten apple that he knew the standing of his associates when he sat down to the card table."  
"Likely enough; there are rogues in all stations."  
Fogle nodded approvingly.  
"You have done well in this affair, Fogle, and are entitled to the reward I promised you on behalf of my employers."  
The police officer produced a large pocket book from the breast pocket of his coat, and taking therefrom a bank note of the denomination of twenty dollars, presented it to James Fogle.  
"And now," continued the police officer, with a peculiar glance, "how stands the business with Hugh Simonson?"  
"He went out to-night, Mr. Masters."  
"Alone?"  
"No; he and one of his neighbors—a man by the name of Williams."  
"What is their game?"  
"A lot of gold and silver plate at No.—Blecker street. The plan is well laid, for I had a hand in it myself."  
"You are an accomplice?"  
"If Hugh Simonson gets off safely with his plunder," said James Fogle, with a significant chuckle, "I shall come in for a share of the proceeds."  
"This is honest, Fogle," said the police officer, rising. "You have earned a reprieve from six months for a few months; but don't presume too much upon it."  
An interval of an hour elapsed between the departure of the police officer and James Fogle from Cromley's Hotel.  
**Completion of the Suez Canal.**  
Almost simultaneously with the completion of the railway which is to connect the opposite coasts of the North American Continent, we shall probably have to record the triumph of another great work of human ingenuity and perseverance, which is to unite the Mediterranean and Indian Seas. The project of cutting a ship canal through the hundred miles of sand which unite the continents of Africa and Asia is as old as the age of the Pharaohs, and nearly twenty-five centuries ago a canal was finished from the Nile to the Gulf of Suez, two-thirds of it, or about sixty miles, cut by the labor of man. It was repeatedly choked up with the drifting sands of the desert, and repeatedly reopened. At last over a thousand years ago, it was finally abandoned. The first Napoleon designed a few canals, but was deterred by the report of the engineers, who decided that the level of the Mediterranean was thirty feet below the level of the Red Sea. This proved to be an error, for the two bodies of water have exactly the same mean level; and when this fact was ascertained, more than half the difficulties in the way of the undertaking disappeared.  
The cuttings have now been going on under the directions of that enterprising French gentleman, M. de Lesseps, for nearly ten years, and one or perhaps two years more will see the end of them. His plan makes no use of the Nile, except as a feeder, but the canal was nearly a straight line across the isthmus from Port Said in the Mediterranean to Su-az at the head of the Gulf of the same name, which sets up from the Red Sea. At each end an enormous port has to be constructed, running, the one three and the other five miles out from land in order to secure a permanent depth of water sufficient for large vessels, and also to afford the canal a double protection from the enormous deposits of mud which are continually carried down by the Nile and swept eastward along the shore. The canal is about 100 miles long and 100 yards wide, and when finished will be 20 feet deep. Already 50 miles of it have been excavated to the full width and opened to the sea, and forty enormous dredging machines float on it, digging out the channel to the required depth. The remaining fifty miles are in various stages of progress; but a navigable passage has been opened, and not long since a French war vessel passed through on the way to Malacca. The work was not the first step, however, that crossed the isthmus of Suez. During the Abyssinian war British gunboats took the same route, and as early indeed as August, 1865, a vessel of some sort, probably of very light draught, was also floated through. The complete success of M. de Lesseps's scheme involves no other problems, therefore, than time and money. The rate of expenditure now is about \$12,000,000 a year, and after the work is finished the keeping it in order will be very costly. Beside the difficulty of protecting the banks, exposed as they will be to windings and the wash of large steamers, there will be another serious trouble in the 500 tons of sand which is calculated will be drifted into the canal from the desert every day. These difficulties are by no means insuperable, nor even seriously perplexing, but they will prove expensive.

over the face in death, the features were tranquil, the hair was black as jet. No one recognized the face—a generation had grown up since the day on which the miner went down his shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman, who had hurried from her cottage after hearing the news, came up, and she knew again the face which through all these years she had never quite forgotten. The poor miner was to have been her husband on the day after that on which he died. They were rough people of course who were looking on as liberal education and refined feelings are not deemed essential to the man whose work is to get up coals, or even tin; but there were no dry eyes there when the gray-headed old pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse, and poured into its deaf ear many words of endearment unused for forty years. It was a touching contrast; the one so old, the other so young. They had known each other those long years ago; but time had gone on with the living, and stood still with the dead.

**New Lyceum in Milwaukee.**  
S. S. JONES.—We have formed two Children's Progressive Lyceums here, because it was thought that leading Spiritualists would work more harmoniously in different societies, than in one. The number of children attending both Lyceums, last Sunday, was nearly double those attending the one previously, and there is every prospect that the number of working Spiritualists will be doubled in a few weeks, by this division.

J. L. Potter is lecturing here each Sunday, and doing a good work. Since he arrived here, nearly three months ago, we have formed a legal society, and got it in working condition and the cause of Spiritualism has been advancing slowly but permanently in the hearts of the people. The good seed has been scattered among them to grow and ripen into a rich harvest, that will bless the people with frequent angelic visits to guide them to every heavenly truth, and in the paths of wisdom. Yours,  
H. S. BROWN, M. D.  
425 Milwaukee street.

**Letter from M. Milson.**  
Bro. JONES.—I consider it a duty I owe to Mrs. Jenny Waterman, number 313, East Third st., N. Y., to state for the benefit of the afflicted, that, last winter, I had a very aggravated case of ulcerated inflammatory sore eyes, and had been confined to my house for several months; finally I went to her for treatment, and in three weeks, I returned home. There has not been any of the usual weakness or sensitiveness about them since, that is so common in the old-practice cure.

I most cheerfully recommend the different kind of syrups and other medicines put up by her, after the formulas of her spirit guide, having used them in my family, and have satisfied myself of their virtues. Yours respectfully,  
M. MILSON, Esq.,  
New York, Jan. 4th, 1869.

**We Pass for What We Are.**  
A man passes for what he is worth. Very old is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear for fear of being known is not less so. If a man knows that he can do anything—knows that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly of men a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new corner is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his speed and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school, with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions. An older boy says "It's of no use, we shall find him out to-morrow." Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Volving coarseness and vulgar entente, there is as much merit in entering for the humorous side of nature as to the sober and sedate. Men and women were made to laugh and to indulge in pleasures just as much as to pray and fast. Because a face is uncommonly long instead of wide, it does not follow that its possessor is a first-class saint. We would as soon trust a countenance got up on the broad as on the long gauge.

A Western clergyman advocating obsequy for the right, illustrated it by naming a deacon, who, when a member of the church, at the suggestion of the pastor, prayed that the Lord would either take away their deacon's obsequy nature, or else take him to Heaven, because they could not get along with him on earth, rose promptly in his place and said "Brethren, I won't go."

Little Susie had never seen any kittens when her brother brought in five wee bits of things he had just found in the hay. Susie looked at them a minute in silent astonishment, and then exclaimed, "O, Johnny, who has broke old pussy to pieces?"

## WILFRED MONTRESSOR;

### OR, THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

#### A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.,

### BOOK SECOND—THE ARREST.

#### CHAPTER XX.—THE TAPIS FRANC—REACH-ERY.

Passing through the front door into the street, Hugh Simonson proceeded at a moderate pace down Orange street to the corner of White street, and thence to Broadway. He pursued his course toward the Park, unnoticed among the crowd of pedestrians, many of them worse dressed and worse looking than himself. Arriving at length at the neighborhood of Park Theatre, he entered successfully the bar, rooms and bowling saloons which form a species of vestibule to that school of morals, drinking occasionally a glass of gin or brandy, and scrutinizing unobtrusively, yet closely, the features of their visitors.

The object of his search was James Fogle. Not finding him in any of the public resorts, he turned into Ann street, and directed his steps towards a story and a half building on the south side of the street, at the distance of one or two hundred yards from Broadway. There was something in the external appearance of the building, mean, dilapidated, and unfavorable indication of the character of its inmates. The windows shutters were partially closed, but through the interstices were perceptibly dirty panes of glass, and indistinctly the outline of moving figures. Simonson approached the front door and opened it without knocking; he passed into a narrow entry, and thence through a side door, standing half open, into a small apartment fragrant with the fumes of brandy and tobacco. The walls dirty, the floor absolutely covered with mud and tobacco spittle. A narrow wooden counter was placed in the south-east corner of the room, upon which were bottles filled with a variety of liquors, and a tray of common glass tumblers. Several coarse prints, in wooden frames, were suspended from the walls. The room was occupied by a group of persons, mostly young men of reckless, dissolute habits.

As Simonson entered, he perceived in the centre of the circle of smokers, a youth of eighteen or nineteen years of age, attempting to dance a jig to the negro air of "Jim along Josey," which was by one of the company. Shouts of laughter followed his irregular reeling movements, and his distorted grimace. The young man had evidently drunk to excess, and was becoming the butt of his associates. He seemed conscious of this, but it was hardly possible to decide from



## Original Essays.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## A Beautiful Tribute.

The following letter and poem were sent to us by a friend in California. This friend, whose initials precede the poem, having read some of Miss Carmichael's writing, felt anxious to know somewhat of her history and accordingly addressed her a letter, in which he stated that he had lost a very dear friend, and would like to have her favor him with a production from her pen upon this loss. The following letter and poem was her reply. Miss Carmichael has of late changed her name, by entering the marriage relation; and may the tidal waves of her future life flow as sweetly as the songs she has sung!

Your beautiful letter reached me some days since. I answer it with pleasure, and shall endeavor to comply with your complimentary request at my earliest convenience.

I am, at present, like Martha, "troubled about many things;" but I always esteem it a favor to be allowed to sympathize with souls that are earnest and true, in their sorrow or happiness. There are few things in the world so beautiful as the white roses of affection we place upon the pillow of the dead. They look, perhaps, the soul-stuffing fragrance of the rose-tinted blooms we breathe about the living brow of happy love; but are they not less changeable in their beauty? The dust of the world cannot sully them, nor the chill blasts of time wither them. We cannot, it may be, hold them so closely to our selfish human hearts, yet they are ours, as the stars are—far away, it is true, and so pure that they seem cold to our shrinking earthly natures; yet are they not as certainly our own as when they dwell upon the earth beside us?

It is the custom of the world to speak of the soul as a shadow—of the body as life's substantial part; yet we know it is otherwise. The body is a shadow, for it fades away; the soul is the substance, it is immortal. Love is life's most subtle essence; how could it be quenched by the damps of the grave, and the coarser portions of life remain immortal? Love is the only portion of life that is stronger than death; yet all life is stronger than death. Let those doubt the imperishability of love who dare to question the immortality of life. I do not.

Love speaks in silence; hearts which we possess are audible to us; and though they speak from heaven, may we not hear them? The grave is a strong bar, yet it binds no life and parts none; it only prisons dead. They who love the dead have fathomed life's deepest emotion in its current of Time; its ocean of Eternity is unfathomable.

True heart! be brave and strong; live, aspire, and wait; for the world of a love so pure and high and changeless! Yet be true to earth, as the soul's field of toil and triumph; be trustful and be happy!

May God bless and comfort you, is the humble, heartfelt prayer of,

Very sincerely, your friend,

SARAH E. CARMICHAEL.

## THE LOVE OF THE LIVING.

TO J. R. L.

I kissed thee good-bye in the darkness,  
With lips that were frozen and white;  
But I came from the land of the living  
To kiss thee another good-bye.  
My hand is at rest on thy shoulder,  
My cheek nestles closely to thine;  
The white brow of Eden is bolder,  
Than those that the earth-faces twine.  
Is it dust that is clinging about thee?  
Is it shadow that answers thy prayer?  
The shadow of love the could doubt me  
Will pass with thy dying despair.  
My voice to thy heart, though another  
Must lend it the mist of a breath,  
For souls that the death-damps smother  
See nothing unclouded with death.  
The way must be paved by its portal,  
The lightning is shaped by the storm;  
If Love, there is nothing immortal  
In the tangible shadow of form.  
The home-light of love is above thee,  
Its peace hath no tear-drops to shed;  
No mortal can tell how I love thee,  
O Love, in the world of the dead!

I give thee the Love of the Living:  
It pities and pardons thy we;  
The beautiful joy of forgiving  
Is sweetest that angels can know.  
I pity the soul in its blindness  
That clings to the shadow and stain,  
And measures God's annual of kindness  
As miles in a journey of pain.  
O Love! have the perishing flowers  
No whisper of coming again?  
In the gold-embroidered feet of the hour  
Went onward forever in vain.  
Is there nothing for thee in this world,  
The beautiful spirit of words,  
In wild life, the trust of poets,  
Or poets, the wildest of birds?  
Though all of earth's faint prophetic voices  
Leave nothing beyond them unsaid,  
Each whisper prophetic rejoices,  
O Love, in the world of the dead!

I give thee the Love of the Living:  
Hush! heart, I am speaking to thee,  
The white heart of life I am giving  
Thy staff through the valley may meet.  
Repeat not the breath of profaning  
That judges presumptions of Him,  
Whose closed hand hath power of retaining  
The light that leaves mortal eyes dim.  
Trust not the profanity spoken  
That measures God's plan by a breath,  
But take His Creation as tokens  
That life is triumphant in death.  
Take thou for thy prophet, Creation;  
Let this be thy scripture engraved:  
The soul is the source of salvation,  
And the love of God cannot be saved.  
Most pity the righteous uplifted,  
Whose whitened robes heavily fall  
On hearts where the death-damps have drifted,  
Whose shadow is over all.  
Alas! when the darkness is parted  
And gathered away from the light,  
For the measure of man shallow-hearted!  
Life's kindest pulse only is white.  
The righteous are wrong in assuming,  
Their blossoms of thought may be bright,  
But perish while the roses are blooming  
More near to the sources of light.  
The just measure right too exactly,  
The misers have nothing to spare;  
Far better the generous portion  
That answered the Pauline's prayer.  
The good are the hearts million-croved  
That shelter thy weakness from its foes;  
The famous epistles understood,  
That blend with Creation's repose.  
The good as the best of Creation,  
Their lives to the Infinite spread;  
And star-like have luminous station,  
O Love, in the world of the dead!

I kissed thee good-bye in the darkness  
Of life that is mingled with gray,  
When the glow of its fullest existence  
Exalts in the noon of its day.

Thy heart to a silent heart, closing  
And trembling with agony, closing  
Yet who so impatient with its throbbing  
In the cage where thy bird-spirit sung.  
The robin its glad song was singing,  
The lark's music joy floated high;  
And which went so far in upspringing  
Or caroled so gladly as I?  
Yet think not it pleased me to leave thee  
So crushed with mortality's chain;  
I cost me much anguish to give thee this;  
I never shall sorrow again.  
But I would not come back, Love, believe me,  
And love thee in bondage again.  
Earth's love is as faint and as fading  
As the shadow of flowers on a wave;  
There is many a thread in its binding  
Too earthy to cumber a grave.  
But the loveliest Love of the Living  
Is deep as Eternity's tread,  
And strong as the power of forgiving,  
O Love, in the world of the dead!

I kissed thee good-bye in the darkness;  
Once more, in the shadow, good-night!  
The beautiful Love of the Living  
Hath circled thy forehead with light.  
By love, like the pure light that passes  
Unfettered from blossom to star;  
Like moonbeams that kneel on the grasses,  
Yet reach to the heaven afar.  
Close clinging, yet far in attraction  
That beckons the spirit to soar;  
Society always sufficient  
That seems to make solitude more;  
So perfectly meeting and blending  
With life that it seems but a part  
Of the circumscribed feeling arising  
That throbs through Humanity's heart:  
Yet purer, and finer, and fierer,  
Love bright, more serenely intense;  
Less quick in prophetic divining;  
More subtly blending with sense;  
By love like a murmur of blessing;  
Like charity ever twice blessed;  
Emotion earnest in caring,  
And only in giving possessed;  
By faith, the sublime and unchanging,  
To the halls of Eternity wed,  
Thy love may appropriate my loving,  
O Love, in the world of the dead!

S. E. CARMICHAEL WILLIAMS.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## Come, Let us Write For Our Paper.

BY A. NEWTON.

BROTHER JONES:—As you have often called upon every one to write for the JOURNAL, I will by your permission, talk a little while to a particular class of your readers. If, on perusal, you find it is not worth publishing, you are at liberty to throw it among the rubbish.

A number of years ago, before the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL had an existence, or perhaps, had ever been thought of, a distinguished friend of mine, who was widely known and respected, but who now is an inhabitant of the spirit world, said to me:

"Doctor, why don't you write for the Spirit-ual papers? You certainly have a talent that should be exercised and cultivated, not only for your own benefit, but for the benefit of others."

Ho! said I, laughingly, that question can be easily answered. In the first place, there are but few Spiritual papers published, while we have a respectable number of first-class writers, and also a large number less gifted, who can write intelligently and instructively upon almost any subject. I have concluded that editors' drawers are always open to repletion. In the second place, if I should force a communication upon the press, it would be published, if published at all, through courtesy, while more important matter would necessarily be crowded out, or the editor might allow its publication, in order that some one might severely criticize me for my presumption.

"My dear sir," said my friend, "you like many others, have fallen into an error, and consequently, wrong conclusions. These ideas you have just advanced are false, and they are based upon your want of confidence in, and a just appreciation of your own abilities. It is therefore necessary, that I lecture you a little upon this subject."

I have had some experience in editorial labors and know something too, of the anxieties, perplexities and needs incident to publishing institutions. I have conversed with a large number of persons upon the same subject I have now introduced to you, and it is singular that a large majority entertain views similar to your own."

Taking up the BANNER OF LIGHT that lay on the table before him, he continued:

"Now, let us take up the ideas you have advanced and examine them separately. You say we have a respectable number of first-class writers. This is true, and this number is destined to increase instead of being diminished. From such contributors we expect lengthy, close and analytical disquisitions. With such contributions as these, editors are always supplied, either directly from the writer, or indirectly from former publications."

Now, look here. You see that the first page of this paper, and two columns on the second page, are filled with a contribution of this kind. The subject is an abstruse one, and one that has engaged the attention of the learned for centuries. The writer, no doubt, has studied upon it for years, and during that time, he has dug deeply into scientific lore, and brought up gems he before, had no conception of. Now, there is still another idea connected with it. Though its arguments might strike you forcibly, and furnish you with mental and spiritual food, how many are there do you suppose, (who read the BANNER) who have not the education and mental culture to grasp and comprehend the ideas here advanced? I suppose there are many, and hence, one contribution of this kind is sufficient for one number. You know that variety is as necessary to render a paper attractive and instructive, as it is to render a landscape beautiful. What would appear beautiful to one mind, would either not be observed or appreciated by another mind. Now, in order to obtain a variety that will meet the wants of different classes of readers, we must have a wide circle of writers, and those, too, who write from different experiences and different stand-points. In order to illustrate our subject more fully, let us turn to the sixth

page of the BANNER. The first thing that strikes our eye, is an eloquent and sublime invocation to the Infinite. Here we are struck at once with elegance of diction, and imagery of thought, by which the sublime and beneficent character of the all-pervading Spirit, and the humble and dependent condition of finite beings are set forth, in immeasurable contrast. Here is matter of fact that defies the comprehension of the most astute minds; and conscious of our own weakness and dependence, we involuntarily bow in humility and adoration, and ask for wisdom and protection. Here, for a while, we linger at the shrine of thought, while reflection furnishes food for our interior natures, in proportion to our ability to grasp the thought and imagery here presented.

Passing onward, we next come to questions and answers. You once told me that you were more interested in this department of the BANNER than any other. Yours is a representative mind of a large class of readers and thinkers. They, like yourself, find much here to satisfy their wants. You must not suppose that this is the case with every one. I know many people who take no interest at all in this department. Some have even told me that they wished it was left out.

We next come to spirit communications. Here is one from a highly developed spirit. His thoughts are elevating, his language chaste and instructive. He advances not an idea with which an orthodox clergyman could honestly quarrel, yet there is a class of Spiritualists who contend that spirit communications are of no importance to our philosophy, and if they could have their own way about it, none would ever be published, notwithstanding they are the only tangible evidence we have of a future state.

On further, in another column, we find a communication from an undeveloped spirit. His low and vulgar mode of expression corresponds with his undeveloped condition.

Now there is quite a large class of Spiritualists who entertain a pious horror against communications of this kind. They say that:

"Such communications are an injury to us away with them, don't publish them."

Now, saying nothing of the benefit the spirit himself receives by being permitted to control our mediums, surrounded as he necessarily must be, by the magnetic influences of a highly developed spirit circle, this kind of communication is just the thing to convince another class of persons of the truth of Spiritualism.

A gentleman who is a natural skeptic, once said to me:

"If it were not for the diversity of mind, and culture, manifested in spirit communications, I never could have become a believer in Spiritualism."

If spirits communicate at all, we should reasonably expect every conceivable variety of intellect and culture, inasmuch as we know that such was the case with those who have passed from the stage of action. The progressive system of nature utterly ignores sudden omiscience, or even one grand step towards it.

This man is a representative of quite a large class of persons, who think and reason from logical deductions. These persons, as a class, are not piously enthusiastic, but are cool and deliberate thinkers. They entertain no sickly sentimentalism, but view facts and principles from the stand-point of reason. With them, one solid truth is of more value than all of the vague theories ever entertained by the church, or by one out of it.

Passing onward, you see that two or three pages of this paper are filled with contributions of various lengths. Editors, on receiving them, usually separate them into three different drawers or packages, according to their length and importance. If they have a large number on hand to select from, you can see how easy it is to make up the paper from week to week, with a variety of useful matter. Here is a column, filled up with clippings from other papers, and another column, headed, "Personal and Local," which contains interesting matter that will attract the attention of almost every reader. Here is a column in which there are three communications of different lengths. They just fill that column. Others are filled up in the same manner, some having a large number of contributions, and some less. Here again is nearly a page devoted to advertisements, &c. Thus we have a paper made up, in which every class of mind can find something that is interesting and needful to satisfy some present want. But the most important idea is yet to come; and, perhaps, I cannot impress it upon you more strongly, than by relating an incident in my own experience.

One Sunday, some years ago, I attended the Methodist Church. The preacher was a tall and robust man, and of commanding appearance, yet very affable and easy in his manners. He was an eloquent and earnest speaker, his language well selected, and his mode of expression full of pathos and meaning. The subjects of his discourse were, "Christian duties, the sins of commission and omission."

He handled these subjects with the skill of a master, as only a man of his learning and mental calibre can—and here by the way, I will say, that this was the best spiritualistic sermon I ever heard from an orthodox pulpit.

When his sermon was ended, he stood for a few moments and gazed attentively and anxiously around upon his congregation, and then said:

"An opportunity will now be given to every one who has a word to say to speak. We hope the time will be improved."

Instantly, half dozen or more arose at once, and for a few moments it was difficult to say who should speak first. At length, an elderly gentleman lead off in a five minutes' exhortation, commending the truths we had just heard. For an hour or more, we were regaled in quick succession by short speeches from both men and women. As soon as the congregation was dismissed, I approached the preacher. He grasped me by the hand and said:

"Bless God! What a backing up I have had!

I have long been impressed that I had an especial duty to do for these people. But I confess, I had many misgivings; for said I to myself, my usefulness among these people, depends upon my popularity and the confidence they bear towards me. If I should offend them in word or deed, my usefulness would be greatly abridged. But the impression followed me, and I at last yielded. Thank God! I have been doubly repaid. For if ever I had the assistance of the Holy Spirit, I have had it to-day. I tell you, brother, the earnest simplicity of those dear brothers and sisters, gave me more heart-felt satisfaction than any amount of eloquence from more gifted tongues could have done."

This little story illustrates several facts, and especially the idea I wish to impress upon you at this time. The idea illustrated, is this:

Though financial means are necessary to carry on business, yet, with the editor, they are of little value compared with the moral and intellectual support of his readers. This support he craves at their hands; because it relieves his anxieties, lightens his labors, and gives him new energy and devotion.

You need not fear criticism, unless you court it. Criticism is not allowed, except upon certain writers. We have a class of writers, who are called speculative writers. They are useful in calling forth thought in new directions. They pride themselves in lofty flights of the ideal, and delight to launch into deep waters, rarely surveyed by other minds. Some of the best writers of the age, were formerly of this class. Some of them, who have scanned the heavens and waded deep through the labyrinths of nature, in order to theorize upon speculative ideas, have at last been brought down from their lofty flights, by severe criticism, through stubborn facts, and stern realities. Criticism in this direction is right, and writers of this class expect it and court it.

If you express an idea or sentiment that is obviously erroneous, the editor himself will correct you in a modest and inoffensive manner and you should thank him for so doing. This is one of the means we have, in getting our errors and wrong ideas corrected. The editor stands to us as our preacher, and we to him, as his supporters and pupils.

I was urging a gentleman a few days ago, to write for the JOURNAL. Said he:

"I can't write. My education is limited. I am a poor penman and poor speller. How would my scribbling look by the side of the productions of those great writers? Besides, I have no knowledge of grammar." Said I:

"You have (in common phraseology), a good gift of gab. You have had a varied experience, and you have many good and useful ideas, deduced from observation and thought, and you have a very facile manner of expressing those ideas, in your own way. Now, write just as you talk. If a word is spelled wrong, the compositor will correct it, while setting it in type; if there is a grammatical error, the editor, with a dash of his pen will correct that; if an idea can be better represented by the substitution of another word, that change will be made; if more force and perspicuity can be given to an idea by a little change of phraseology, that change will be done also; and yet the thought will be all your own." He answered:

"That would be subjecting the editor to an endless and unnecessary labor. He had better do all of the writing himself."

"That is not the idea," said I. He wants the facts that come within the observation of his readers. He wants to know what progression our beautiful philosophy is making, and the influence it has upon the minds of the people, and he wants too, the individual experiences of his own subscribers, and the general sentiments that prevail around them. You and I and every one are, or ought to be, interested in these matters. We want just this kind of information for ourselves, and how could the editor send it to us, unless it be first sent to him?

We are erecting a noble structure, the temple of truth, the foundation of which is but just laid. It is our duty as well as our right, to lend a helping hand in this grand undertaking. If we cannot put an artistic finish, we can do something else. Here is work for everybody, none need be idle. If you cannot write a legible hand, you can dictate, and make your son, daughter or friend your amanuensis. There is nothing that will draw out the soul, enlarge our conceptions and improve the intellect, like composition. In this direction, the editor is our preacher. If we give him such support as we are capable, he is in duty bound to correct our errors. In this way, you can give your best thoughts, your observations of facts as they occur to you and around you—and move. With a liberal hand in your pocket, you can in this way induce lecturers to come and labor with you. Your money, your moral and intellectual support, are all needed. There can be no backing down when you take a comprehensive view of the magnitude of our undertaking and the glorious results that are to flow from it. Come on then, and prove yourself equal to the task, and never say again, "I can't."

The above is addressed to those who, like myself, have indulged a false delicacy in offering contributions, lest they might not prove acceptable. But as we have been called upon through our much esteemed JOURNAL and as our friend and how spirit guide has wiped away all excuses we have nothing left for us to do but to whirl into line and give our most worthy and able editor a grand salute.

No doubt but that noble band of writers and speakers, who have as yet borne the burden and heat of the day in the great conflict, will welcome our company. Yes, brother Jones, we are coming, or in other words, we will send our representatives, in the shape of contributions. They will carry to you our best thoughts and suggestions, observations and conclusions, and our progress and surroundings.

There are thousands of Spiritualists scattered through the land, but we know not who they are, or where they are, except the very few comparatively. In this way we mean to make their

acquaintance, in order that we may all act in harmony and carry an undivided front before us.

We thank brother E. V. Wilson, P. B. Randolph, and other eminent writers and speakers, who have of late fed our hungry souls through the JOURNAL. Their inspirations have added much to the value of the paper. May the good angels continue them long in their good work and may they meet with a hearty welcome and liberal support wherever they go, is the earnest prayer of their humble brother and well-wisher.

For The Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## The Physical Revolution of the Present.

BY MRS. MARIA M. KING.

Revolution is the order of the present time in the intellectual and physical world, to a degree that indicates that nature's combined forces are in action for the accomplishment of a stage in the progressive development of man. Political, religious, moral, and intellectual revolutions are in progress, at the same time that physical nature is being actuated by such energetic forces as cause the frequent occurrence of terrific volcanic eruptions, destructive earthquakes, and climatic changes, in various quarters.

It is the law of nature, that all forces act in harmony; that the world of mind is actuated simultaneously with the world of matter, by whatever forces nature brings to bear for its advancement or repose. Since man existed upon the planet, there have been periodic seasons of energetic action, of rapid development of human intellect, and contemporaneous with these, periods when electric forces of matter were so stimulated that progress of all forms was rapid. There have also been periodic seasons, when the exhaustion of the energy of the forces actuating these. Periods of energetic action of mind and matter have been marked by political revolutions among the nations, and in the intellectual world; and also by corresponding physical phenomena; as volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, etc.; and the periods of repose of mind and matter, by stagnation in the political, moral and intellectual worlds, and in physical nature.

The single agency operative for the production and maintenance of this universal harmony of action, is electric force; or the universally distributed, element, electricity; which is of as many grades as there are grades of matter in the universe. This life element of nature, from highest to lowest grade, is stimulated by a single effort, at the period when the positive and negative elements constituting this force or electricity, are equilibrated after a period of repose, which repose is the result of the loss of the equilibrium of the positive and negative. At different periods, there are what may be termed universal stimulations of this force; or such marked energizing of action in all sections of the planet as stimulates progress in all, in a marked degree.

Again: There are stimulations of this force in alternate or corresponding sections of a planet, and in alternate or corresponding localities of a section. These may be termed in one sense, universal stimulations, as they are felt in all sections, to a certain extent; yet, they are, properly speaking, developed by the electric forces of the sections where they are most energetic; and are termed partial stimulations, to distinguish them from universal, or such as are developed simultaneously in all matter. Different sections of a planet's surface develop different conditions, which is evidence of their diversity in quality of matter and electric condition. This diversity is expressed, emphatically, by the fact that the electric forces of the different sections require energizing at different periods. Nature has expressed this great fact in past ages by the oscillations which have been in progress over the whole surface of the planet, from era to era, which have determined that contiguous sections of the crust have been alternately elevated and depressed, while surface conditions of contiguous sections have been the same at different periods.

The application of the principle above stated to the phenomena of physical and intellectual revolutions explains them, and the fact that they occur at different periods in different portions of the earth, and that they are also some times of universal occurrence over the whole surface of the earth. The present is an era of universal action, as is demonstrated by the commotions among the nations of the two continents, and also the physical disturbance in progress in various quarters of the two hemispheres. "Wars and rumors of wars," have disturbed the quiet of nations over the length and breadth of the continents within the present century and corresponding physical convulsions have disturbed the conditions of the surface and atmosphere. Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions have been accompanied by marked climatic changes in various parts of the earth, indicating the effect of the change in the atmosphere produced by the gases thrown into it, by volcanic eruptions and the increased volume of the electric currents flowing into the atmosphere from the moon and the other near planets. To account for all the physical changes that have occurred within the present century, and like changes which have occurred at other periods, it is necessary to understand the effect of different grades of electric elements, upon a planet's surface and atmosphere, which rush in from other planets during active periods; also, the effect of the volcanic gases upon an atmosphere partially stagnated for want of appropriate action within it. Atmospheric action is only stimulated by intermingling with the atmosphere volumes of gases which flow from volcanic craters, or from mineral beds on the surface of the planet, or from other planets. Such gases circulate in currents from planet to planet, thus causing planets to act reciprocally upon each other to promote each other's progress. Earth's electric forces stimulate the Moon, and vice versa.

Universal stimulations are felt throughout an entire system of planets, being propagated from one planet to another, and, in fact, throughout the universe.

Nature's most beneficent action is often mis-



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## Religio-Philosophical Journal

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84, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Pen is mightier than the sword.

BLIND TOM, THE MUSICAL PRODIGY.  
THE CASE OF HIS WONDERFUL  
POWERS.

"Blind Tom," how our souls chords vibrate when we think of your strange, musical power! Why should they? To him, there is music in all things; and from whatever source arising, never fails to attract the attention of his mind. He is emphatically a child of Nature, whose organism is so delicately attuned that he understands her *secret* language, and responds thereto, not in words, but in music, the thrilling tones of which never fail to interest. Deity, in this single instance, selected the dusky African wherein to exhibit the power of music, and most beautifully does he perform the task assigned him.

Tom was born in the State of Georgia, on the 25th of May, 1849. His parents were common field-hands of the pure negro blood, with nothing to distinguish them from the mass of that race, except that the mother, a small woman of fine form, is of an active, merry temperament, and quick in her movements.

He was born blind, and the utter imbecility that characterized him for a long time, made many think that he was idiotic as well as blind.

He could give expression to words long before he learned to attach any meaning to them. His pronunciation was very distinct, and seemed to be automatic, rather than arising from his inward intelligence.

From a small pamphlet, we have before us, containing his early history, we learn that the first effort to teach him was made one evening when the family was at supper, (Tom, as usual at meal times, being present,) when his owner upon being informed that his mother, as an excuse for not teaching him something, had said he had not sense enough to learn anything, replied, "That is a mistake. A horse or a dog may be taught almost anything, provided you always use precisely the same terms to express the same idea. Show him what you mean and have patience to repeat it often enough. Tom has as much sense as a horse or a dog, and I will show you that he can be taught." He thereupon arose from the table, and approaching Tom, said to him, "Tom sit down." Tom, of course, as was expected, stood still and repeated the words. He repeated the order and sat him down upon the floor. He then said to him, "Tom, get up." Tom sat still and repeated the order. He then repeated the order and lifted Tom to his feet. He then ordered Tom to sit down, which he did promptly—to get up, and he sprang to his feet. From that time there was matter of new interest about Tom. Everybody began to teach him something. It was soon discovered that he forgot nothing—Present him any number of objects, one after another, tell him the name of each as you presented it, he would put his hand upon it, smell it, and pronounce its name; then present them in any order you pleased, and, after feeling and smelling of each as it was presented, he would without fail, give its appropriate name. It was astonishing and interesting to test and to witness the exercise of this power, and in consequence, Tom speedily learned to distinguish many things and call them by name.

He was perfectly delighted by cries of pain.—When his mother whipped any of the older children he would laugh and caper, and rub his hands in an ecstasy of enjoyment, and soon would be found whipping himself, and repeating the words of the mother and the cries of the child. He enjoyed so highly the crying of children that he would inflict pain upon them, for the pleasure of hearing their cry; and a constant watch had to be kept on him when he was about younger children. He once choked a younger brother, nearly to death, and at another time burnt an infant sister so badly as to produce fears of a fatal result. To this day an exclamation or expression indicative of pain gives him great pleasure; and though he will express sympathy for the sufferer, and prescribe remedies for his relief, he cannot restrain his expressions of pleasure. Doubtless it is the strength and the intensity of expression given to sounds produced by pain, that afford the enjoyment.

He was extremely fond of churning, doing all that kind of work for the family, seeming to regard it as a great pleasure. He was very fond of out-door exercise, his peculiar gyrations not only seeming to interest himself but many others. His parents indulged him in this on account of the trouble he created in the house, by dragging chairs, rattling dishes, beating tin pans, and in order to vary his amusement for music, he would pinch the baby to make it cry.

He exhibited his wonderful musical powers before he was two years old. His voice was then, strong, soft and melodious. If the reader will now follow us in our remarks, we will explain this wonderful prodigy. A snow-flake from the surging cloud, a rain-drop from the mist above, is emblematic of the offshoots of the great "I am." Man is simply the pulsation of God in matter. He cannot separate God from anything, for he is infinite. The tiny flower that sends forth a sweet fragrance, the majestic oak, the shrub, every thing, great and small, are only the result of

the pulsations of God in matter. In all the manifestations of God, we see no repetition. No two flowers alike, no two trees of the forest are exactly similar; no two things anywhere are alike in all respects. God, in those beautiful pulsations in matter, whether to give expression to the flower, oak, monkey or man, never arrives at precisely the same results in all respects. No two men are exactly alike, and we will, as we advance in knowledge, find the works of God still more varied in character, and wonderful in their peculiar manifestations of power.

Man is cosmopolitan in his structure; he is a microcosm of the universe, for in him are blended in harmonious action all the constituent parts of the earth and its surroundings. Being the pulsation of God in matter, he must necessarily have all the characteristics that he possesses, though in a finite degree. In those beautiful pulsations of God in matter, his infinite nature is demonstrated. Were two men, two plants, or two anything, exactly alike, it would be an argument against the infinity of God.

When contemplating this question, so grand, so beautiful, so majestic in all its peculiar manifestations, we feel how inadequate our perceptions, how futile all our endeavors to comprehend the true nature of the Infinite. Deity everywhere! In the flower with its heaven distilled fragrance, in the dew drop that nestles in its bosom awaiting the approach of morn, for a ray of light to climb upward and perform its daily cycles, in the high, the low—everywhere—we find the manifestations of the "Great I am." His pulsations are constantly going on for ceaseless activity is one of the pre-requisites of the Infinite. In those pulsations, as we remarked before, the results are always different for God can only sustain his infinity by the varied character of his works. Find an example where two of God's pulsations are exactly the same, and we will demonstrate to you that he is not infinite in his capabilities.

God, in the creation of man, the result of his pulsations, only gives expression to certain characteristics which he himself possesses. In those pulsations, he is *en rapport* with matter, and will ever continue to be *en rapport* with their results, man, when certain conditions are obeyed. In those pulsations of Deity, certain chords of the human mind are highly attuned, and they are always *en rapport* with like chords of the Deity, and respond thereto often giving expression to something wonderful. Thus, you tune a string of the violin, to a certain key of the piano, and place it some distance from the latter, and you will invariably find that whenever the key of the piano is struck, the string of the violin will respond thereto, in delicate, tremulous tones.

We here unlock the mystic store-house of knowledge, to enter therein and read from its pages the wonderful works of the Infinite. We pause at the threshold, for the inconceivable splendor of infinite knowledge bursts in upon our enraptured vision. Our Spirit guide says, "Be bold and fearless, and we will unlock to you the grand mystery which has hovered over your mind like a dark cloud." In panoramic style, there passed before our enraptured vision, kingdoms, empires and republics, with the representative men therein, their rise, progress and final destiny.

The world,—with all its animation and life, was before me, and I found to my astonishment that its movements taken all together was the harmonious action of Deity, and what I once esteemed as discord, when united with the grand whole and its onward progress, was productive of the harmony that existed. My mind seemed to expand at the thought that in the beautiful march of progression, all things taken together constituted the most perfect harmony. But says my Spirit guide, do you catch the idea I intend to convey? Look at that ancient sage, standing on yonder eminence, his locks silvery white, his eyes brilliant from the rare gems of knowledge that glistens within, his countenance expressive of modesty, yet beaming with dignity, his whole nature constantly responding to the calls made upon it by every thing with which it is in harmony—how towering, how majestic, how noble! Look in another direction and observe another personage equally as grand in all those attributes that distinguish the pure, the high, the noble. Their minds are *en rapport* with each other, and they in turn, *en rapport* with the definite elements of all things. They hold conversation with each other though many miles apart—and why? Their minds are attuned nearly alike.—The master musician had touched their respective chords, and when one vibrates, its counterpart responds thereto, the same as the violin string would when tuned to that of a certain key on the piano. Here we leave you, says our Spirit guide; you will now solve the mystery that cloud-like has existed in your mind, in relation to Blind Tom.

We grasped, intuitively, the lesson taught. Harmony in all things taken together! Sweet music in the grand procession of events from time into eternity! A song of love and praise in the mystic tread of the countless number of earth's children, as they are brought into existence through the pulsation of God in matter, and carried along on the train of time to a purer and better home!

But what about Blind Tom, the mystery, the prodigy, the wonder of the nineteenth century? Yes, what of him? We saw him at Library Hall, a strange, weird creature, a beautiful link in the chain of humanity, an element of harmony in the universe of God! Blind Tom! you, too, are simply the pulsation of God in matter, with your soul-chords so attuned that they are brought *en rapport* with Beethoven, Mozart, and like chords of the Deity Himself. You feel the effects of Beethoven's experience, who always accompany you, besides, at times, many others, whose soul-chords are in harmony with your own. You are the violin string, as it were, tuned to those delicate minds that existed long ago, and when they are moved, you feel instantly the effects thereof.

It is not true that Blind Tom's physical or-

ganization is taken possession of by Beethoven, or any other spirit, but he is acted upon by him and many others who are *en rapport* with him, and who add great power to the "music box" of his soul, compelling him to do many things that are foreign to himself.

Perhaps no prodigy in the world's history has attracted the attention of musical critics, and in fact, the masses of the people in general, to the extent that Blind Tom has. His black skin, uncouth appearance and sightless eyes, seem to be no obstacle in the way of the "Spirit of Music" manifesting its transcendental qualities. He seems to play from a spontaneous influence within him that he could not well resist, if he would.

In his actions, he is very eccentric, yet is very easily managed. These eccentricities, of course, owe their origin to something, either within himself, or an influence outside, over which he has no control. He is in the habit of cheering himself at the conclusion of all his pieces, and in so doing, naturally recognizes the power of the wonderful influence that surrounds him. This cheering on his part, is a recognition of the services of a power outside of himself, and which is always anxious to be known, whenever present.

When speaking, he manifests the same peculiarity, as when he cheers, recognizing the fact that some one is with him, to whose power and influence, he would not be unmindful. He always speaks of himself in the third person, and never in the first. Why this? The reason is obvious to any thinking mind. The power that assists him, that is brought *en rapport* with him, demands recognition, and therefore so direct its influence that he is compelled to speak of himself in the third person.

## THREE MONTHS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

If each one of our friends would set themselves at work for one day, they could induce from twenty to one hundred in every town, to try the JOURNAL for three months, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH; a large percent of whom would become permanent subscribers. Think of it, friends. How easy it would be to fill up your ranks and become strong, if the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was weekly placed in the hands of fifty or a hundred of your best thinkers.

If you wish to become strong, bend your energies to the promulgation of the truths of our philosophy in all its branches among the masses. A good weekly newspaper, devoted to that subject, widely circulated among the people, will make it an easy matter to support lectures and lyceums. We ask our friends everywhere, new and old subscribers, to give us a few hours each, of their time, in presenting our proposition to their neighbors. On our part, we will guarantee to give you a weekly visitor, that all who receive will be proud to exhibit it.

## SPIRITUALISM DEFINED.

The American Association of Spiritualists at Rochester, gave a very worthy definition of what they conceived to be Spiritualism. Brother William Shaw of Goodwin, informs us that one of our twenty five cents, three months' trial subscribers, is much more laconic in his definition. He says:

"Spiritualism is the Devil, and I will not have his (the Devil's) advocate, the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, in my house."

To please him, we discontinue it. His definition has one decided advantage over that of the American Association of Spiritualists. It is laconic. The Devil, in the theological sense, being superior to God, it is not a bad definition, for he expressed so tersely. If he had compared it with God, and said:

"Spiritualism is God and the Devil," he would have been quite right. To define infinitude, would be equivalent to defining Spiritualism.

## PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

It gives us pleasure to announce to our readers that we have made arrangements with brother Benjamin Todd, to become a regular correspondent of a new department in our JOURNAL, to be known as the PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

Brother Todd is well and favorably known in the States, and no less so in California, Oregon and Washington Territory. The beautiful painter which he edited so ably, in part, at San Francisco, the BANNER OF PROGRESS, demonstrated the fact that he is fully competent for the task of writing articles sustaining, as well as in defence of Spiritualism. His peculiar faculty of gathering and presenting interesting incidents, will make his department very valuable. Our readers will, we feel confident, rejoice to learn of this new enterprise, and will hail with pleasure, the advent of brother Todd's first contribution.

## DR. RANDOLPH.

Dr. P. B. Randolph, the celebrated Clairvoyant and Seer, passed through Chicago on Monday last, on his return to Boston, via Washington and New York.

He leaves behind him a host of warm friends, whose well-wishes will follow him wherever he may go.

He will resume his medical practice on his return home. His treatment for Nervous Diseases can not be excelled.

## PEORIA, ILLINOIS.

We are happy to learn from brother R. Bolton that a society has been organized at Peoria, of which Dr. Couch is Chairman, Mrs. Armstrong, Treasurer, and R. Bolton, Secretary.

Their prospects are good, and they would be happy to have mediums and lecturers call upon them.

See advertisement of Gold and Silver Mining Company. We shall refer more particularly to it in our next.

We would call attention to the advertisement of the wonderful "Magic Comb."

## DR. RANDOLPH'S DEATH.

It is very seldom a man has the pleasure of reading his own obituary, yet the above named gentleman certainly has.

The Chicago Journal, of Jan. 12th, and fifty other papers, have announced his murder, arrest and confession of his slayer, yet all this while the slain man was enjoying a perfect color-life with his friend Hon. F. B. Dow, and Mr. Robert Neely, in Davenport, Iowa, and recently passed through Chicago on his way home to Boston, via Washington and New York.

The fact is, the Dr. can't be spared yet, his work is not done; besides which, it is currently reported that he has recently "struck it" in Ill., and therefore hasn't time to die at present. Address him at Boston, Mass.

## MR. FRENCH AT LIBRARY HALL.

Mr. French delivered his third series of lectures at Library Hall on last Sunday, January, 24th. And on next Sunday he delivers, his fourth and last series, morning and evening, of his present engagement.

His audiences have been good, and his sojourn and acquaintance in this city have been of the most pleasant and profitable character. He declines any further engagement with the First Society of Spiritualists at present, "feeling the necessity of extending his labors over a wider field in behalf of the American Association of Spiritualists."

From here he goes to spend a few month's labor in Michigan; after which he expects to extend his labors farther Westward.

## BRO. TODD.

The above named brother will take notice that his remittance from Grass Valley, California, of the ninth of January, was duly received, and credited to the parties named.

## Literary Notices.

We have received "Vick's Illustrated Guide for the Flower Garden, and Catalogue of Seeds," for 1869, and we assure our readers that it is a book that should be in the hands of every person who has a rod of ground which he desires to improve or ornament. It contains an accurate description of the leading floral treasures of the world, with plain and full directions for sowing seed, transplanting, and after culture.

It is illustrated with numerous engravings, enabling the reader to judge of the beauty of certain plants.

For Catalogue, or further particulars, address James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

The Trance and Correlative Phenomena, by Leroy Sunderland. Published by James Walker, at the office of the *Liberator*, Chicago, Illinois.

The title of this book gives the reader but little idea of what the work itself contains.

Spiritualists, as well as most other readers, would suppose by the title, that the work was designed to illustrate or throw some light upon that peculiar phenomena in nature which is at the present time agitating thought throughout the whole civilized world. Instead of which, however, Mr. Sunderland leaves the subject quite as much in the dark as it was before he committed his thoughts to paper. Indeed, it is apparent that the author is one of those men who "our Herod, Herod." In other words, Mr. Sunderland is so affected with Pathetism, his particular hobby in this book and elsewhere, that he overlooks all modern Spiritual phenomena which proves or disproves the truthfulness of theories, judging every presentation in the science of mind by his standard adopted twenty, more or less, years ago.

Indeed, so prominent is this trait in Mr. Sunderland's character as an author, that no considerable portion of his book consists of his own statements and newspaper articles in reference to his experiments in Pathetism, published nearly twenty years ago.

His theories in regard to the trance and psychological control of mind over mind, as well as magnetic influence of the positive over the negative, have been exploded by practical experiments daily, during the last fifteen years, in all parts of America, Great Britain, and upon the continent of Europe.

It would seem from reading this book that the author has given it a title admirably adapted to catch the eye of the best thinkers of the present age, the mind being everywhere agitated upon the subject of Trance—and thus get purchasers for the book.

We take no exceptions to this method of financing, as much good will grow out of it. The most casual reader will be benefited by it. He will see that the peculiar condition of the system, called Trance, the phenomena of the power of mind upon mind; the efficacy of magnetism as a healing agent; the existence of the positive and negative forces throughout the universe, are all realities, as yet but little understood, it is true, but all will become more apparent to the reader, after having perused Mr. Sunderland's book.

His arguments against the commonly received theories of Spiritualists, while they have no weight of themselves, aid the mind in discovering the truth of the subject on which he writes.

His explanations of many subjects, or rather definitions of phrases used in defining peculiar mental and physical conditions, in many instances, are good.

Mr. Sunderland, in the early stages of the most recent and remarkable developments of mentality, and spiritual phenomena, was a close student, but like many other minds he adopted a theory, and clings to it with such a tenacity, that he overlooks or ignores all evidence that militates against his preconceived opinions; an unfortunate, but a very common occurrence.

Mr. Sunderland relates a great many incidents that have transpired within his observation, which are very remarkable. That he formerly was, and for ought we know, is a very powerful psychologist, and that there is much truth in what he says in many of his positions, we have

no reason to doubt. His reason for the phenomena that he induced or was instrumental in developing, is to him of so much importance, that he does not for a moment lose sight of it. Pathetism, although suggested by another, is an adopted child upon which he loves to bestow his choicest caresses. Well, be it so, it is the child of his manhood, and the beloved of his old age.

His book is worth all it costs. It consists of over four hundred pages of closely printed matter, in small type, neatly executed in every particular, and will be forwarded from this office, by mail, on receipt of \$1.50, free of postage. Address S. S. Jones, 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

## Personal and Local.

D. W. Hull's address is care of PRESENT, Kalamazoo, Michigan, during February.

E. V. Wilson is engaged to lecture in Syracuse during February. All letters should be addressed to him at that place for the time being.

The Ohio Spiritualist has changed its name to the AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST.

Walt. Whitman is gasping again, and threatens to throw up some more of his poetry.

Alexander H. Stevens is in feeble health, and his physicians think he cannot live long.

Henry Ward Beecher is to contribute to the *Advocate*.

Jeff Davis and family will pass the winter in the south of France.

T. S. Arthur, the moral-novel writer, was noted as a dull boy. He is 60 years old.

An effort is on the tapis to establish a boulevard around the city of Chicago. It is proposed to make this boulevard from 600 to 1,000 feet wide. The length would be about 15 miles, and the area required from 1,500 to 2,000 acres. A strip of 200 feet wide might be reserved for building lots, the sale of which would greatly reduce the expense of constructing the enterprise.

## Amusements.

The Grand Duchess at Crosby's Opera House, with the youthful and beautiful Sallie Holman, as the Grand Duchess, has been a grand success.

One of our city contemporaries very aptly remarks that "the Opera has been very well received."

The audiences were large and very enthusiastic and the troupe made an unusually favorable impression, if we may judge anything from the *encores*, which were very frequent and persistent. The pretty little Duchess, with her fresh voice, and Frije with his really admirable singing, established themselves as unmistakable favorites. The season has been inaugurated with a decided popular, if not critical success.

Messrs. C. D. Hess and Co., with much pleasure announce the first and only appearance (since her return from Europe) of the world renowned American Prima Donna, Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg, in three Grand Concerts, (only) Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 1st, 2nd and 3rd, at Crosby's Opera House.

In order to make these concerts the most brilliant and varied ever given in Chicago, the management have engaged the very eminent Piano Virtuosa, Mlle. Alda Topp, who, with Signor Lotti, Primo Tenore; Signor Petrelli, Primo Baritone; Herr Kopta, Violinist, and Signor Stefanoni, Musical Director, will assist Clara Louisa Kellogg, at these extraordinary concerts. Admission, \$1; Reserved Seats, \$1.50; Seats in Boxes, \$2; Gallery, 50 cents.

The "Kellogg Ticket Office" will be at the Box Office of the Opera House, where the sale of seats for either Concert will commence Thursday, Jan. 28, at 9 A. M.

On Monday evening, January the 25th inst. Mrs. Scott Siddons made her debut at McVicker's Theatre in the role of *Juliet*, with a large audience in attendance. Mrs. Siddons's name has been so prominent before the dramatic world during the past few months that her debut is invested with more than ordinary interest. In personal beauty and presence, no woman on the stage can compare with her, and the charm of that beauty is so great that it would atone for a world of shortcomings. Her features are exquisitely moulded, her form symmetrical, her attitudes and poses full of languishing grace while the wealth of her dark brown hair alone would be a treasure to any actress. Like the maiden in the song, "She is young, she is beautiful," and it would be much easier to criticize her with closed eyes, than with open ones.

Her success is unequivocal, and she received the hearty applause of her audiences. Her engagement is for two weeks; during which time she is to appear in a variety of roles. We beg leave to commend the managers upon their good luck in securing this admirable and gifted artist.

"Cyril's Success" has been a real success in every respect at Aiken's Dearborn Theatre. It was played each night to a large and delighted audience. The play itself is good, in fact one of the author's best productions. In addition, it has been put upon the stage with excellent taste and judgment, so that even if the play were not the admirable one it is, there would still be sufficient attraction for the public. The parts are well cast and the cast is good. Mrs. D. R. Allen (Mrs. Cuthbert) never looked better.

It is to be kept on the boards during this week when we expect it will give place to the elegant comedy of "Working the Oracle." With new scenery and appointments.

This is one of the finest theatres, not only in Chicago, but in America; and in addition to the usual conveniences of a first-class establishment, will be found a Clock and Hat room, where articles may be checked, free of charge.



Sharpley and Cotton's excellent Minstrel Troupe, who are now at Col. Wood's Museum, present an entirely new bill this week.

They are continually offering to the public fresh viands, always well cooked and served up in good style. Sharpley's company is one of the best in its own specialty to be found in the country, and every thing they undertake is done to the best of their ability, whatever that is. They are decent, too; nothing improper or indecent taints their performances.

Any person afflicted with dyspepsia, rheumatism or the blues, can get a quicker cure by going to Sharpley and Cotton's, and by taking a drug store of their insides, per doctor's recipe. The bill will be continued during the week.

The bill for this week, embracing the usual variety of music, fun and burlesque, is one of the best offered by this company since their arrival in Chicago.

The humorists, Burnett and Taylor, are still at Sharpley and Cotton's Minstrel Hall.

The bill is slightly changed from last week and is better. Mr. Taylor as Yorkshire Sam, a jolly old English farmer, fat and fifty, was excruciating. Doleful Dismal, a broken-hearted lover, was very funny, and brought tears to the eyes of the audience, they laughed so heartily.

Mr. Burnett recites *Shamus O'Brien* in a way that would make that gentleman blush for his native brogue, which Alf burlesques, instead of imitating. The lectures are his "best bit." The concertina was played by Mr. Sharpley with exquisite taste and skill. He handles the instrument with consummate ability. Miss Nash, as the *Mongolian Man*, deserved praise. The music was good.

At the close of each evening's entertainment this week, they distribute \$100, in six prizes to the audience. Each ticket holder being entitled to a chance.

## LATEST NEWS.

News items of interest are numerous this week. We observe that the bill for the Central Branch Union Pacific Railway has been defeated in the Senate.

Our neighbors in Cuba are still having trouble, and blood flows and death ensues.

It is rumored that the cities of Seville and Cadiz have proclaimed in favor of the duke of Montpensier for king of Spain.

The Greek government it is thought, would give in its adhesion to the conclusion of the Conference of Paris, but with reservations which can only tend to protract the difficulty with Turkey.

Gen. Dix, our Minister at Paris, had made a speech at a public banquet given him, in which he declared that the cause of Greece was the cause of liberty throughout the world.

At Malaga, Spain, bloody scenes have ensued. The fighting is said to have been sanguinary in the extreme. The combatants spared neither age nor sex.

## THE MAGIC COMB.

For the benefit of our readers, we would call attention to a new and wonderful invention for coloring the hair or beard, which is named the *Magic Comb*. The inventor, Mr. William Patton, of Springfield, Mass., has secured letters patent from the United States, France and England. The invention consists of a concentrated solidified dye on the teeth of a comb; and with the hair or beard moistened with common water, a small portion of the dye is deposited from the comb through the hair, producing a permanent, beautiful glossy black or brown, (according to choice) which will never fade or grow dim.

We claim that one Magic Comb will go as far in coloring hair or beard as two bottles of the ordinary hair dye with which the market is flooded. Pull and explicit directions accompany each comb, which is neat, convenient and can be carried in the pocket, being ready for use at any moment, without the stop or stain which inevitably attends the use of all other preparations for the hair. The comb contains no deleterious substances, and we most confidently recommend it to all our readers who may desire to change a dingy, yellowish, or grey hair or beard, to an even, elegant dark brown or glossy black.

A great mind rectifies an error as soon as it is discovered. To persist in wrong is absolutely folly. Can it be degrading to acknowledge that we have discovered the truth?

## LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS.

### ON THE WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE REVEALED TO MAN.

Is the title of a new work from press.

By the Guardian Spirit of David Corless.

S. S. JONES.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION PRINTERS.

The Medium, in his address to the public says: "The Medium (David Corless, of Huntley's Grove, McHenry Co., Ill.) through whom this work was written, has been a careful observer of the phenomena of 'Modern Spiritualism' for over twenty years and during that time he has been the humble Medium through which hundreds of philosophical and scientific lectures have been given to attentive listeners. Of himself, he can only say he is an uneducated farmer, far advanced in years. He asks for this pamphlet, a few lines of notice in the press. The introduction entitled 'The Unfolding' treats of man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's Unfoldings."

In all the conditions of Life's unfoldings there is a principle which rules all things for one eternal ultimate good. All orders in the unfolding of elements of mind, of all things, and the laws of Life to such an extent, as that it can comprehend the life of all things. It will be perceived that Man is a mystery in all his organism. He is organized from the material elements of all things, and the laws of Life to such an extent that he is the grand ultimate of all Life's unfoldings.

He also stands at the pinnacle of all organized life, the material elements of all things. The next sub-head treatise of "gravitation, organization etc., the author says: We now come to the unfolding of Life; and

would have it understood that Man is the greatest manifestation of all Life's unfoldings. All the rest of minor importance when taken in comparison with the unfolding of Man's organization, and all things pertaining thereto.

On page twenty-four the author treats of "the way mediums paint pictures, in the true order of the development of the arts and sciences."

In part second, under the general head of mysteries Revealed, the author treats of "How Mediums Manifest their presence through Physical Bodies of Mediums. How the writing is done. How we influence a Medium to speak. The fullness of all kinds of language instructed. The ring feat and the carrying of Musical Instruments around the room explained."

"Man as a component of all elements demonstrated. The Life element discussed. The beautiful laws of equality unfolded. What Soul is. The Unfoldings of Light and Life investigated. Do we ever see a Spirit. A Guide to the Interior Life or the Souls Life-informing Principle."

This work is neatly got up and consists of seventy-three closely printed pages and we hesitate not to say that it contains more original thought, upon important subjects, a few only of which we have enumerated, than any other work of equal size we have seen.

Mr. Corless is just what he says he is upon the title page of his book. We have known him for nearly twenty years; and he is the last man that we should have believed could induce a book teeming with such sound philosophy and upon such obscure subjects.

Off himself he could not do it. When inspired by the angels he is to all appearances another man. The work will be sent by mail from this office to any one on receipt of fifty cents.

Address, S. S. JONES, 81 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

VINE COTTAGE STORIES. LITTLE HARRY'S WISH OR PLAYING SOLDIER.

By MR. H. N. GREEN

Author of "Lilies of Rural Home," including "Helen or the Power of Love," "The Strawberry Girl," "Ralph, or I wish I was a Black," "Rhymes for Little Folks," "The Flower Girl," "The Orphan's Struggle," etc., etc.

THE LITTLE FLOWER GIRL AND THE ORPHAN'S STRUGGLE.

By the Same Author.

S. S. JONES, Publisher, RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL OFFICE

81 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The above named little works of about thirty pages each are fresh from the press and belong to a series designed especially for children, youth and Children's Progressive Library.

Mrs. H. N. Green is one of the most popular writers of the present age and especially adapted to the writing of popular liberal books for children.

All the works she has heretofore written have been well received by the public. They possess a high moral tone and at the same time are deeply interesting to every reader, especially children, and the youth.

Being childlike in her nature she readily enters upon that plane of life and distributes to the young mental food which is received into and treasured up by their very souls; producing the most happy results, in leading minds to a due appreciation of great and ever living truths for practical use in more mature age.

This series of Books which we have entered upon publishing are designed for the youth everywhere, out of course their tone and philosophy will comprise their taste principally to the families of Spiritualists, Liberalists and the Children's Progressive Library.

They are aptly embellished and every way attractive and will be sent by mail on receipt of twenty five cents per copy.

A reasonable discount to the trade. Address J. C. BUNDY, 81 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Convention of Speakers and Mediums.

A quarterly Convention of Speakers and Mediums will convene at Avon Springs, New York, Tuesday and Wednesday, February 16th and 17th next, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Arrangements have been made with Mr. Whaley of the Avon Water Cure, to board at one dollar per day those in attendance, who cannot be entertained by friends.

Brothers and sisters, we extend to you all a cordial invitation. Let us assemble on this occasion, and participate in the benefits, joys and glories derivable from anticipated fraternal communion with our angelic counterparts and guides and thus help to rid the majestic car of this new spiritual dispensation.

J. W. BEVIER, J. C. BUNDY, Committee.

FRANCIS RICE.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

### Panorama of Wonders.

Read by another column, "A Panorama of Wonders by the great Spiritual Remedy, Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders."

For sale at this office.

Address J. C. BUNDY, 81 Dearborn St., Chicago.

### Dr. Clarke's Remedies.

Dr. S. S. JONES—I see you are advertising the medicines of Dr. Clarke's spirit, who controlling prescriptions for the sick through the organs of Jeanette Waterman Danforth. Permit me to tell you, with deep feeling, friend Jones, that I have used these remedies, the Symples, Nervine and Powders with the highest satisfaction. I know them to be excellent, as hundreds of others will testify. Dr. Clarke is a noble and brilliant spirit.

Most truly thine, J. M. PEERLES.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov., 1868.

### THE PATENT MAGIC COMB.

THE MAGIC COMB! The Magic Comb

Will always do its duty.

Bring Joy, and gladness to your home

And crown your head with beauty.

And if you wish to secure the advantage of the great invention of the day, for coloring the hair and beard, you will receive \$1.25 to THE MAGIC COMB AGENCY,

81 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, and receive the MAGIC COMB by Mail, post paid.

To Dealers and Traders.

If any of our readers or friends who are Dealers or Traders wish for the PATENT MAGIC COMB to put into market, we will furnish the Wholesale "Price List" upon application. The trade can find money in it.

Address MAGIC COMB AGENCY, 81 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

## OLD FATHER TIME.

Old Father Time, with step sublime,

Is spending to his way,

And thinks no crime, in every clime,

To change your locks to gray!

The MAGIC COMB, within your home,

The power of Time doth drive,

This wonderful thing will beauty bring—

Make you young from sorrow rid!

O then dare, near, without a fear,

No trace in others mark,

This very hour, just take the power

Of Father's MAGIC COMB!

Old Father Time, with step sublime,

Is spending on his way,

This wonder tried, his power doth!

Your locks no more are gray!

This is simple truth, and if you forward \$1.25 to the

MAGIC COMB AGENCY, 81 Dearborn Street,

Chicago, Illinois, you shall receive a MAGIC COMB,

by Mail, post paid.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

S. S. JONES, 280 E. C. BUNDY, C. W. FLEMING.

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### REAL ESTATE AND LOAN BROKERS.

No. 12, Methodist Church Block,

South-East Corner Clark and Washington Streets,

Chicago, Illinois.

City and County Property Bought, Sold and Improved.

Taxes paid and rents collected.

Loans upon first-class property negotiated.

Investments made on joint account.

We invite the especial attention of non-residents to this

feature of our business, as also to our facilities for investing

and Managing Capital as Attorneys.

In addition to our extensive list of City Property, we are

offering a large number of Fully Improved Farms, located

in different parts of this State, at very low figures and easy

terms, also 10,000 Acres unimproved lands in the North

Western States.

## REFERENCES.

Lafin, Butler & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Geo. B. Walter, Esq., Sec. Nat. Telegraph Co., New York

City.

Hon. Warren Chase, Esq., Broadway, N. Y.

Gen'l J. F. Farnsworth, M. C., Washington, D. C.

E. B. Worcester, Esq., Treas. N. Y. C. R. R.

Hon. W. H. H. Bingham, Stowe, Vt.

Geo. M. Colt, Sec. Hartford Fire Insurance Co., Hartford,

Conn.

Wm. White, & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

## GRAND

### INVESTMENT!!!

## GLOBE GOLD AND SILVER MINING

### COMPANY.

Capital Stock, \$650,000, in Shares

of \$10 Each. Subscription

Price \$5 per Share, Unassessable.

Incorporated under the General Laws of

California, July, 1862.

The Property of this Company is situated in Monitor

district, Alpine County, California, on Monitor Creek, one

mile east of the Main Branch of Carson River, and about

four miles south of Carson City, the capital of the State of

Nevada. It consists of two thousand feet on the Huachuca

Peak, overlooking one hundred feet in width for a distance

of nearly two miles, and 900 feet on the East. It is a long

parallel to and adjoining the "Hercules," both rich in Gold

and Silver.

## THE REDUCTION WORKS

will be erected at the mouth of the Tunnel, on the bank of

Monitor Creek which supplies abundant water for steam and

amalgamation. The cost is estimated not to exceed \$40,000,

including the completion of the Tunnel; and the works can

be put into operation by the close of this year. The treat-

ment of 100 tons per day, at the minimum value of the ore,

\$40 per ton (less than one half the actual value of the Monitor

District ore) would give a gross product of \$20,000 per day.

The cost of reduction is not likely to be improved pro-

cesses, thus giving a daily profit of \$12,000, and a yearly earn-

ing of \$4,380,000—equal to a dividend upon the entire capital

of \$475.

## SIXTY PER CENT. IN COIN!

Or over one hundred per cent. on the subscription

price of the shares in currency.

As the abundance and value of the ore of the GLOBE MINES

are unquestioned, this estimate is deemed not only a moderate

one, but very greatly within the probable range of

profits.

TEN THOUSAND SHARES OF UNASSESSABLE STOCK,

(issued for the purchase of Mining Property) have been ap-

propriated for additional Working Capital, which stock is

now offered to the public at \$5 per share, less RATE AND

UNUSABLE INVESTMENT. A dividend of five per cent. on 100

Shares, 10 per cent. on 200 Shares; 15 per cent. on 300 Shares;

and 20 per cent. on 400 Shares, or over, will be made on the

subscription price.

Dividends will be payable in gold coin, quarterly, at the

TRANSFER OFFICE OF THIS COMPANY in New York, of

which due notice will be given.

PERSONAL TESTIMONIALS.

"Dr. J. Winchester, in this issue, lays before our readers

an advertisement of his Silver Mining Enterprise, which we

cheerfully commend to their attention. The statements of

Dr. W. can be implicitly relied on as being strictly true,

and we may safely promise that all who have occasion to

transact business with him will find that they have dealt

with a honest and honorable gentleman and brother."—*Im-*

*old Folio*, Nov. 1868.

"We know that his enterprise, energy, temperance and

modesty are unassailable, and that whatever he undertakes

he does with all his might. The good faith of his statements

may be implicitly relied on."—*HONORABLE*, *Trinidad*.

"Far from wishing to take shares in this Company, are

proposed to WRITE UP ONCE FOR PROSPECTUS, giving im-

portant facts in regard to the

"GOLD AND SILVER MINES AND MINING IN CALIFOR-

NIA AND NEVADA."

showing the EXTRAORDINARY PROFITS NOW BEING

REALIZED. All orders for shares must be addressed to the

underground, President of the Company.

J. WINCHESTER,

36, John Street, New York.

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## Communications from the Inner Life.

My whole gave his angelic charge concerning them."

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Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life sessions, should be brief, well written, and directed to the editor, when convenient for the questioner to be present at the session.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. What causes the twig (hazel, peach, or others,) to turn down in the hands of some persons while walking over a stream of water that is underfoot?

A. I see from the question that the originator of it thought that the cause was in the twig. We do not see that the cause lies in the twig or twigs, but that it is in the individual who may hold it. That it may sometimes turn we do not doubt; but that it always would, we are somewhat inclined to doubt that. You may take a piece of paper, cloth, or stick of any kind, or iron, or any substance you choose, and the same power will cause it to turn, simply showing there is a power outside of the individual which would cause a movement of whatever he might carry in his hands for the purpose of calling the attention to a certain spot. It is nothing that is within the article so carried, but it is an intelligence which moves upon that article, the person being in a receptive condition awaiting for such manifestations. When he reaches the desired point, it is sometimes made known to him by a movement of a stick, but not by a law or power of contraction, that is written on the twig or article, whatever it may be.

Q. Do spirits possess the power of prophecy? Can they foretell events that depend upon human agency? If so, what rules govern their knowledge in this particular?

A. Spirits that are enabled to look into the past and see clearly the present, may fudge of the future. But to give it minutely, we never did think that they could nor do we today. They can judge the same as an individual upon the material plane would judge of the future by seeing the present; and their powers of perception being clearer, they may be able to judge more accurately, but yet not perfectly. Spirits possessing the desire to comply with the wishes of friends or acquaintances upon the material plane, at times endeavor to tell them of the future. We must say that they are at times enabled to do it in a manner which contributes very much to the happiness of such friends, and yet at the same time, we would advise every individual, whether upon the material or the spiritual plane of life, to make use of their own reasoning faculties at all times. Listen to the advice given by friends whether they exist in the material, or spiritual plane of life, and if it is in accordance with their reasoning, make use of it accordingly; and if it does not pass by as they would anything else. Do not let them unfold their own individuality, more especially and more satisfactorily to themselves.

Every human being has an individual identity unto itself; it is the blessed privilege and power to reason. And when he gives up that power to another, or listens to the advice of others instead of making use of his own good sense, he oftentimes becomes very unhappy, and blames whom? The spirit who gave him the advice which proved not for the best; when he had used his own reason in the first place, he could cast no reflection upon any one but himself.

We would say again to every one to make use of his own individual powers of reasoning, and judge the same as others from cause to effect; and bear in mind that every effect is the cause of something higher, or every effect is the cause of another effect. So when we reason from cause to effect, they pass right on from one to the other, just as clearly as thought will enable us to go. That which brings unhappiness, you might say which was the cause of happiness, but it is only the effect of a preceding cause; and so on through all time. From the past we may judge the same of the present, and think it will be the same in the future.

Q. Can or do spirits suffer from heat or cold, or from any external or physical causes?

A. When spirits take possession of the physical organism, they are subject to cold and heat. The effect is the same as the individual who possesses such organism would feel; but when upon the spiritual plane of life, they do not suffer from any physical causes. They may be grieved as a spirit would grieve while upon the material plane when they are not able to see into the future, and know the result; but physical suffering pertains to the material plane, and you will see that there is no suffering in the spiritual plane, physically.

Aug. 27th, 1898.

## QUESTIONS BY MRS. WILKINSON.

Q. What would be the result upon a medium, if a strong and positive spirit should seek to get control against his or her honest conviction of right? I would like to know what would be the result spiritually, magnetically and physically.

A. We feel that such being the case, they would hold that control until other spirits with stronger power than theirs, attained the ascendancy. It may seem detrimental to the subject at the time yet we believe there is wisdom in it. It convinces the subject and those who are acquainted with the facts that it is a power foreign to their own. The ideas expressed may be unpleasant for the subject to think they have given utterance to. The effect produced for the time being and for sometime afterwards may be as we said before, a strange—bewildered or lost sensation. Perhaps, physically, they will feel languid. Now mark you, without the magnetic and spiritual nature, the physical body would not contain within itself a sense of feeling. It requires the three, spiritual, magnetic, and physical, to make the one.

JANUARY 21st, 1899.

## LAUGHING WATER TO MR. JONES.

Say, Chief, what you suppose I come to this Media (medium) for? I suppose I came to make her feel good. I like her, but you don't call her squaw, do you, Chief? Me no make big speech, but me wants to say something. There is a little squaw here, Chief, that is afraid to talk. You know little squaw? You live here in this place, oh, I know what this place, Chicago be. It is where they give our tribe fire waters, and then take all our shines (money) away. They do that on much—big much. They make us sleep, and then they take our shines away. What you call it they give us, Chief—firewater? Whisky, that was it, Chief, that is what they give to our tribe, but they didn't give any to me, Chief—Some white chiefs here, bad, bunch bad.

You know my media? You know me—you no see me before? Don't you know my media—my media, brave? Don't you know chief Bryant, and don't you know me media with him that comes to your big room? You know his name—Buck? Do you know me name, Laughing Water? You know me, tell you me come and speak for you, for your paper news. I no came till now, Chief, me come now, first because me said me would.

Do you know me media, have lots of trouble? Her folks don't like her be Media for spirits; you stand me, Chief? Me have lots of big sorrow here. Her nice media, chief. When her comes to our happy hunting ground, Chief, then her like me, and we have flowers, and everything nice.

I tell you, Chief, I like to come here, I tell you me like your paper news. Me think you good to make paper news, and me helps you too. Me help to bring you shines to make it go. Me not get shines, Chief, but me can get shines for you.

Going to make paper news, like big paper news, what you had, Chief? Make it so, chiefs and squaws can speak in it? Then you will let me make some for paper news too, won't you Chief?

Me comes lots of times, when Media gets down—what you call it—sorry down? Despondent—feels no good feel—me come and take it away. Me come and take it away—what you call bad feel.

You know what me likes to do? Me likes to go on big spruce when chief sleeping in blanket, and me make nice things in the head—what you call it? Nice feel in head. Dreams—yes me do that many, many times.

Me like you, Chief, because you make paper news. Me bring big chief to make paper news, and make what you call it, communications for paper news. Me bring big Medicine Chief, to tell you what you takes to make you feel good, when you feels no happy.

When you going to make some more paper news—two, three, four or five days?

You know Chief Shale—medium Shale—what lives in Jackson, Michigan? Medium Shale's Owasaw spirit wants me to come and talk for paper news. His media ain't going to stay long time in your country. Use him so hard he got no vitals, what you call it vitality; so he can't stay long time with the body. Me come again, Chief, and me make you nice things in the head when you sleep in blanket. Me bring flowers and put them all around you, but you can't see them.

You got little squaw here, she nice little girl. She got blue eyes, and neat white face, and she bring you flowers. You got chief here too, and they go together to see you and see their—what you call it Chief—Ma ma? They go together to see their mother. You got big chief here, he got brown hair, and he got blue eyes, and they go to see you many times, and the little squaw bring you a bunch of blue flowers, Chief, and you don't open your eyes and you don't see them—Nice, pretty little squaw? she make talk for paper news some day. She talk with me very often. She love her mother; she love her mother more since her brother come. Chief tell you something for paper news too, some day. You know we like you to make paper news, and that is for why you make paper news.

Good bye, Chief. Me come again, and bring flowers and make nice things in the head when you are asleep, what you call dreams, so me will. Me like you. You like me? Good bye.

AUGUST 27th, 1898.

## HARLOW REEVES.

Father, I come to redeem my promise. I can, not stay but a few minutes, but I will tell you of my real life after death. You remember, you said to me: "If after all we have suffered now, in this body—that is all we have seen of you, and if so much wasted away, and your life is all gone—if after all this you find an existence come and let us know it."

I come because I have found existence, and also to let you know this truth—that I live. You remember your thoughts, and if I remember rightly, they were in this wise: "Every thought comes out into the great ocean of thought, and there remains;" and this spiritual truth, you believed, was only giving utterance to these thoughts.

Now, when I repeat this I am only giving your own thoughts. When I tell you of future things then you will know that it is not the thoughts that have gone, out which I am now uttering; and in order to convince you that they are not, I will tell you of something that will take place.

Nine weeks from this very day, when you will be sick bed, I will come to you. What will I say? I will say, "Father, I am come to fulfill my promise when I gave the communication to you." Now, that is sure to occur. You will wonder how I know that you are going to be sick, and very sick, too. Dr. James and Dr. Lewis, and every one who will see you will despair of your life. "You will not die, though, you will recover from that illness and live on a long time. Another thing; brother Milton will come home to our house—your house—in five months. Yes, that's it."

Now, the time will have to pass away before you can be convinced of this, but you will surely be satisfied. You will be taken down with a

fever, but the name of it I can't tell, and I believe it will puzzle your physicians to name it, too. Now, father, these are thoughts that are mine—I give them to you. I don't gather them all myself, but there are others that tell these things to me. You will see that the thoughts given through this organism, medium, or whatever you may call her, are not thoughts gathered from the ocean of thought.

Shall I tell you that I am contented? If I should I should not say truly. I would rather have said there. You know why, without my telling you. How long have I been here? That would be no test to you, for this, you would say, may come from the minds of others.

My death was in different papers. Now you will wonder if it was not my name, and some of these things gathered from them. It is not, for I give these thoughts myself.

[Hesitating.] Now I am puzzled. I don't know whether to say just where—I will not tell you just where to send it, for that is not best. My father's name is C. H. Reeves. My mother's name is Charlotte, and mine is Harlow Reeves.

Father, I have kept my promise, and you will find what I have said here to be true.

## JOSEPH STEARNS.

Pardon me, my friend, if I am intruding, but I come in answer to my father's prayer: Ever since my death, day in and day out, he has prayed for a word from me. He fears that I do not live—that I am lost forever, for he can find nothing on earth to satisfy him that we live after death; and to let him know that I live, and that I am comparatively happy, though not perfectly so, is what brings me to you this morning. Now, dear father, you know I suffered for weeks; yes, months, before my death, and my suffering was so great that you could not be relieved when it was over, whether I lived after, or not. Indeed, I rejoiced with you that the suffering was past, and it was quite as hard for me to leave you, as it was for you to let me go.

Where I live, or how I live, I cannot tell. I know that I live—that I can see you, and see many others in our home, and I have met a number—quite a number that I knew while in life. If it were not for that, I don't know as I should be able to realize that I ever had an existence before this, everything is so strange; faces seem so different; every thing, every thing is so.

Now, in my room in that little brown box, you will find a picture—an old daguerotype. In under that, in the bottom of the case, you will find a little note addressed to me, my dear lady friend. Take that note and give it to her. It is not for the value of the note but that you may know that I still remember my things, and those that were dear to me. My age you know, but I will give it to you, that you may see I have not forgotten it: I was twenty-four years old in January before my death. I died in August, you know.

Now, dear father, this is so new, and so strange to me, you will excuse me for not telling you more; and should I never be able to give a word to you again until you come to me, remember that I am ever your affectionate son.

AUG. 27th, 1898.

## IRA STILLMAN.

Sir, I want to say about ten or twelve, or perhaps fifteen lines. I don't want to bring my folks into this belief, for I tell you, sir, that I do sincerely believe that if all the people on earth had the same belief that Spiritualists do—sir, I believe it would be the ruin of the world. I think it is wrong, very wrong to call this mode of manifesting ourselves, Spiritualism. Under this cover, I tell you, I would not dare tell all that is done. They talk about living up to their highest convictions of right, and then they say, "Whatever is, is right,"—why, such doctrine would be the ruin of the world.

At the same time that I don't wish to bring my folks into this belief—that is the belief of Spiritualism—yet I want them to know and believe for a certainty, that I have the God-given power vested in me to manifest myself to them now that I am dead, and yet live; and that's all I want. I don't wish to hurt anyone's feelings; I would not have you think that I do. They tell me that this woman here is a Spiritualist, and I don't know as I ought to have said what I did, on her account. [To reporter.] Are you a Spiritualist? [I am not.] Well, then, I haven't hurt your feelings, have I? Well, they should not make the broad assertion, that, "Whatever is, is right." Conversing with our friends after death, I tell you, don't make Spiritualism. There is not a person—not one—who, after he dies, would tell anybody that whatever he did was right. Murder, right? Stealing, right? Lying, right? and every miserable, contemptible thing that you can think of, right?

I tell you it is right wrong, sir. That is what I want to say. I want my folks to know just what I believe about it, too. Now, you can arrange things at home so that I can talk to you and not class yourselves among Spiritualists either. It will not make you Spiritualists my talking to you either.

Would you like to have me tell you where they live—my folks? Yes, if it satisfies me I suppose. Well, it don't satisfy me to tell you where they are. My name is Ira Stillman.

Now, my folks, you see I have been particular not to give one of your names. I don't want you picked out and disgraced. All I want of you is just to give me a chance to talk to you. That's all. I have said enough here to please you—and by the way, I don't know that I ought to have told you that. All you will have to do is, first,—[addressing the reporter,]—do you know how to get up a circle, sir? [The reporter replied "No." I can tell me anything near how to do it; I suppose circles are formed by joining hands.] Well, supposing you put your hands upon a table, so. [Placing the medium's hands flat on the table close to each other.] That's a circle, ain't it? All of you take a table, and get it all right; take everything off from it, and be sure and have a table that has

a wooden top, and sit around that table, and lay your hands flat down on it—this gentleman says take hold of hands, but I guess you had better lay your hands flat down on the table—and wait patiently for the result. I tell you don't be frightened when we come. Well, I guess I have got my fifteen lines. How much is it a line? I don't suppose you expect me to pay you, for I haven't anything to pay you with anyway? [We are glad to have all come here, free.] I am obliged to you, sir. I am obliged to you for your kindness to me. I don't know but you are kind to everybody.

If what I have said will hurt the feelings of this lady, why, you can just tell her for me, they are my honest convictions. I think she thinks that the honest convictions of every one are all right. Then she must not blame me for them.

Well, sir, I will bid you good bye, good day, or good morning, or whatever you may call it; and let somebody else have a chance, who does believe in thisism. I don't.

## Our Children.

"A child is born; now take the germ and make it  
A model of beauty. Let the dew  
Of knowledge and the light of science wake it  
In richest fragrance and purest bloom;  
For even the gathering hand of death will break it  
From its weak stem of life, and it shall live  
All power to create; but if that lovely flower  
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,  
O who shall say that it has lived in vain?"

## The Pigeons of St. Mark's.

A STORY OF FAITH AND TRUST.

St. Mark's Church is the great cathedral of Venice, which is the only square in the island city. In this church, it is said, the body of St. Mark was buried, who wrote the Gospel. The city of Venice is built on many small islands. It has canals instead of cars. Long, black, low boats, gondollers, take the place of coaches. The city is very large, and its various portions are united by four hundred and fifty bridges, among which was the famous Bridge of Sighs, over which prisoners walked to the dreary prison, from which few ever returned. As they left hope behind them, the bridge obtained its name; for the prisoners sighed for liberty they might never again enjoy.

In front of St. Mark's every day at two o'clock, a most remarkable sight is seen. At five minutes before two not a pigeon can be seen; but the moment St. Mark's bell tolls out the hour of two, the air becomes black with the doves and pigeons. They fly from every conceivable direction, as if gathered by miracle. Tens of thousands, and it is said, hundreds of thousands of them, fly together at the sound of the bell, and they alight in the square, in front of the church. They do not gather except at this exact hour of the day. They know when two o'clock comes as well as any boy or girl in the land. They never mistake the hour and come at one or three, instead of two. When the pigeons are gathered, they have gathered has been observed, they separate, and are not seen again until the next day.

And what do these birds gather in front of that church for, by hundreds and thousands, every day, at a particular hour? Well, I will tell you. Many years ago a wealthy old lady lived in Venice. She was a Countess. She was a noble lady of the land. She had no children, and one cold season she thought the birds of the city were not well fed. As she walked out one day she ordered her maid to give the pigeons some grain in front of the church. The Countess was a very systematic old lady, and took her walk at the same hour each day. As she went by the church the next afternoon, some of the pigeons remembered her. They flew round and round the Countess, asking in their way, if she had any grain for them that day. The old lady was greatly pleased with their good memory and confidence, and sent her maid back for some food. Every day after that, just as the clock struck two, the Countess, with her servant, walked in front of the church and fed the birds. The birds knew the hour quite as well as she did. The flock increased until it was numbered by thousands, before the old lady died.

Thousands of people gathered daily to see the little birds swarm round the kind old lady and get their food. Before she died she made her will, and in it left a large sum that the pigeons of Venice might be fed every day at two o'clock. All the travelers who visit this great city now go to St. Mark's church to see the pigeons fed, and marvel at the accuracy with which they count the hours of the day, and know when two o'clock comes. God put it into the heart of that kind old lady to make provision for the little birds, for though two sparrows are sold for a farthing, yet our heavenly Father feedeth them. What confidence the little birds of Venice have in the kindness of the Countess! She has been dead a great many years. Out of the thousands who are now daily fed, not one of them ever saw their kind benefactor; yet they come daily expecting food, when the good old church-bell tolls the dinner-hour, and they are never disappointed. "Are they not much better than we?" is not our heavenly Father more kind, even to the unthankful and the evil, who do not even ask, "Give us this day our daily bread?" Does he not send us daily food, and friends to take care of us, not one hour of the day simply, but every night and every morning of our whole life? He is the Father of Mercies from whom comes every good thing. We should be taught by the little birds of Venice, faith, and trust and love.

## Third Annual Convention of Michigan State Spiritual Association.

Reported by LORETTA MANN.

Convention met and was called to order by D. M. Fox, President of State Association, Friday, at half past 2 o'clock. P. M. Greeting song, by Mrs. Emma Martin. President called on Mrs. Horton for an invocation. She said:

"As our President has called for an invocation, I can hardly tell which is the most appropriate, a prayer or a thanksgiving, so silent and grateful do I feel in this hall this morning. I know the either is unpropitious, but to me there is something of a sweet significance in it, because those who are not in earnest will not come out in the rain. I feel this afternoon the strange stillness that draws the angel world to us, and while they are hid from our view, they come like rain drops falling gently on our spirits. What have we met here today to extend the social greeting ought to be enough to induce us to come. It would pay me to come through quite a storm to meet your happy faces; and through this means we shall be further acquainted, and exchanging thoughts and ideas in regard to the Association, will make us better. I feel in the calm stillness of the atmosphere, and angels tell me we will have a good time. Then in our souls we will pray for the baptism of the Great Spirit of light and life."

Moses Hull: I do not wish to occupy much of the time. You meet once a year to find out

how fast you have grown. I once belonged to the Methodist Church. I learned some good lessons there—one was experimental religion. We used to meet and talk and find out our weaknesses; but to day I shall not tell my experience—how I became converted, etc.—but to tell you where I am to-day. To me an orthodox expression, "My face is Zionward." I believe that heaven and earth are coming nearer together. Once it was all phenomena; but I see a deeper desire to come into closer communion with the world of spirit—not so much the world of spirits, but the world of thought, which is spirit. There is not gold enough in the world to buy my experience. Whether it has sown seeds of happiness or misery, I feel that it has blessed me. Every thorn will bear a blossom. When I put my experience in one scale, and what it might have been in another scale, I would not have been in another scale.

No other religion ever took hold of the people as Spiritualism has. No poetry or sermon is listened to with interest unless the thread of Spiritualism runs through it. I have come here not only to enjoy myself, but to labor. I have blessing to wear out in this cause.

Reading of Constitution being called for, the Secretary read it.

The President then announced the names of officers whose term had expired and were to be supplied, as follows: Dorus M. Fox, L. B. Brown and J. C. Wood.

Col. D. M. Fox, President of the Association, called the meeting to order for song, r. m. Song and instrumental music by Mrs. Lee, "Nature's Teachings." Invocation by Mr. Van Namee. The first address was by Moses Hull.

The President said that the committees would not be appointed until there were more arrivals. The meeting was then held for suggestions or remarks. Moses Hull called attention to the Spiritualist's Review, published at Chicago. Col. Fox called attention to THE PRESENT AGE, published at Kalamazoo.

Song and music by Mrs. Lee. Convention adjourned till Saturday at half-past eight a. m.

## MORNING SESSION.

Saturday Jan. 9, 1899.

The Association was again called to order by the President at half-past 9 o'clock. The President introduced N. B. Starr of Port Huron, the Spirit Artist, who had on exhibition some paintings executed under Spirit control.

The following Committees were then appointed:

Finance: L. L. Warner, Van Buren County; M. A. Rect, Ray County; Dr. N. Smith, Van Buren County; Mrs. Emma Martin, Calhoun County; L. S. Burdick, Kalamazoo County; Mrs. Juliette Hammond, Eaton County; Mrs. Rockwell, Calhoun County; Dr. J. M. Warner, Kalamazoo County; Dr. J. K. Bailey, Lenawee County; S. F. Bredt, Jackson County; Mrs. E. S. Samm, Hillsdale County; Mrs. Woodhull, Van Buren County.

Revision of Constitution.—Hon. G. C. Walsh, Sturgis; Dr. C. D. Hampton, Ionia County; D. B. Harrington, Port Huron; Dr. D. Hine, Kent County; C. C. Randall, Detroit.

Missionary Fund.—L. S. Burdick, Kalamazoo County; N. Robinson, Berrien County; Mrs. Bailey, Calhoun County; Samuel Langston, Kalamazoo County; G. P. Sherman, Detroit.

A reading of the Constitution being called for, as some were not present at the previous reading, the Secretary read it.

Dr. Wyburn moved a recess of ten minutes to give opportunity for signing the Constitution.

The meeting being again called to order, it was favored by a song from Mrs. Lee. Invocation by Mrs. Frank Reid.

Dr. Bailey moved that the transaction of business the usual parliamentary rules be observed. Adopted.

Dr. Wyburn suggested that the most profitable way of spending the time would be in consideration of the Missionary work. He thought it necessary to take some other steps: thought some of the Missionaries might suggest some plan and would like to hear from Dean Clark. Mr. Clark said: I do not know what plan have been devised by the Committee, but I have been in a quandary of mind to find an opening to the Spiritualists' pockets. Still I hope there is a sense of honor that will prompt those who employed, and those whom we have served, to be just to us, and that there are some who will see the need of a better plan, and of a better way than to make a statement of how things stand. If I can, I always avoid anything that pertains to finance; but I know there is such a thing as justice, and that the laborer is worthy of his hire. I have been one of the laborers and feel that I have done something in the State.

I hope the people are not disappointed, or faint-hearted in well-doing; but that the lessons of the past will only make them see the necessity of more work in the future. I know there is wealth in this State. I know it has been said we are an impecunious people—that we abound in words and resolutions. I hope we shall prove that we can do business as well as talk. And I hope the essential, the *sine qua non*, which is money, will not be wanting. Some of the teachings of our religion have gone down as deep as the pocket. I appeal to the honor of manhood and womanhood to come forward to the rescue.

Father Woodworth: I have been a Missionary, not for a few years, but for many. I am a Missionary at large. I ask you to allow me to tell you what I have heard of Missionaries. I speak, not for myself, but what I hear some of the people say. Promised aid has been withheld, because they say the Missionary has not visited the back places, but only the larger places. They say the Missionaries were expected to visit all parts of the land and they have not done it.

Prof. E. Whipple: I think the idea was among some that pledges were made with a view to pay or not as the work was carried out to suit their peculiar views. I know that in Indiana there was much subscribed with the understanding that they should have just about as much speaking as the subscription amounted to. Now this is wrong. There is fact alone, and

if then the origin of the sacred writings is purely in the existence of spirit, their very consistency depending upon this fact alone, and christendom is ready to accept them on the testimony of men long since dead, why should we not be equally willing to receive the evidences of spirit power to day, on the testimony of living men.—Reicher.

Recently at Magdeburg, a widow of 70 married her seventh husband. He was less than 50 years old.











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## Literary Department.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

### BETRAYED.

By WILLIAM VAN NABER.

Once she was beautiful, happy, and bright,  
With eyes of blue, woman's own light,  
And lips of red,  
Her feet kept time in the merry dance,  
And her smile would melt a heart of stone,  
With the light it shone.

Her heart so loving, and joyful, and true,  
Beat light as that bird's on yonder tree,  
And life looked fair,  
Sunbeams were scattered along her way,  
And happiness came each passing day,  
No clouds were there.

A lover, with homely words so sweet,  
Mendly loved himself at her feet,  
And said for love,  
She smilingly gave him her white hand,  
On which he placed a golden band,  
Beneath the stars above.

She believed the words he solemnly made,  
And thought those lips were not a snake,  
In her joyous heart,  
Thus he won her love and promised to wed,  
When the flowers of Spring their perfume shed,  
And thus did they part.

But the spring time came with its blossoms wild,  
His shadow and sunshine bright and mild,  
But he came not,  
And the maiden waited and prayed in vain,  
Striving to still her heart's dull pain,  
Said was her lot.

Her fatherless child was laid in a grave,  
Where a weeping willow cast its shade,  
Not a tear she shed,  
But with burning eyes and throbbing heart,  
She saw her last hope and dear part,  
With the early dead.

And a merciful Father rules above,  
He scores not the heart that cries for love,  
Father divine,  
And though the self-righteousness of earth  
Turn from her with sneers and mirth,  
There is a crime.

Beyond the shadows of the tomb,  
A sweet celestial joyous home,  
Among the blest,  
Where such tried souls shall find relief,  
Such taste of joy instead of grief,  
And be at rest.

## WILFRED MONTRESSOR;

OR,

THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

By THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

### BOOK THIRD—THE ARREST.

CHAPTER XXI.—COQUETRY, OR SOMETHING WORSE.

"You are acting very imprudently, Caroline," said an elderly woman to Miss Caroline Percy, in a tone of remonstrance.

This remark was made in the progress of a long chat that, after dinner, in the drawing-room of Miss Percy's residence.

"Imprudently," echoed Miss Percy with a slight toss of the head.

"And very unwise," said Miss Percy.

"Why, Aunt Percy? You ought to be under a thousand obligations to me for conferring upon you a name so decidedly aristocratic. I pride myself upon being a model of prudence and wisdom."

"Caroline—try to be serious."

"I will, Aunt Percy," said the young lady with a mock effort at gravity, which was belied by the merry mischievous glance of her sparkling eyes.

"What object do you propose to attain by offending William?"

Miss Percy hesitated, while she turned a transome topaz ring three times round her forefinger.

"I do not wish to offend him."

"But you well know that he will be seriously offended if he discovers that you receive and encourage the visits of Mr. Frederick Willoughby."

not born to be the slave of any man."

"I am sure that William is very attentive and devoted to you. He humors your caprices and defers to your wishes."

"Granted."

"He is good looking—intelligent."

"Granted, dear aunt. I have the catalogue of his good qualities at my fingers' ends; but," continued the speaker naively; "he is rather short in stature, has an undignified manner, does not dress in good taste, is always talking of business, has no abundant supply of cash, and does not belong to the circles of the ton."

"Do you mean to sacrifice him?" said Mrs. Percy, in a tone of inquiry.

"Don't know."

"But I protest."

"Don't, dear aunt," said the young lady, placing her hand over Mrs. Percy's mouth: "don't protest until I have had an opportunity of satisfying my own mind, and of developing my intentions more fully to you. I shall not determine hastily, imprudently, unwise and unreasonable as I appear to you."

"There is no resisting you, Carry, whatever may be your faults. The encouragement of the visits of Mr. Willoughby is not wise, in my estimation; but I understand less fully the cause of the protracted calls of Doctor Everard. You have entirely renewed your health and spirits, so far as I am able to judge."

"Oh! that is the best joke in the world," said Miss Percy, with a loud musical laugh. "Are you aware that I am extremely susceptible?"

"Yes, of nonsense."

"Do you know," continued the young lady, with animation, "that I possess a highly delicate nervous organization, an organization peculiarly subject to moral and mental influences?"

"Are you crazy, Caroline?"

"Doctor Everard assures me that my nervous system is remarkably sensitive, and has been so much interested in me that he has tried a great variety of experiments to develop the strength of my voluntary and involuntary sympathies."

"Whereas talking Greek to me."

"By no means. I have learned these big words from Doctor Everard, within the last two days."

"Explain."

"The grave, serious, sage old Doctor—how completely I have humbugged him. I read a paragraph in a newspaper sometime since, which intimated that the learned Doctor Everard was a believer in mesmerism. So when he called to see me the other day after my fainting fit, I entertained him with a succession of nervous twitches and spasms, which had no other origin than my desire to mystify him. I perceived him to be slightly engaged in making passes with his hands—pausing occasionally to fix his dark, piercing eyes upon me. At length I became quiet, and by degrees fell into a calm unconscious slumber. Yesterday the Doctor began to converse with me on the subject, and by virtue of his hints and my native sagacity, I am making wonderful progress in the practical exemplification of the science of Animal Magnetism."

"How dare you practice such an imposition upon a man so eminent and learned?"

"What is his learning good for, if it will not enable him to detect the imposition of a weak unlearned woman? I have a notion that men of genius and talent are easily humbugged; they are so confident of their power, that they think it unnecessary to guard against deception."

"He will be very much displeased with you," said Mrs. Percy, "if he detects your artifice."

"Let me alone for that," replied Caroline Percy, giving her earnest, simple-minded, full-throated answer. "I am just the reverse."

"You intend then to prolong this nonsense, under false pretences of ill health?"

"Just so long, dear aunt, as there is any excitement in the thing. I find a degree of pleasure in playing with the weaknesses of men."

"that Doctor Everard considers me very nervous and excitable."

"Nervous? A young woman of my day was hardly conscious that she possessed nerves, unless she cut one of her fingers, or became the victim of the tooth-ache. Now, young ladies are almost universally troubled with weak nerves and imaginary languor. This comes of exchanging baking and spinning for poetry and music."

"Oh! aunt Percy," exclaimed Caroline. "Do not speak contemptuously of my favorite recreations. I delight in music and poetry."

"I second your appeal to the mercy of your aunt," said Frederick Willoughby, bowing slightly. "Your tastes are too elegant to be censured or ridiculed."

"As recreations, I do not object to poetry or music; but a woman should have some occupation besides reading on a sofa, or strumming a guitar; something, anything to banish weak nerves and the blues. Do you not agree with me, Mr. Willoughby?"

"I am not a physician, Mrs. Percy."

"You have succeeded, however," remarked Mrs. Percy, interrupting him, "better than Doctor Everard, in bringing the color to Caroline's pale cheeks by your advocacy of her cause."

"Aunt," remonstrated the young lady, "it is your absurd attack upon my favorite pursuits that has excited me."

"Only nervousness," said Mrs. Percy, laughing. "I will not shock you any more to-day, especially as I have household duties to perform, which require my immediate attention. Mr. Willoughby will excuse me."

Mrs. Percy left the apartment.

"And now," said Frederick Willoughby, addressing Miss Percy, "as a fitting termination of the argument, I entreat you to sing some of your favorite songs."

"On one condition," replied Caroline Percy, with an entreating glance of her dark eyes, as she moved toward the piano.

"I agree."

"That you will honestly tell me when I have 'warbled you'."

Miss Percy seated herself at the piano and played a delightful French rondo, in a brilliant style, after which she sang several airs from operas of Rossini and Donizetti. Her voice was a soprano of good intonation, and of great compass and power. The deficiencies of an ordinary musical education were compensated in a remarkable degree by the purity of her ear. There were no discords, no false cadences in her execution of the most difficult passages of the Italian masters.

At length she closed her music books, notwithstanding Willoughby's entreaties. She did not, however, rise from the piano, sweeping the keys more slowly and expressively, she warbled in plaintive, tender strains three or four Scotch and Irish ballads. At the conclusion of one of her favorite melodies, she turned toward the young man and, encircled his aged fixed admirer's arm.

"So you are really fond of music?" inquired Miss Percy, smiling.

"Passionately fond of it."

"You have heard the best singers, of course, the principal singers I mean, at the opera and the theatres?"

"Yes, repeatedly."

"And yet you can listen to me?"

"With greater pleasure, Miss Percy, than I have ever listened to their artistic display."

"This you say by way of compliment," observed the lady, "while I have the most grave and serious reasons for ascertaining your real sentiments."

"I assure you that I speak seriously," said Frederick Willoughby. "The professional singers whom I have heard, possess, many of them, great musical powers, and wonderful brilliancy of execution—the fruits of long study and practice. But I listen to them with *impatience*. They tickle the ear, but fail to reach the heart. I cannot banish the feeling that they are acting a part rather than pouring out the intense emotions of their souls in language that rises far above the sweetest status of poetry."

"How does this criticism affect me?"

Percy; and yet I venture to suggest that you should fully consider the subject before you act upon it."

"Such is my intention."

The feelings which had been excited in the heart of Frederick Willoughby, by the frank communication of Caroline Percy, were of a singularly mixed description. The most predominant, however, was the flattering consciousness of having been selected by a lady, young, handsome and accomplished, as a confidential adviser and friend. It was probably under the influence of this sensation that he said emphatically:

"If I can assist you in any way, Miss Percy, command my services freely."

"You are very kind," replied Miss Percy, with a blush of grateful acknowledgment.

"Aunt Percy and I are comparative strangers in this city. We have few friends and receive little company. In the pursuit of my theatrical studies, if I determine to embrace the stage as a profession, I shall desire to profit by judicious criticism."

"Unquestionably."

If you will condescend to listen to me occasionally," said Caroline Percy, with a dazzling smile, "and will regard me not as a particular friend, but as a stern critic, you will confer a real service upon me."

"But I am no critic," replied Willoughby, in surprise.

It is not so much the rules of art as the teaching of nature that I seek to master. However, I hear my aunt's footsteps, and as this project is still a secret from her, we will change the conversation."

Mrs. Percy re-entered the apartment, and shortly afterwards Frederick Willoughby took his departure.

From the Milwaukee Wisconsin.

### A Strange Affair.

A number of our city physicians went out to Burlington yesterday to investigate the case of a child which for twenty days has been in a trance. The case is pronounced one of the most remarkable that ever came under the notice of the medical faculty, and there is little wonder that it creates something of a sensation.

In the report of the affair published in the *Wisconsin* of yesterday, we had not sufficient details to explain the case thoroughly, but are enabled to do so to-day from the lips of persons who have seen the child.

A little girl twelve years of age, named Mina, daughter of Christian Rausch, a German farmer, living about one and a half miles from Burlington, Racine county, in this State, had a severe attack of measles and diphtheria. She had nearly recovered from these on the 8th of January, when she called her father to her bedside, and told him she was going to sleep, and that she should sleep for a long, long time. She said she should look as though she were dead, but she should not be dead, and she made the father promise that he would not bury her, which promise, it may readily be supposed, has been faithfully kept. Soon after making the request, the child, to all appearance, sank quietly and peacefully into her last sleep. By all it was supposed Mina was dead, and the body was enshrouded and placed in a coffin. After the sleep, the body showed no signs of death, although the pulse and the heart ceased to perform their pulsations, and no device could show that the respiratory organs were in use. The eyes closed.

In this state Mina has lain now for twenty days without a sign of life and with no sign of death, other than a sinking of cheek and eyes, which would be natural with one who had fasted for so long a period.

Three days ago a vein was tapped and blood flowed as naturally as it would in a living person. A blister raised on the flesh precisely as it would on that of one alive. A neighbor of Mr. Rausch told our reporter that he had pressed a finger on the hand of the girl. Her flesh was solid, and upon taking away the finger, the spot was white. In a few seconds the color came again, precisely as it would if the flesh of a living person were pressed in the same manner.

Under these circumstances it is reasonable for parents and friends to believe that the child lies in a trance, and there is little wonder that the case is attracting so much attention among the medical faculty. It will be watched carefully to the end, and with interest. A large number of persons have visited the house of Mr. Rausch, and all express themselves as lost in wonder and amazement at this strikingly strange affair.

A Tale of Horror.

"They that would be rich suddenly, fall into divers temptations. For the love of money is the root of all evil, which some coveting, have pierced themselves with many sorrows."

Many years since, a seafaring man called at a village in the coast of Normandy, and asked for a supper and a bed. The landlord and landlady were elderly people, and apparently poor. He entered into conversation with them, and invited them to partake of his cheer, asked them many questions about themselves and their family, and particularly of a son who had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they had long given over as dead.

The landlady showed him to his room; and when she quitted him, he put a purse of gold in her hand, and desired her to take care of it till the morning, pressed her affectionately by the hand, and bade her good night. She returned to her husband, and showed him the gold. For its sake they agreed to murder the traveller in his sleep, which they accomplished, and buried the body.

In the morning came two or three relations, and asked in a joyful tone for the traveller who

had arrived there the night before. The old people seemed greatly confused, but said he had risen early and gone away.

"Impossible!" said the relations. "It is your own son, who is lately returned from France, and is come to make happy the evening of your days, and he resolved to lodge with you one night as a stranger, that he might see you unknown, and judge of your conduct toward way-faring mariners."

Language would be incompetent to describe the horror of the murderers when they found they had dyed their hands in the blood of their long-lost child. They confessed their crime, the body was found, and the wretched murderers expiated their offence on the scaffold.

### THE DEMAND OF THE AGE.

Mrs. Hattie J. French of Philadelphia, in the *WHITE BANNER*, gives us some good thoughts upon the Subject which forms the caption to this article.

The demand of the age—what is it? It is a question that requires culture of thought—not intellect—on a scientific plan. Aspiring into the mysteries of nature, is a demand of the age, through which great unfoldment in every science branch will be brought to light, through the great, "I am," revealed in the divine law—God give you your beings to develop into the highest capacities of scientific literature and art, he also gave you spiritual endowments, which lie imbedded within the envelope of your animal beings, but which are lying dormant waiting for the light of the gospel teachings, of Spiritism to shine in upon the darkened portals to nourish and bring out the hidden beauty within. This is the demand of the age we live in.

"Friends of freedom arouse. A war has caused the nation to tremble for its freedom—are you free? No. Your souls are bound by the fetters of oppression and prejudice. Spiritism has not become popular enough in Philadelphia, they have no fashionable hall of their own, they are not zealous enough, they do not meet the demand of the age. The church people have caught the spirit of the age, and are under the contagious influence of little Phineas, that is doing something towards the great revival among the Spiritualists of Philadelphia."

It has more than once been observed that human nature was about the same, the world over. So we observe that in spite of their religion, the Mormon women of Salt Lake are more or less the devotees of fashion; and among other follies, it appears they are addicted to that of trafficking skirts; concerning which Brigham Young takes them to task for the following manner:

"It is a disgrace for a community to drag cloth in the dirt. How many women are there here to-day who walked to this Tabernacle without throwing dirt every step they took, not only on themselves, but upon those who walked near them? I shun them; when I see them coming, I try to make my way in some other direction in order to avoid their dust. I have borne it, and so have my brethren, until duty demands that we put a stop to it. I have politely expostulated with my wives and daughters on this subject. I have asked them if they think it looks nice, and have been told that it did, their reason for thinking so being that somebody else wore it. So that is all the argument that can be brought in its favor. There is no reason in the world why a dress looks well trailing through the streets. On the other hand, I will say, ladies, if we ask you to make your dresses a little shorter, do not be extravagant and cut them so short that we can see the tops of your stockings. Bring them down to the tops of your shoes, and have them so that you can walk and clear the dust, and do not expose your persons."

### Trim your Wicks.

The Coal oil lamp is killing its victims constantly. Anything which will avert the danger should be known. The *Burlington Argus* says:

The explosion is caused by a practice of neglecting to cut off the charred portion of the wick when the lamp is filled; observation will show that in a few days use, the wick becomes charred in composition, for an inch, below the top of the tube containing it, and after the lamp has burned a short time the heated tube fires all the charred portion of the wick inside, and that sets the oil on fire below. This may be prevented by cutting off a sufficient portion of the charred wick each day after using the lamp.

### Life.

At best, life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and song, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injured and injured will pass away. Is it worth while to hate?

Is it any more sinful for men to galvanize than for women to paint? In either case they appear in borrowed robes.

A shrewd little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, astonished the master by the following translation: Vir, a man; ignis, a trap, virgin, a man-trap.

"John, how I wish it was as much the fashion to trade wives as it is to trade horses." "Why so, Peter?" "I'd cheat somebody most shockin' bad afore now."



## Original Essays.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## THE BEST FRIEND.

BY FRANKLIN D. MARVELL.

Thou art my heart, thou art my heart,  
Thou art my heart, thou art my heart,  
Thou art my heart, thou art my heart,  
Thou art my heart, thou art my heart.

The rustle of his robe,  
My heart, I hear;  
He's our best friend, oh! heart;  
He'll soon be here.

I see his shadow fall,  
He's come; he's come;  
Oh, hear him not, though he  
Is cold and dumb.

Yes, he's our best friend,  
Oh! joyless heart;  
A friend no adverse fate  
From us can part.

I feel his loving touch  
Of magic power,  
As soft as summer air  
At twilight hour.

I die—I die—I die!  
We die, and heart;  
Our friend has come—with him  
We'll now depart.

## What is the Substance of the Human Soul?

A Lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels, Delivered Sunday Evening, November 29, 1868, at Concert Hall, Philadelphia.

Reported in full by C. R. Morgan, M. D.  
Sung: "The world would be the better for it." By Mr. Clark.

## INVOCATION.

Our Father! and our Mother! God! Thou Infinite source of every blessing, and of all light and mind. Thou Divine Presence! Thou Everlasting Splendor! Thou Perfect Truth! Thou Divine and all pervading Spirit! We would lay upon Thy altar the offerings of our soul's devotion, and approach the temple of Thy truth, The Universe, with psalms and thoughts of melody. Even as the sweet cadences of sound roll outward and upward, filling all the air with circles of harmony, so would our spirits rise in perfect circles of praise, until they reach the heart of Thine Infinite Love, all deep within the Spirit, which is Thine abiding place. We would find the expression of that presence and love, and there bring all our offerings and thanksgivings.

We bless Thee! oh, Loving Spirit! for all the beauty and loveliness of creation. We praise Thee, for the life that fills and thrills the universe of mind and matter. We praise Thee! that in all past ages, Thou hast reared up the instruments of Eternal Truth! to enjoy and speak Thy words and unfold Thy wisdom to the nations of the earth. That the favored children of genius, of song, of inspiration, of poetry, of prophecy, and of religion, have touched with their high thoughts, the mountain tops of Thy Truth.

We praise Thee, that one by one, the starry firmament of knowledge, has revealed its splendors to the human mind, and they no longer grope in darkness with faces bowed down to the earth, but uplift their souls in grateful songs of praise, with no craven fear, with no trembling upon their words do they come into Thy presence. But with countenances glad as the morning, with the radiant beam of love upon their souls, they would say, "Our Father, we are in Thy presence and we praise Thee evermore!"

At the grateful fragrance of these flowers ascends and fills all the air with its sweet odor, so let the flowers of love and truth, that blossom with our spirits, fragrance grateful incense upon the altar of Thy mind.

Some there may be, who bring to Thee the sorrows of desponding spirits. Some from whom death has taken dearly loved ones, and folded and hidden them beyond mortal sight. But if these come laden and oppressed with sorrow, and the talists of darkness upon their souls, let them see where beyond the pall of darkness of the grave, the bright glory of celestial life appears, and above this, tomb-haunted earth, the marvellous of immortal life.

Some there may be, that come burdened with doubts, who see not that death is but the opening of the way to celestial life. These with faces turned to earth, cry, "We have sought, and have not found the immortal home of the Spirit!"

Oh, let their voices be attuned to the voices of the angels. Let them behold where, with shining garments and everlasting songs of praise, the loving ones await them and take their thoughts to immortal lowlands.

And those that are oppressed with sorrow for the world's darkness, those that are bowed with sadness because of the crime and sin that exists in the world, oh! let them behold, how when the storm-cloud fills the sky with angry thunders and lightnings, ever beyond is the blue vault of heaven, and the clear calm of supernal light. While the stars move on silently, performing their loving orisons of praise, so across the darkness of human crime and imperfection, let them behold where Thy spirit forever extends the azure of its perfect love, and the stars of Thine own truth keep time to the deep pulsations of Thy worlds, and cherish forever that Thou art God!

Let us unite our thoughts and our songs with the voices of the angels that sing, forever Thy praise in deeds and words of loving-kindness, now, and forever. Amen.

## INTRODUCTORY TO THE DISCOURSE.

For the past two months, on Sunday mornings or afternoons, we have given a series of lectures or discourses upon "Spiritual growth and Spiritual Science." On Sunday evenings, at the suggestions of some persons who are accustomed to attend, the audience has the opportunity of choosing the subjects. Last Sunday evening the audience rejected any subject to be chosen by them. To-night, the audience can be satisfied that we shall not choose our own subject.

Now while we are perfectly willing, and have a series of subjects that are inexhaustible, we

will state for the benefit of cavillers, doubters, skeptics or those who choose to say that the lectures are prepared and memorized, as it has been announced that they are not so produced, that any person in the audience, if he chooses to present a subject, we will discuss upon it, promising to make it interesting to the audience, and, of course, it must be a subject suitable for the evening lecture.

A gentleman in the audience here rose, and said: "I wish you to lecture upon 'The Substance of the Human Soul.' Is it fire or water, or the composition of both, or is it a substance distinct from these?"

Mrs. Daniels. Is the gentleman a skeptic? Answer. I am not. I know the multiplication table and that two and two make four, and that four and four make eight, and I wish you to tell me positively what knowledge you have of the substance of the human soul; whether it is air, earth, fire or water, the composition of one; two, three or four, or a substance totally distinct, or whether it is any kind of magnetism, electricity, or any more subtle fluid which you can explain.

Mrs. Daniels. You have heard the gentleman's answer to our question. Of course, we do not know him; we presume the audience do not. The chairman will put the question as to whether the audience will receive the subject. "What is the Substance of the Human Soul?"

The question was then put and carried. Mrs. Daniels. Before we proceed with the lecture, we wish to ask the gentleman to state his name, whether he is acquainted with the speaker or the medium, and whether he has had any conversation with her upon the subject of this discourse to-night.

Answer. In all respect to the lady, I shall say that neither my name nor any conversation that I have had either with the lady present, or any others, has in the slightest, any connection with what is the substance of the human soul. I then move the original question, that fundamental principle of Spiritualism, "What is a Spirit?" be discussed.

Mrs. Daniels. We asked you the question merely to satisfy the audience, not ourselves. We have not the slightest curiosity to know you.

Gentleman. I appeal to the audience, as to whether my name or any conversation, I have had with any one, whatsoever, has in the slightest, anything in their judgement to do with determining what is the substance of the human spirit.

Mrs. Daniels. I ask if the gentleman has ever been in the Hall before?

Gentleman. Never, in this Hall, or in any other.

Mrs. Daniels. We simply ask the gentleman, that the audience might not think that there had been any previous collusion, and preparation for this subject. However, it is in the hands of the audience. They can satisfy themselves.

We will proceed with the subject presented by the gentleman, "What is the Substance of the human soul?"

There are only two known substances in the universe having equal potent coeval powers. These are known as mind and matter. The reason why this distinction is made and these two substances are said to be coeval, is because there never has been discovered a limit to their separate and mutual action, one upon the other.

Matter, in its technical sense, is all that portion of the universe which is acted upon or is inert. Mind or spirit is all that portion of the universe which acts, which moves, which thinks, records, material is capable when not actuated by mind, of change in its form, its condition, or its results.

Mind, so far as it is known, the thoughts working when acting in connection with matter, produces every organic form of life, and every change or motion that is known in the universe.

The human body is the epitome of all material substances beneath it, an ultimate of organic life and power, and illustration, and sequence, and substance.

Mind is itself an ultimate, therefore invisible; therefore, indestructible; therefore, impalpable of sight that defies matter, disorganization, etc.

When the gentleman desires to know the substance of the human soul, we will state to him, that it is not a compound, that it is not composed of the body as the earth is, as flowers, as stars of earth are, or as worlds are, of two or more composite substances. Hence, there is no word in matter or in material philosophy, to express the substance of the soul, the spirit, except spirit itself; and that spirit is substance, separate, distinct, positive, coeval, is evident from the fact that wherever there is life, there must be light; wherever there is a law, there must be mind; wherever there is mind, there must be a source of mind, and we only know two sources of mind—one, an indirect source, is the human mind. A direct source, is the Infinite Mind.

That, therefore, which you term substance is only the form or expression of which the substance is the soul or universe, visible, tangible and apparent to yourselves; or the universe, visible, tangible and apparent to your minds; or the universe, visible, tangible and apparent to your spirit, is composed of a substance, like of mind and matter. Wherever this substance is, which that gentleman wants us to tell, cannot be told in any other words than spirit itself. It is certain that it is not composed, and cannot be composed of any other lesser substance; the only proof of its immortality; the only proof of its existence; the only evidence of its power, lies in the very fact that it is indestructible, and indivisible matter. A block of stone, a grain of sand, may be divided into infinite particles. Science speaks of ultimate particles of matter. Undoubtedly there are ultimate particles of matter, but those are, as yet, so attenuated, that science has failed to discover any particle, atom or substance of matter that is not capable of being divided. Chemists tell us of sixty or more primates that form the basis of all physical organization, and which united with one

another in proportions of one or more, produce a third function, which is the result of these two primates or more.

In the human spirit, or in spirit in the abstract, there are no such divisions; there can be no such subdivisions, inasmuch as the ultimate of all spirit, can only be spirit. The source of thought must be thought itself. The source of mind can only be mind. The source of soul can only be soul.

The German metaphysician endeavors to disprove the immortality of the soul, or even its existence, by proving it. He should have taken the other horn of the dilemma, and proven it by disproving it; for the same reason, that the affirmative is the only possible, the negative is the only impossible. Therefore, the soul itself can only be measured by the science of the soul.

Now you have the science of chemistry, partially untold, imperfectly developed, yet it illustrates to you these subtle laws and forces, that attract particles of matter to one another, to different substances composed by these atoms or particles.

You have the science of Geology, that tells you of the structure of the earth, whereby you trace the progress of the ages. You have the science of Astronomy, that tells you of the superficial structure of the heavens, and their mathematical relations to one another. The science of the soul alone can tell you what the soul is, of its composition, as the gentleman desires to know, though we have said it cannot be a compound; and of its action upon itself and matter. The science of soul is the only science which has, as yet, not been taught in the schools which have no books, no written works, no illustrations, no tables, no mathematical figures, and yet of all the sciences, it is the simplest, the most easily illustrated, the clearest and the only one that is self-evident. It is the mathematics of religion, it is the expression of itself.

All arguments which attempt to disprove the existence of the human soul or spirit by the subtleties of German metaphysicians, or French infidels, or modern materialists, are but attacks, not upon the soul itself, but upon its manifestations, and fall as far short of the science of the soul, as does the rock which the boy fires in the street, fall short of the star which is circling its way through the heavens.

When you ask us the proof of the existence of the human soul, we are ourselves, you are yourself, the proof. The question is its own answer. When you ask us the substance of the soul, we say the question is its own answer, because souls can be no other substance than souls. When you ask us whether it is earth or air, or sky or water, or fire, you are asking us to compare it to that of which it contains no part, and which is no part of it.

When you ask us to decide whether a spirit can be found in water, or in earth, or in air or in fire, we will say that every particle of every drop of water or grain of sand, or spark of fire, is the direct and legitimate effect of spirit, and that without this, neither would fire burn nor would water exist nor would the earth itself have been.

When you ask us to tell you, by comparing an ultimate substance with compound substances, of what it is composed, is like building up a fallacy in logic, for the express purpose of tearing it down again.

It is like building up a superficial temple for no other purpose than that of destroying it.

If soul is not self-evident, it is not at all. As a distinguished American Theologian said of the immortality of the human soul: "If there is not a consciousness of immortality, then there can be no immortality." The consciousness determines the fact. The proof of that fact lies in that consciousness. Now the substance of the human soul upon the human body, are the superfluous evidences you have of its nature; yet you know that the human soul does not fire; that it is not water, that it is not earth, that it is not dust or air; that there is very much more for discussion in the latter word, because you know that a single, clear thought, a single effort of the mind, a flash, an inspiration of genius, is as decidedly distinct and separate from every essential portion of earth, as the sun itself is separate from the remotest solar system; and more than this: The phenomena of mind and matter are only related in this way, that matter is a phenomenon, and mind is spirit.

You might ask me what the thoughts of the musician are composed of when he arranges certain notes of harmony. You know the instrument you know the substance of which the keys are made. You know the book upon which it is written; you know the mathematical arrangement of the various notes of music; you know the chromatic scale. The thought, or harmony is the only soul which music possesses, and the work, and the needs and the keys and the sheet of paper and the thoughts upon them amount to nothing without that thought; and yet you also know the thought is impalpable and intangible to your physical senses and that it is the only living substance connected with the music. Therefore, the thought of that music is the only substance connected with it, and yet is the only thing that you do not call a substance, and we can only name it spirit.

You know that when an artist depicts a scene in nature, the result of his own vision, or the imagination as it is termed, that the thought of the artist's brain is the only tangible picture, and yet you look upon the wall, and declare that to be the tangible substance, while he may have painted it years ago in his brain before he ever found utterance; and he may take with him to the immortal world, unnumbered pictures which you have never seen. The thought, the spirit of the picture is the only substance, and that is Spirit.

You know that the starry firmament with its unnumbered worlds, presents to the astronomer the richest fields for intellectual conceptions. The mechanics and the various apparatuses thereto constitute the means by which he arrives at this, and yet you know that the spirit of mind is the only tangible real thing in existence, and that is impalpable to any physical sense, and a spiritual conception is just as decided to the spirit, as is the physical conception to the senses. Indeed the senses themselves were powerless without the aid of his spirit. We can therefore only say that while all other substances in the universe have material shapes, and while science has analyzed, clarified and portrayed them imperfectly, yet in order, the spirit itself is the only living, absolute, undeniable substance which cannot change, and cannot pass away.

Then says the questioner: for we almost see it in his mind. "If a spirit as you say, cannot pass away and is the only substance, why can you not tell us of what spirit is composed? What is the substance?" We will answer—Spirit is spirit. Then you say this is vague. You might as well say, in discussing light, light is light, and be no more enlightened than before. If, however, you will have a further answer, we will say spirit is the essential principle of every form of life whatsoever, and matter as you term it, is the expression in that form, as spirit is that which constitutes you, men and women, while the form is but the garment which the spirit wears, and which it may cast away for a more refined, and better one that is incorporated in it.

If you will ask still further, and say that this is not distinct and clear, then we will say, this is the form, this flower of which the spirit is the life and fragrance thereof. Now, if it were but a form of any white image, shaped like this, would it have the same effect, but never did artificer or producer of wax flowers, impart a genuine odor or breathe unto their work, the genuine spirit of life.

Then, if you are not satisfied with this illustration, we will state to you that all mind is spirit, and whosoever there is order, harmony and law, there is mind. All human order, human form, human utterances, express the human spirit, and you may be perfectly sure, that it is an undeniable fact in Spiritual Science, that it were as truly impossible for a human being to have existence unless there were a human spirit.

You cannot make a man of straw, and call him man. You cannot create a waxen graven, or carved image and breathe into it the life of man. You cannot take away a man's spirit, and call his body living; therefore, the human spirit is all there is of the gentleman who asked the question, and all there is of each and every individual here this evening. The sensation, the life, the consciousness, the organization, the attracting and repelling of substances, which clothe your body, these are the work of this subtle spirit, this invisible, yet potent power that animates and possesses you.

And when the infidel, still doubting or still inquiring, says it is not satisfactory, we want to know what the substance of the spirit is? We must still answer, it is Spirit. It cannot be any other because it is not a compound. There is no other substance that can enter into its composition, because it is the ultimate, and therefore, the spirit must ever remain spirit. These various forms of expression of the particular organization in which it manifests itself; these are the provinces of the various departments of human science, but any mathematician, and any musician will tell you that the science of music is the mental conception of certain scales of harmony, and we guarantee that any musician will tell you that the music to which he afterwards gives utterance for your benefit and not his own, is as distinct and clear as the light in his own mind before it ever reached the instrument, as it is afterwards; and therefore, you must know that the substance of the music is the spirit, and in this illustration, we will also refer to mathematics, for mathematics requires lines and points for its illustration.

A mathematical proposition is just as clear, distinct and decided by the mind of the true mathematician before any of its points are determined upon, as afterwards the mathematical proposition is perfectly distinct, and is, therefore, a part of his spirit. The mathematical illustration requires triangles, the lines and parallels, and requires no distinct division points to illustrate that the shortest distance between two points, is a straight line; for the spirit conceives that with never a thought of requiring an illustration; so it requires no lengthy illustration, nor elaborate remarks to show that the only source of intelligence, which by any possibility can be conceived of, is mind and that mind must be, and is absolutely spirit.

Now wherever you find mind, there you find spirit; wherever you find human mind, there you find human spirit, whether it lies embodied and incorporated in a tangible outward body, or whether it lies in that intangible, yet impalpable form which constitutes the next stage of human existence. This spirit ever lives, ever constant, ever potent, being equal to its origin and origin, and is manifesting itself through all the varied forms of human life, and the change which you call death, is only the casting off of the garments which the soul has worn, and which it no longer requires. This does not in the least impair the identity of that individual spirit.

It is customary to say that God is love, wisdom, justice, benevolence and kindness. It is no such thing. God is light. Now, every loving kindness and wisdom are manifested through the varied forms of light, that is not God. The infinite, subtle essence, that you call God, has no name in the finite calendar, or catalogue of words. God is spirit; that is sufficient. It is customary to ask, "What are the attributes of the human soul?" Then you answer, "The soul is composed of thought and essence, and of life and death, and of love and faith," and various mental illustrations of what you suppose to be the soul. It is not so. Love and faith, and these attributes, are but manifest impressions, at times, of the soul, which is only a principle.

This afternoon, we illustrated according to the known laws of light, that a single beam of white light contains every primitive color; that it is the broken ray of white light that gives you the red and yellow, and the blue, and other various

shades. So is the white light of creation, and the various thoughts which you possess and which you deem to be portions of the soul, but broken fragments of this light. The white, clear and distinct is in the soul.

Like all things which are absolute, undeniably certain, this requires no illustration, and will admit of none. It is just like a person shutting up his eyes, and saying, "Now prove to me that the sun shines." The sun is there; it is palpable; it is potent and no one professes to ask for an argument as to its existence; and in that way a human spirit possessing thought and intelligence, and a human body says, tell us the substance of a human soul, and we answer that there is no other substance, for its expression, than the vain name which is given, namely, Spirit.

It is said in the Book of John, that, "In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God."

Now this expresses the whole thing, whether we say in the beginning or in the middle or in the ending. It amounts to the same sense. In finitude must be infinite, but the existence of this spirit is perfectly undeniable and a priori. There is no reason, no inspiration, no thought, no illustration of science that can reach it, and all that we can do is to say, what are its manifestations, what its forms of illustration, what its life here and what its existence hereafter?

Let this suffice. If the gentleman will allow us, we will pass on to consider and elucidate, or if he prefers to ask us further questions upon this, we will still continue to illustrate.

The gentleman here got up and asked to state what he considered the substance of the human soul. This was refused him.

Continued next week.

Written for the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## Impression.

Thought and Its Peculiar Characteristics—The Images Imprinted on the Embryo Child—The Spiritual Organization—Why Immortal.

BY JOHN FRANCIS.

I endeavored, sometime ago, however, to interest the readers of the JOURNAL, by explaining the nature of the mind and the strange and varied phenomena that under certain circumstances it exhibits. In the first place, I started out simply on a voyage of discovery, searching for rare gems in the inner temple of the mind. The open Sea of Mind was before me, seemingly a boundless expanse, with its winds and tides, rocks and shoals, and regions, the true nature of which was not well understood by man.

Boldly I ventured forward, with Reason for my compass, Hope, my guardian angel, and Truth, my watchword, believing that success would crown my efforts and that I would be instrumental in disclosing facts connected with the mind, resulting in some benefit to the human family.

The fields I have examined, have been explored before by bold mariners, but it seems that they returned with ships freighted with gems of knowledge differing from those that I have presented to the people. It is for the reader to judge which is of the most value.

My course is still onward, onward, never for a moment faltering in the path of investigation which circumstances have marked out for me. Behind me, my vision is clear—ahead is doubt and a conjecture until removed by the silent whisperings of the wise sage who stands by my side. The rocky, silvery white, his countenance all aglow with the radiance of angelic purity; his form clothed with a garb of white, his eyes brilliant with love for humanity—how beautiful, how saintly, how majestic! Rare gems of knowledge glisten within the store-house of his mind, sending forth a radiant light, imparting to his silvery beard an appearance of extreme loveliness. Noble as a child of earth, now a resident of the Summerland, how can I render myself worthy of his inspiring influence? The pupil you have in charge, hardly comprehends the nature of the influences that surround him, and when you propose to lead upward and onward, until the highest aspirations of his nature are fully realized. The glance of his eye and a slight motion of his hand sends a current of ethereal magnificence to my brain, the pulsations of which seem to engender thought. The scene is too grand for my nature to contemplate, and for a time I withdraw my attention from the majestic personage who stands by my side, regretting that the instrument he is using to transmit his knowledge to earth is not more highly attuned or more susceptible to the ethereal magnetism of his rays.

There is a very intimate connection existing between the mind and body, that is but little understood at the present time. The thoughts or impressions that exist within the mind, in all cases, partake largely of the character of the object from which they arise, and in turn, they affect the organic structure or transmit to it their respective characteristics. Joy, hope, fear, despondency and excitement of all kind, originate from the thoughts or impressions of the mind. First, a thought or impression; then a result of some kind's sure to follow. It either adds to the stock of knowledge, gives expressions to the various passions or movements of life, or it degenerates its nature upon the organization of a child in embryo. At Quincy, Ill., is a German, with a curious "blood-mark." It is a perfect deer, about the size of a silver dollar, on his right cheek. The form and outline of the deer are as perfect as could be drawn by an artist, and show a deer in the act of leaping. It is a bright red color. That life-like representation was the result of certain impressions made upon the mind of the mother by witnessing the innocent gambles of a pet deer, thereby degenerating upon her child in embryo its exact resemblance. It could not have been caused otherwise, all will admit. Such being the case, the impression from which the "blood-mark," so called, originated, must have been of the same shape or form as that to which it gave expression on the organic structure of the embryo child. Impressions made upon the mind must necessarily have form, if







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P. S. JONES.

EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the editorial Department of this paper, should be addressed to P. S. Jones. All business letters to John C. Brady.

84, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

## HARMONY IN ALL THINGS TAKEN TOGETHER.

Shall we analyze this world, explain its nature, and the phenomena of its action? How few understand it, or appreciate its deific qualities. In this world, in all phases of life, we seem to discern nothing that indicates that harmony reigns, or exerts that salutary influence, seemingly necessary for the happiness of man. Discord in the family circle! Jars between husband and wife! Contentions in Church and State! Strife everywhere—harmony, seemingly, nowhere!

Harmony, the poetry of life, the sweet cadence of which may be found in the chimed of pure, unspotted souls! Harmony, the essence of life's noblest impulses, permeating all our acts and diffusing its fragrance into all the purposes of life.

Harmony, the Angel of Peace whose presence steals a halo of joy over the pathway of man.

We seek harmony, but seemingly, rarely ever find it. The human mind is so constituted that it can not grasp all intricate questions intuitively. What one mind could readily grasp and understand, another would, perhaps, see nothing that would be worthy of commendation.

In the grand procession of events from time to eternity; in that beautiful pathway in which all humanity are marching to the music of old Father Time, we find all things taken together constitute the most beautiful and perfect harmony—not one discordant note in the millions of voices that echo from the various planes of life—not one misstep in that grand procession of humanity from the cradle to the grave! This idea may seem strange and somewhat vague to those whose soul-choirs vibrate to none of the joys or pleasures of life, and who constantly look on the dark side of every scene, that all things taken together constitute the most beautiful and perfect harmony imaginable.

Look at yonder battle, and see contending armies striving for the mastery, and the spoils that lie before each, respectively. The cannon ball that carries destruction in its pathway, the groans of the wounded and dying, and the tumult of battle, when united with true deeds of charity, the songs of love, and the onward movements of all things else, constitute the most perfect harmony, not one discordant note, as it were, arising to mar the harmony that prevails. God is the instrument, making the notes, the acts of life the songs, the Wide-Spread Universe the book, and the human mind the storehouse; and from that instrument, or in that book, nothing can be found but the sweet flowing melody of harmony. You who think there is discord in God's Universe, never drank at the sweet fountains of superior knowledge. You comprehend not the true nature of Infinity, but think yourself an element of discord, instead of harmony, in the Universe of God.

In all the various phases of life, whether in the palatial residence with its luxuries and wealth, or cramped by the pinching hand of poverty, you are only an element of harmony in the grand procession of events from time to eternity! What, no discord, no strife, no contention, no tumult in life? How so? Poets, seemingly, never dreamed of that. They have wandered in the flower gardens of Nature, drank from the fountains of gushing truth, reveled in the delights of the empyrean, and inhaled the fragrance of nature's choicest works, yet they never sang of harmony in all things, for they were never brought in rapport with the Spirit of Music, the chief element of God.

Again: the Wide-Spread Universe is the Book of God, and He alone writes in its sacred pages. God is its author, mankind the subject, the acts of life may be found in the index. Go to that book, the Wide-Spread Universe, turn over its mystic pages, examine its index, trace the progress of events, and find discord there if you can. If you do, impugn the motives of the Most High; breathe blasphemous words against him, for He, and He alone, is its author. He wrote it. Turn over its first leaf. See yonder beautiful valley, flowers nestling here and there manufacturing from the laboratory of nature the choicest extracts; hear the sweet thrills of joy from the numberless birds; let your soul-choirs vibrate to the gurgling melodies of the rippling stream; see nature's ceaseless activity; repose under the shade of the majestic trees; revel in the luxuriant grasses; listen to the silent language of all things—all of these and many more, are on the first page of this magnificent book which God Himself has written. What wrong there? What discord in that moving panorama which God Himself painted? Point out His missteps, my wherein the author has by the association of scenes, made discord. No where, you answer. My soul drinks in the gushing melodies that seem to spring forth from united action of all things taken together on that first page of the Universe of God. Turn over another leaf. What greets your vision? A beautiful episode in the work of creation! A bubble on the rippling stream of time, to burst only to obtain new life in a purer and better home. Man is created. Look at the scene, first a simple point, a deific element. It assimilates from all the primitive elements of creation; and finally, man bursts forth on the

stage of existence. His creation is the second chapter in that great book, the Universe of God.

In this creation of man, we have a more full expression of the God element. In the first chapter, he rudely, as it were, expressed Himself. Yet, there was something transcendently beautiful in all his works. The sublimity of the towering mountain, the grandeur of the lake and river scenery, the beauty of the woodland and the varied scenes every where presented to the vision, were well calculated to please: "but as one star differeth from another in glory," so do the works of God differ. One note in the chromatic scale of man represents a certain sound; so in the chromatic scale of God Himself, man the note, no two represent the same sound, for it is by that diversity that harmony is maintained. In this book of God, the Wide-Spread Universe, we find discord nowhere.

The cry of poverty, coming up in plaintive tremulous tones from some weary heart, the whispers of the sick and afflicted, to near and dear friends, the voice of benevolence to all humanity, are the sweetest tones in that volume of harmonious sounds that well up from the Universe of God.

This book, the Universe of God, is well written and finely illustrated. Its illustrations are from Nature; they are realities; nothing artificial, nothing there that could be dispensed with.

But again, what of harmony in all things? Read carefully this book of God. Did He not write it all? If not, who was His amanuensis? Is He not responsible for the illustrations? If not, who was His artist? Did he not create man? If not, what architect and builder besides Him? Did He not intend that harmonious melodies should spring forth from all His works? If not, who has more power than Him, to introduce discord?

Think of all this, child of earth. You are, each one of you, an element of harmony in the Universe of God. Whatever your position in life, whether high or low, great or small, ignorant or wise, you are a beautiful link in that grand procession from the cradle to the grave. Glorious thought! Magnificent conception!

Fountains of truth, how sweet your gurgling waters, how beautiful your flow of melody! The human mind expands, the whole soul is illuminated by the thought of the grandeur of God's Universe. Harmony, we bless thee! You are the chief element of the Infinite!

## DIVORCE.

There are some questions that will not down at our bidding.

Evide them as we may; seek to hush them up as we will, they will talk and we cannot help it.

The social question is one of them. Every effort to divert the attention of the public from it, has thus far proved fruitless. When our opponents in the church grow jubilant over the immorality of Spiritualists, they usually have hardly time to straighten their faces, before some Reverend Scamp elopes with one of his parishioners, leaving the church in consternation.

Father Hecker, in his lecture in this city, made some very startling statements, that all classes would do well to consider. He affirmed that in some states, the statistics showed that one in twenty-five of the marriages solemnized resulted in divorce, and taking the Catholic population therefrom, would materially increase the proportion.

Our Orthodox friends, with a gravity that is only equalled by their impudence, have been in the habit of shuffling the whole of this trouble upon Spiritualists and heretics generally. Father Hecker assured us that it was only Protestantism, "Gone to seed." Evasion for the most part never settles anything. We may throw dirt in each other's faces until doomsday, and it will not stop the impetuous tide of social discord that is sweeping through the length and breadth of society.

We must go to the fountain, learn if possible the cause of our difficulties, and then attempt their adjustment with all the powers that we possess.

The difficulties that crop out in the marriage relations, are no proof that monogamic marriage is a failure, any more than counterfeit bills are a proof there are none genuine.

One true marriage is sufficient to establish the fact that such a relation exists, and the knowledge of the laws that govern it, may pave the way to the realization of more of the same nature.

No arbitrary decree can make or unmake a relation, at once so intricate and fruitful of either happiness or misery.

Laws and ceremonies do not make rights for us.

Our rights are native, inborn, eternal, and all that legislation can do, is simply to protect us in the rights we already possess by virtue of the nature we bear; therefore neither Priest, Court or Jury, can make or break a relation, so intimate as that of marriage.

They can only sanction and protect that which nature has already decreed.

As society now is, we sanction, and legalize marriages, without scarcely an inquiry regarding the parties so bound, and refuse to divorce them, or rather recognize a divorce that nature has already made, without giving to greedy scandal-mongers, the undoubted prerogative of impugning the motives, and assailing the characters of those seeking to dissolve such relation.

Marriage is made honorable; divorce, dishonorable.

We can never hope for a better state of society, until all that pertains to the Marriage relation are made an important part of our educational system, that all may acquire a knowledge of the laws upon which its happiness and perpetuity depend. At the same time, strip from divorce the odium that now attaches to it, throwing around each the fostering care of a society, that feels the importance of the most pure and truthful relations.

Happily, efforts are already being made in this direction.

The Social Science Convention, in this city, was one step on the royal road.

Let us hope that reformers will not neglect to agitate and investigate this important subject, until the terrible stains, such as infanticide and the long list of miseries that follow in the wake of unholy relations, are wiped out by the introduction of a more wholesome, social system.

## DID NOT GET THE JOURNAL.

Two or three persons have informed us that some of our three month's trial subscribers have failed to get the JOURNAL.

That mistakes should be made in spelling the names of the post-offices, as well as the subscribers, is very natural; as in many cases, it is almost impossible to read such names from many letters we receive. If our friends will be a little more particular in writing plainly all proper names, it will save much trouble to us, and insure greater certainty of papers reaching subscribers promptly.

Some delay necessarily accrued, from the over-cautiousness of our Chicago postmaster, in detaining several bags of papers, fearing we were sending out free papers without prepaying postage. All such difficulties having been obviated, and the JOURNAL having moved on from this great centre, we hope they will be successful in finding their way to every new subscriber, in due season hereafter. If any one fails to get his JOURNAL in due time, advise us of the fact, and all source of complaint shall be promptly ferreted out and removed.

Our friends appear to be in earnest in looking up and sending us trial subscribers, and we are equally earnest in sending them a good paper, and on time, so as to insure that which is designed—permanent subscription.

## THE CAUSE IN SPRINGFIELD—DR. BLAIN.

Dr. Blain has created quite a sensation in behalf of Spiritualism, at the capital of our State. He gave a course of eight lectures, in January, on which occasion he gave over two hundred tests, which has had the effect to create quite a revival, absorbing most of the State Officers.

The Dr. is a very pliant instrument in the hands of his Spirit Guides, and when fully controlled, can give tests through him as fast as he can talk.

The eagerness with which the people of Springfield filled the lecture hall to hear Dr. Blain, shows how eager human souls are, to get tidings from loved ones gone before, to receive evidence of a continued life beyond the grave, as well as how a good test medium is hailed and appreciated by the hungry masses.

Where these gifts are found, the medium should be kept at work and well paid; which we hope will be the case with Dr. Blain. His lectures are universally well received, a fact which, added to his gifts as a test medium, makes him a valuable laborer in our ranks. Besides, he is a genuine, unassuming gentleman, and leaves a large and lucrative practice in this city to engage in this work of life, light and joy to mankind.

He speaks for the folks at Springfield during February.

## THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.

The strictures of Brother Wilson upon the Davenport brothers, is timely and doubtless will do good. But let it be borne in mind that these brothers have received their full share of abuse, eye, persecution, at the hands of the public, and not unfrequently, at the hands of Spiritualists. They have nobly stood their ground, and done battle for the cause of Spiritualism. While their conduct may not meet the approbation of many, we are willing that they should pursue that course which the spirits, who control their senses, impress them to follow. That they are first-class mediums for physical manifestations, we know, and it is not our province to condemn, because they do not conduct their business as we might think most advisable.

## THE CASE OF MINA HAUSCH.

In another part of the JOURNAL, we publish from a Milwaukee paper, an account of the singular enticement of this young lady. Her case is creating quite a sensation in the vicinity of Milwaukee; and no less throughout the country; and the determination of this singular case will be looked for with much interest.

She has now lain for over twenty-five days, at all appearance in many respects dead. Dr. J. W. Coleman, of Elkhorn, Wisconsin, is out in the Daily Chicago Tribune of the 3d inst., in which he says he has just visited the "Mysterious trance girl," at Burlington, and pronounced her actually dead. He gives it as his opinion that there has not been the least sign of life in her body for the last twenty days.

As anxious as we are to know the true state of the case, and to give it to our readers, we know that there is no way of ascertaining except to wait. We shall endeavor to learn the result and give it to our readers at the earliest opportunity. Knowing that similar cases of trance have occurred, induces us to anticipate that this young German girl may be another, or similar case.

## ANOTHER NEW SPIRITUAL PAPER.

We are in receipt of No. 2, vol. 1, of a new spiritual paper, entitled "THE SPIRITUAL LIGHT." It hails from San Francisco—is a beautiful small eight page sheet; and besides its neat and tidy mechanical dress, is freighted with interesting spiritual matter.

It is edited and published by Geo. W. Morgan, 742 Harrison street. It is published monthly at \$1.00 per annum.

## CONSOLIDATION.

The SPIRITUALIST, of Janesville, Wisconsin, has been consolidated with the ONTO SPIRITUALIST. Brother Baker will still keep an office in Janesville, Wisconsin, and will have the care of the North-West Department. The paper is still to be the organ of the Wisconsin Spiritual Association.

## THREE MONTHS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

If each one of our friends would set themselves at work for one day, they could induce from twenty to one hundred in every town, to try the JOURNAL for three months, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH; a large percent of whom would become permanent subscribers. Think of it, friends. How easy it would be to fill up your ranks and become strong, if the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was weekly placed in the hands of fifty or a hundred of your best thinkers.

If you wish to become strong, bend your energies to the promulgation of the truths of our philosophy in all its branches among the masses. A good weekly newspaper, devoted to that subject, widely circulated among the people, will make it an easy matter to support lectures and lyceums. We ask our friends everywhere, new and old subscribers, to give us a few hours each, of their time, in presenting our proposition to their neighbors. On our part, we will guarantee to give you a weekly visitor, that all who receive will be proud to exhibit it.

## THE WESTERN RURAL.

The above is the name of a Weekly for the Farm and the Fireside," published simultaneously at 192 Madison street, Chicago, and 192 Jefferson street, Detroit. H. N. P. Lewis, editor and proprietor.

The Western Rural has already entered upon its seventh volume with most flattering prospects of unparalleled success. It is a large sized, eight-page sheet, printed upon excellent paper, with new and beautiful type, and contains choice articles from the pens of the very best American agriculturists.

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## SPIRITUAL TRACTS.

We have just received from Judge Edmonds, of New York, a quantity of valuable tracts, treating upon subjects of great interest to Spiritualists, which we will forward to any one wanting the same, free of postage, on receipt of twenty-five cents.

These tracts are stitched into nice pamphlets, so as to be kept together or cut apart for gratuitous distribution, as may be most desirable.

We know and advise our readers of the fact, that Judge Edmonds is an eminent jurist, a sound thinker and a gentleman of large spiritual experience. In giving these tracts to the public, gratuitously, he manifests a degree of philanthropy and true manliness that would be highly commendable in thousands of other Spiritualists, much better able to do so, financially, than Judge Edmonds.

Address S. S. Jones, 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Illinois.

## GLOBE GOLD AND SILVER MINING COMPANY.

We would invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of this Company in another column of our paper.

While we are well aware that, in many cases, companies for mining purposes are organized for the purpose of swindling the public, we believe that the Globe Gold and Silver Mining Company is an exception, and that it is what it purports to be, a genuine enterprise for mining purposes.

Horace Greely, who never endorsed a dishonest man or a bogus enterprise, thus speaks of the President of the Company, J. Winchester:

"We know that his enterprise, energy, temperance and assiduity are unsurpassed, and whatever he undertakes, he does with all his might. The good faith of his statements may be fully relied upon."

We fully endorse the statement of Mr. Greely.

## LITTLE THOUGHTS.

The above is the name of a beautiful Pictorial Magazine for the little ones, published in this city. It is printed on fine white paper, and profusely illustrated. It has a Musical Department, edited by J. A. Butterfield, the well known author of "When you and I were young, Maggie." The little ones, everywhere; will be pleased with it, for it is perfectly adapted to them.

Subscription price, ONE DOLLAR a year. Send ten cents for specimen number, to the publisher, L. H. Dowling, No. 104 Madison street, Chicago.

## PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

The first installment of manuscript for the Pacific Department having arrived, we shall commence, next week, the publication of the same, hoping our readers will be well pleased with this new feature of the JOURNAL.

The Frontier Department, the Pacific Department, the Inner Life Department, the Children's Department, Speeches from Inspired Speakers, Gems from Correspondents, Original Essays, etc., always contain something to interest and instruct.

## MUSIC HALL MEETINGS.

By an unanimous vote of the audience, Miss Clair De Evere, is to remain for the present month to speak and give tests, at Crosby's Music Hall. This, more than any other fact, evinces her popularity as a speaker and test medium.

The morning sessions are now devoted to public Seances and the evenings to lectures. She invariably draws full houses, and her auditors attest their appreciation and thanks by frequent and prolonged applause.

35 The mind is the mirror of the soul.

## Literary Notices.

Starlings Progressive Papers, a neat little work, treats in an interesting manner, of Man, Woman, Children, Angel, Spirit and our Globe, under the following heading:

Divine Unfoldment! Sociality, Spirit of Progress, the Nazarene, Regeneration, What is Man? Cheerfulness, Spiritual Phenomena, Voices from the Spirit Spheres, Self Hood, Ideas, their Rise and Progress, Depravity, Plea for Little Ones, Earnest Words to Mothers, Angels, What are They? A Private Seance and Transmutation.

It is well worth double its price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

The Spirituelle, or Directions in Development. By Abbey M. Laffin Ferree.

This designed more particularly for those who desire to unfold their mediumistic qualities; yet it can be read with profit and pleasure, by any one, as it "sparkles all over" with rare gems of thought.

Price, 30 cents. For sale at this office.

Our Planet, its past and future: or Lectures on Geology. By William Denton. Published by the author. Boston.

This valuable work has already "reached its second edition; a sufficient guarantee of its usefulness and popularity. It treats upon a subject which is, justly, becoming one of signal importance to the history, philosophy and religion of the globe. The ideas are presented in a brief and concise manner, in the form of familiar lectures, and it may be truly said of it, *it is a gem in prose*.

As a specimen of his familiar style, we quote from his remarks upon the formation of coal, page 134.

What could have produced this singular-looking, black, inflammable rock? How many times this was asked before Science could return an answer! She does it now with confidence. Coal was once growing, vegetable matter. Take a piece of bituminous coal, and, on closely examining it, you will find in most cases what looks like fragments of charcoal; the fibers of the original wood plainly visible in them. By grinding down a piece of bituminous coal very thin, and examining it through a microscope the very vessels of the wood may be distinctly perceived. Nor is this all; examine the mine where the coal is obtained, and on the surface of the shale, immediately above the coal, you will find innumerable impressions of leaves and branches as perfect as artist ever drew. Dr. Buckland thus eloquently describes the Bohemian coal mines:

"The most elaborate imitations of living foliage upon the painted ceilings of Italian palaces bear no comparison with the beautiful profusion which the galleries of these instructive coal-mines are overhung. The roof is covered with a canopy of gorgeous tapestry, enriched with festoons of most graceful foliage, hung in wild, irregular profusion over every portion of its surface. The effect is heightened by the contrast of the coal-black color of these vegetable with the light ground-work of the rock to which they are attached. The spectator feels himself transported, as if by enchantment, into the forests of another world; he beholds trees of forms and characters now unknown upon the surface of the earth, presented to his senses almost in the beauty and vigor of their primeval life."

## Amusements.

Sharpley's Minstrels at Wood's Museum, nightly attract crowded houses. This is their thirtieth week in this city. This week, they offer more new features: "Scenes on the Pacific Railroad;" "Good Bye Susan Jane;" "Lively Boys and Girls;" "Donovan O'Bussay;" to conclude with the new sketch, "Our New Theatre."

Matinee Saturday at half past two o'clock, February 8th, the great "Harry Macarthy."

Theatre Comique, corner of Clark and Monroe streets. George J. Deagle, Manager. Also manager of Varieties Theatre, St. Louis, will open for the season as a first-class place of amusement for ladies and gentlemen, on Monday evening, February 8th. The largest company in the world. A multitude of attractions! Mammoth entertainment! Including Drama, Farce, Pantomime, Ballet, Gymnastics, Minstrelsy, and Classical Tableaux.

For lists of Artists see future Bills.

Admission, 50 cents. Orchestra Chairs 75 cents.

This is the second and last week of Mrs. Scott Siddons at Mc Vicker's Theatre. The Repertoire for the week is as follows: Monday, February 1, Sheridan Knowles beautiful five-act play of "The Hunchback;" Tuesday, "As You Like It;" Wednesday, "Romeo and Juliet;" Thursday, "Ingomar;" Friday, Farewell Benefit of Mrs. Scott Siddons: Saturday, Grand Siddons Matinee. Next week, the beautiful Worrell, Sisters Sophie, Irene, and Jenny, with their entire Opera Bouffe Company and full Chorus. Seats can now be secured.

The great feature of the week in this city has been the concerts of Miss Kellogg at Crosby's Opera House.

Her first of the present series was given on Monday evening, February 1st, to an unusually large auditory; and constituted her fourth appearance in Chicago; and the welcome she received was "one of which any artist might be proud, quite equalling if not excelling the Parpa and Ristori furores. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity in every part, the orchestra stall even being filled and the lobbies closely packed. This interest has been kept up at each succeeding concert throughout the week and series. They were withheld, however, on Thursday evening to make room for the first presentation of the great extravaganza of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," which was given to the entire strength of the dramatic company. In addition to the attractions of the piece itself, which are of no ordinary character, an array of miscellaneous talent has been secured which will fill the piece full of novelties. Among them are Miss Turnour, a young lady of fifteen, who will perform acrobatic feats upon the trapeze at the extreme height of the Opera House; Mrs. Oates, the vivacious comedienne and singer, who made such a favorable impression in "Undine;" Miss Fanny Stouquer, who has an ex-







## Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give his angels charge—observing thee.

All Communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

a well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to be the spirit world.

Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life sessions, should be clearly, well written, and directed to the editor, when inconvenient for the questioner to be present at the medium.

## INVOCATION.

JAN. 26.

Let us pray, and as we pray let us not send our thoughts away to an unconscious being, but to one that is ever with all, but never seen. Let us pray for a more perfect unfoldment of our interior natures. Let us know more of ourselves; for we feel that by knowing ourselves interiorly, we shall know more of the God who gave us that interior nature, and also if we understand the powers within ourselves, we shall be, then, better able to act and deal kindly with our brothers and sisters. We feel, oh, Spirit of Life that Thou hast implanted Thyself in our innermost soul. We feel that to know Thee as Thou art, is to be conscious of Thy power to ever feel Thy life principle permeating and pervading our whole being—that we may be a source of truth and happiness upon ourselves, in our external manifestations, we shall show that we have a God-given principle interior—within and without.

Everything in the mineral, vegetable and animal, comes some time to harmonize with Thyself; and when we, as conscious beings, understand ourselves, then we shall look into things below us which shall be harmonized in our every-day life. Let us look within the casket, knowing that it contains an inextinguishable light. When we find it, we shall feel that it is in accordance with the Divine will that every soul should manifest itself according to its interior nature, although their experiences may differ everywhere, yet we can claim that it is God's will and not for us to be the judges. To realize this, is all we can ask, and for light from that source which is all light and truth, we will ever pray.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTIONS BY MR. FRANCIS.

Q. Who stands foremost in ancient and modern history, as a reformer?

A. Jesus, the son of Mary and Joseph.

Q. Will you explain the difference between electricity, magnetism and nerve aura?

A. Electricity, we find in the atmosphere. When applied to the human system it is called magnetism. Nerve aura may be called that which emanates from electricity in the first and magnetism in the second place.

QUESTION BY JAMES H. MARSHALL.

Q. What is the origin of thought?

A. If we could conceive of a time when thought had a beginning, we could then conceive of a time when it had an ending. Thought is like life, Delty itself. We know of no time when it did not exist, consequently we cannot tell of its origin.

BY ISAAC RAY.

Q. Are there any spirits present whom the undersigned knew in the earth life? If so, are they able or willing to communicate, and identify themselves by a statement of facts concerning themselves or myself, from which I can judge of their identity?

A. It is possible that there are some present, yet they do not make themselves known to me. They may at some future time, if they do not to me, then to some one else. If at any time they should desire to manifest themselves through this organism, I should be most happy to give them all the assistance it is possible for us to give.

Q. What are the opinions or expectations obtaining in the spirit world relative to Christ and the resurrection of the body, as revealed in the scriptures?

A. Indeed, it would be a difficult task to tell all of the opinions and expectations upon the spiritual plane of life as it would upon the material plane. As we have said before, we believe Christ to be one of the greatest of reformers; one that has done, in one sense, the most good to humanity. From the fact that people are constituted that they have to have something tangible to look at—something that did really exist upon the natural plane like unto themselves, and also something to fear as well, then he certainly was one of the greatest, and did his work nobly and well. That he was sent by God to perform this mission, we do not think there are any spirits upon the spiritual plane that entertain an idea that he was sent particularly, any more than any other individual to perform that mission. It was his work, his lot, thus to be born into the world, to suffer all that he did while in it, and to pass from it in the midst of tortures as he did.

QUESTION BY MR. CLARK.

Q. Does the medium's own spirit abdicate in favor of the controlling spirit, or do they both possess her at the same time; and if so, are they cognizant of each other's presence; and if cognizant, is that presence always harmonious?

A. That the spirit must, of necessity, leave the organism, and give place to another, is not our experience. The spirit of life, which animates the physical frame of the medium does not leave, neither is it conscious of our presence. Yet, on the other hand, we are conscious of the presence of the spirit of the organism, whether it be the one we have possession of now, or any other.

Again, there are mediums so constituted that they are conscious of the spirit presence, foreign to their own. In that case both are alike conscious, and must of necessity harmonize, or else the external senses of the medium would be closed to external things upon the material plane. As we have said before, the spirit re-

mains in the organism; yet it is no more conscious of our presence than it would be in a dead sleep, conscious of those around. When we say dead sleep, we do not mean the sleep of death, but simply the closing of the external eyes, so to speak.

QUESTION BY MR. MERRIN.

Q. Why is it that an extremely strong desire on the part of an individual to converse with a spirit through a medium, seems to repel the spirit rather than attract it?

A. Really, we do not know that such is the case. The fact that they have a desire so strong is sufficient evidence that the spirit is near unto them. That desire, in no way that we are aware of, prevents the spirit from manifesting itself through the organism. In the first place, they have to have the power to control the organism before they can manifest themselves to any one. Yet it is possible that the cord of sympathy may be so great that they cannot influence the medium as readily as they would, if it were otherwise; yet it does not prevent their being present.

Q. Why can not a spirit manifest itself as readily and easily without the presence of a medium as with?

A. Some spirits can do so, while others cannot. It is sometimes necessary to have something to attract the attention externally of those upon the material plane of life, as well as those upon the spiritual plane; and again, there are many spirits that could not control a medium to manifest themselves to friends without the aid of a medium. Spirits can be present and impress upon the mind of an individual or individuals, their wishes and desires; yet that individual is not conscious whether it is something in his own mind or whether it is really an impression made by the spirit. And if it is by sounds, then they attribute it to some other cause besides that of spirits. And as all persons upon the material plane of life are not clairvoyant, they could not materialize themselves so that they could see them.

There are numerous reasons why they can not. We believe the time will come, when individuals upon the material plane of life can converse as freely with those upon the spiritual planes they do with one another, now upon the material plane.

Q. Is it possible for the inner man, or human spirit to actually and entirely leave the gross material form and afterward return, and continue to dwell in its earthly form?

A. We do not think it is. It is not uncommon for bodies to lay in a condition apparently lifeless, yet the spirit has not left the form.

We believe that when a spirit is once freed from the material organism, whether it is made conscious upon the material plane or not, it will never return to that body again to occupy it as it was wont to do. And again, if life was extinct, it would not have the power to return again if it would. It is many times the case that mediums say:

"I am not to be influenced now, because I am so weak, and have become so debilitated from sickness."

Well, if it is not easy to control a sick or diseased body, I am sure it would not be easy to control one that is insensate. The powers of reasoning are given us to make use of; and it seems to me that any one can reason upon the question for himself, and answer it for himself.

Q. Is not the fact of the body being alive, evidence of the presence of the spirit?

A. I suppose that our questioner has in his mind, cases where spirits are supposed to leave the body, or at least think they do themselves; and also cases where it is supposed that the person was actually dead, from the fact that to all appearance, the spirit had left the body. So the fact that life was there, and you could see, from the appearance of the body that there was life, and knew that there was life, it would be evidence of the spirit occupying that body. But if the body, on the other hand, has the appearance of death, then there is nothing which you can see, that is positive evidence that the spirit is within.

Q. I apprehend that you do not understand the question which I propounded. Is it possible for life to continue in a body after the departure of the spirit?

A. Not the life principle of the human soul, yet there is life everywhere—there is the life principle both in animate and inanimate existences. We feel that the spirit has left, and when the spirit has left the body of necessity, life has left the body.

Q. Does the spirit while controlling the medium, ever feel that sensation which would cause pain to the medium in the normal state—for instance, would you feel the excessive cold, warmth in the room, or any other sensation which would be annoying?

A. Indeed, it would not be a source of annoyance had I not possession of the medium, but when I have, then the organism is mine, so that any thing that would annoy her in a normal state, would annoy me now. Anything that would cause physical pain she would not feel, but it would give me the same sensation of pain it would her in her normal condition. She might feel the effects of such pain afterwards, but would be unable to tell how it came.

FROM CRAZY JERRY.

I suppose good folks, I can come here and there is no use of you saying, I can't; but to come, and find yourself in a body like this, I tell you, it is a pretty hard matter; yet whatever you do, you must keep your word good, I suppose. I shant be very apt to talk to anybody here, because I don't know anybody, I didn't come here to talk to anybody—that is anybody that is here. You know what I mean, I suppose. I came here because I was told that I could come—because, in the first place, I wanted to, and because in the second place, I wanted to see if I could; and in the third place, I wanted to let my folks know that I could come.

It is a very nice thing—it is a very easy thing for people to say what they would do; but I tell you it is not so easy a thing to do after all.

It was always strange to me why it was, that a person had to go through with such a sight of trouble, when they had to stay such a little while you know. If I staid 110 years, it is but a little while, that is if you believe in eternity. I didn't stay a quarter of that time either. Oh, what a mighty easy thing it is to think—to think what I would do, oh, yes, I would do—oh, I would do a good many things, yes; but you would do a mighty little I tell you if you only had such a hard time as I did, and that's just the long and short of it.

I am crazy yet, I don't know but I shall always be crazy. But God made me so, I am crazy; I suppose he made me just what I am, and if he is a mind to leave me crazy, why, then he did, that's all. Now do you believe that? What made me crazy? What is it that makes anybody crazy, I would like to know? I will tell you, what I believe, I believe that within the head—within that which you call the brain—I believe there is a balance wheel, and if you think too deeply upon any subject, why, you get that out of balance. And if you are sick, you get out of balance. If you have a blow on the head, you may get it out of balance. There is a great many different things that may get out of balance; and when it is out of balance what is the result? They are crazy. I tell you what, if you only just know how to go to work to hit just the right blow on the head, you might give a good knock and bring back the senses again. But you see since I got out of my body I ain't crazy. But when I came here in this body, why there it is again. When I came here to this body, I would just as soon think I was crazy now, as to think I ever was crazy. I never thought I was crazy. But when I came to leave my body and come here, then it was I saw I must have been crazy or else I would never have done as I did. Now that is so.

It is a very, very wrong idea for you to treat crazy people the way you do. Now I just want you to think of this a little bit. If a person is crazy, God knows they have the worst of it, and you are never going to make them right by harsh treatment. I can tell you that, never sir. Never sir. And may be you never would make them right by kind treatment. That may be so too. But I tell you if you have got any conscience in you, you will be glad you treated them kindly, instead of treating them harshly, when you come to think the matter over. I was treated—if I say just what I think, you must excuse me—I tell you I was treated d—d mean. Now do you believe that? It's so, I tell you the truth, I tell you unless I use strong language, you won't have any idea of it all, I would not stay anywhere on earth nor in heaven—I would not stay anywhere if I could not say what I thought.

That is one privilege that they have in hell, that they don't have anywhere else. They can say what they think in hell and nobody can take any exceptions to it either, [laughter] you can laugh if you like, but I tell you it is so.

Oh, indeed! Talk about freedom, and right, don't you? Humph! I don't see the freedom, I can tell you. Mighty short of it, a long ways, short of it too. These very persons that are everlastingly preaching freedom sir, if they knew this; but they don't. But God knows they are the very persons sir, that laid the most rules, on other folks. Now do you know that? Its so. Just precisely as it is with the abolitionists, who will pretend to be a friend to the negro, and always telling what he would do for him, but when he has a chance—when he comes along, he sends him to his neighbor. It's so. Now am I crazy yet? If I am I don't care. If I am crazy here, I won't be crazy when I get away. I swore, by the eternal if there was such a thing—if Jesus Christ himself did come back, and it was true that he did, I believed I could come back and tell these things.

Many a time I was knocked down. Do you think I didn't swear? Indeed I did, and I would swear again if anybody knocked me down. I say it is a shame, I say it is a burning shame, that people that pretend to be what people now a-days pretend to be, to do such things. Now do you know that? It is so. If you don't intend to carry out what you preach then don't preach it. If you do preach, it is better to carry your doctrine into effect by kindness than by force. But, oh, my God, I will tell you; I have heard ever so many people say, now may be you think I don't know anything about this—that what ever is, is right. So if one man gets mad and commences to irritate another, and he should kill him, why, it was right, I suppose so.

But I suppose if it was right that one man should kill the other man, it was right also, that the other should be killed too. I suppose that's right. But I tell you that's where you fail. May I take this? [Picks up a pin] May I take this pin?—Ain't had to do for the last three years, was to work with pins, on the few duds I had on in my prison; I called it prison, it was an insane hospital, or asylum—a place where they keep people that are crazy. Do you understand? [Yes, they have one in this state where they keep just such folks as you, and treat them pretty much as you were treated too, by report.]

A. Well they didn't treat me there.

Q. Where were you confined, in what prison?

A. In an insane asylum.

Q. In what state?

A. I don't know; so you want to know where I lived? Yes.

Well I lived in Cincinnati, before I got crazy, but I didn't go into the insane asylum at Cincinnati.

I don't want you to go to quizzing me. I was quizzed enough at that place, I tell you, I won't stand it for anybody to question me close. No sir. I would not stand God himself to question me close. I won't stand it from anybody. I want people to think a little, I don't care how you make them think. There is more than one person that says, "I wonder if a person is crazy after they are dead?" "If they ain't crazy after they are dead, what do they come and talk in such a way as this for?"

When you are with the Romans, you must do as the Romans do. When you are with people that practice such things, you must talk accordingly. Do you believe that? [Yes.] You believe it do you? Do you say "yes, yes," just so as to get along as easy as possible with me? I thought you did, never mind, I can get along easy with you. If they would just mind their own business and let me alone I should not hurt anybody. I would never have hurt that man in the world if they had minded their own business and let me alone, I should never have hurt him at all. They thought I was going to hurt him, and went to take him away from me, and I would not give him up—and that's the way he got hurt. I know how it was, I know very well. You want me to go now don't you? Freedom in the spirit world ain't there? Humph! they say a body that has staid here so long must go. That's freedom ain't it, I tell you people that are put in to take care of crazy folks, will have a great deal to answer for, tell you some of them are more crazy, than the folks they are put in to take care of. You won't scratch out any of me, will you?—[No, unless we scratch out some of the hard words.] Oh, my God, if you take out anything I said that was hard, I'll come and say it again; so you had better let it go. I want to tell you, the man that had charge of us in that ward where I was, was a Methodist exhorter, I guess he used to want to preach and pray with us. We came mighty near killing him once. Yes sir. He was talking to us about a God of justice while he was keeping us there. I tell you we didn't see it. No sir.

I would not turn my hand to live on earth again. You would not sit and take it as easy as you do now, if you had been treated as I was. My name in the first place, when they gave me a name, it was Jeremiah. Then they cut it short and called me Jerry sometimes. And after I got to be crazy—at least they said, I was crazy—well may be I was; I suppose I was, but then if I was they needn't have done as they did when they never took any pains to call me anything but Jerry, people forgot I was anybody then, only one name that was, crazy, so they never said a word about Williams, oh, no it was Jerry, and that is all there is of you.

I am going now, and you mark what I tell you, if you scratch out what I say, I will come back here, and bother you just as much longer. Now that's my nature. I am much obliged to you I guess, I won't be so unmanly as to forget to thank you. I am very much obliged to the man that writes. When you want some one to write for you call on me, will you? Good bye.

HENRY.

The talk of this spirit shows that when spirits, return to manifest themselves upon the material plane, they again become in rapport with the same feelings that they had while here. And it follows that they act to correspond with their feelings, the same as they did in the earth life. I suppose his story was a very short one by the side of thousands, who, if they could speak, might tell their. Readers must bear in mind the fact that if an individualized entity, an immortal soul, can bear these things for months, and perhaps years, that they can surely bear with them for the little time that it would take to read or hear the same. I am sorry for him while he suffers; yet it is not lasting; because I know, that when he returns to his spiritualized entity on the spiritual plane again, he will not have those feelings, but will be happy. He will feel better for having communicated, because, when he approaches, to manifest himself again, he will not have to go through with those feelings again.

Q. Can you explain the cause or philosophy of this feeling that a spirit has on his return to control a medium.

A. Every experience makes its impression upon the tablet of our memory. It becomes a life-picture, so to speak. It is there, and will never pass away. Now, if there is a place where thought is made manifest, there is, also, a cause for the same. Now we may say, that it is psychological influence upon the spirit, or say that it is an impression made by the surroundings, so that when brought to take cognizance of material things, then these memories of which they have lost their consciousness return to them and takes possession of them. It is a psychological influence for the time being.

Jan. 20th, 1869.

MARY E. LIVINGSTON.

This is, indeed, hard work, but I will keep my promise that I made only twenty-four hours since, to come here and speak, if I did not say more than five words; just enough that they might know that I did come—that I could come and say all that was desired.

I will not detain you long, friends. But I want to say that, strange as the phenomena of Spiritualism was upon earth, it is, nevertheless true. Now that I have passed from my earthly body, to realize the change, I find myself in possession of my spiritual body; now it is that I can say that it is true. I did not believe it, and why? Because it did not seem possible. And now my dear friends, I have come here and you know that I have come, and have done all that you desired me to. As you think this matter over you will believe that this is really true, and again, if you think further upon the subject, you will say you believe that all thought is life, that every thought is a live entity to itself. That being the case, may it not be possible that those thoughts can travel, and have done so, and made their impression upon that body in accordance with our will, and our thoughts. But I am not there at all, I never thought of telling you of one little instance that I will now give you. In my trunk, the corner part of it, you will find a package of letters. About the middle of the package you will find one that I wrote myself and intended that it should never be seen. When you read that, you will then know all that which is now a secret from you; and if I had known that I would have been taken away so soon I should have destroyed it. I did not intend that other eyes than mine should

ever see it. It is addressed to William. When you read that you will know why I suffered. I am twenty-three years of age.

F. S. the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

## Third Annual Convention of Michigan State Spiritual Association.

Reported by LOUISA MAY.

Moses Hull: All my labor and capital is invested in Spiritualism. There are some who try to get out of honest debts. I have met all kinds of excuses for the last four years. Once I could not ask for money, but I can now. The Adventists spoiled me, I guess. I never once had to ask for money, when people find they have to pay lectures as they do doctors or lawyers it will come just as easy.

Mrs. Kinney, of Kalamazoo: I am in for Bro. Hull's strike.

Dr. Hine, of Kent Co.: In Rockford we have adopted a plan to collect Missionary fund to be paid quarterly. I call local Societies would do likewise there would be funds in the Treasury.

Dr. Bailey: Missionary labor depends on the condition of things where the work has been attempted. In this State we have so many local Societies that with proper effort they can sustain their own speakers, and when people find they have to pay lectures as they do doctors or lawyers they are not able to pay. These Old Societies should take care of themselves in this matter, and also help others.

Dean Clark: Remarks from others have called to my mind some points. I know there is nothing more natural than to find fault. I have no doubt the State Board intended to send the missionaries into remote places. But the fund must be raised. I think it unjust to complain because three missionaries have not visited every schoolhouse. We have not had time. We cannot expect the President and laborers to make a perfect organization in one year.

The President: I am glad this discussion has come up. During the last year I have received hundreds of letters saying we have subscribed so much, and have had no speaking yet. I always assured them that Missionary labor did not mean that the one contributing should receive the benefit. So I changed the programme somewhat, for the purpose of collecting more money. They have been sent for to some places and have not received 75 cents. So I gave them instructions to speak before Societies occasionally for stated prices. If we had sent them to remote places entirely, you would now be indebted to them for the whole amount for which they were hired, instead of some \$200. I think these three missionaries have done well. Bro. Hine has the right view—that each County Circle take this matter into their own hands.

If the promised obligations were paid in which have been heard, and recognized as the Missionaries have not visited their particular localities, we could pay up, and come forward to the work. Perhaps we can learn from the past, and devise some better plan. Mrs. Horton has worked so hard that she is obliged to go home. Many of the Missionaries would be glad to continue their labors were it not for the whole amount for which they were hired, instead of some \$200. I think these three missionaries have done well. Bro. Hine has the right view—that each County Circle take this matter into their own hands.

The President read his annual report to the State Association.

It was said, in the course of an address: In less than twenty-one years from the time of his death, they have been recognized as a great religious movement the world over. It has taken a deep hold upon the affections of the people, all desire to believe it true, and millions have, by facts and demonstrations, been made to know that man lives beyond the tomb, and "life and immortality have indeed been brought to light."

Let us then take courage in the great work in which we are engaged, fear not a frowning Sectarianism, that would limit God's love to a portion of humanity, but press forward, knowing that "they that are for us are more than they that are against us."

After announcing the time of meeting of the various Committees, the Convention was adjourned until 2 o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Mr. Harrington of Port Huron, Chairman of Committee on Revision of the Constitution made an amendatory report; which occasioned some discussion after which the entire Constitution was adopted.

The President then read off the names of speakers for whom he had procured passes, as follows: Elijah Woodworth, A. C. Woodruff, D. Pace, Moses Hull, A. B. Whiting, William Van Name.

The following officers for the ensuing year were then elected: For President, Col. D. M. Fox, Kalamazoo; Secretary, Mrs. Sarah Weyburn, Port Huron; Trustees, J. C. Wood, Jackson, Mr. S. B. Rockwell, Battle Creek; Mrs. R. L. Doty, Detroit.

Convention adjourned.

SATURDAY EVENING SESSION.

Meeting called to order at half past 7 o'clock, p. m. The President called the Presidents of the several County circles to the stand. Invocation by Mrs. Horton. The first address was by Mrs. E. Stafford Baum, of Hillsdale, on Woman Suffrage. As the lady had her lecture written we waited to take notes, desiring to get it of her subsequently.

Song by Mrs. Lee.

Address by Mrs. Emma Martin, both in prose and poetry.

Then followed a song by Mrs. Lee and an address by Mrs. A. C. Woodruff.

Song by Mrs. Lee. Invocation by Mrs. R. L. Doty. Adjourned.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

Anecdote of President Lincoln.

President Lincoln's joking propensity was notorious. The following capital hit is worthy of publication: A gentleman from Boston who was a graduate and an office-seeker, called on Mr. Lincoln for an appointment, and was sustained by all the influential politicians of his State, as all such men are. After having presented his claims, and that everlasting string of names, the gentleman wished to turn the conversation a moment and asked the President at what college he graduated. "I never graduated at any college, sir; while in this world we never graduate, it is one life-long school." "Oh," said the graduate, you are a self-made man." Not at all," said Mr. Lincoln, "I believe God made man."

The Bostonian saw the point and left without his credentials.

Cheap Generosity—Giving a man a piece of your mind.

Ceremony was always the companion of weak minds; it is a plant that will never grow in a strong soil.







## Frontier Department.

BY C. WILSON.

## Spiritualism in Syracuse, New York.

We lectured in Syracuse on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoon and evening, last week. Our audiences averaged from four to five hundred. There have been very few lectures on this subject in Syracuse, and to very small audiences. Many of the friends in the city were afraid that the lectures would be a failure; but knowing no such thing as failure in our Spiritualism, we invested Syracuse and we think that we gained a great victory.

Our meetings were held in the Court House, and resulted in a grand success for free lectures. Our receipts were \$85.07; expenses \$5.55; audiences averaged five hundred. We gave over one hundred approved tests and communications, among which, the following are worthy of a place in the Frontier Department:

While lecturing, Tuesday evening, January 5th, there came upon the platform, the spirit of a tall, spare man, dark complexion, over fifty, gray hair, very much attenuated, and said:

"I am Jacob Hardin. I used to live in this city, on Pearl street, and died twenty-six years ago. There are many in the house, I know."

"Does any one identify this man?" we asked.

"We do," many answered.

Next came a spirit, or immortal man, small of form, dark complexion, face broad and full of wrinkles, forehead large and receding, hair thin, dark and mingled with gray, and he said, "I am an old citizen of this place, and died here, a few years ago. I know that man, and that one, and many others here. I am Dr. Jared B. Parker."

"Many exclaimed, 'We knew him.'"

We then gave many minor tests, and concluded by reading the life-history of Mr. Van Tassel, once a Methodist minister, now an honored and true apostle of the gospel of truth. The reading of his life-history was pronounced exceedingly accurate.

Wednesday. Private conversation. Present, four persons.

"Mr. —, I see you at nineteen years of age, in costume, on some public occasion. You are standing in a group of ladies. Suddenly, there is wild confusion, and there lies at your feet a dead man, describing him. The diamond ring on your finger has a salubrious. There is blood on it; it is associated with a death, a suicide. There is a dagger, small and of exquisite workmanship; it rests in an open hand over the ring, and with the point to you."

He answered, "It is exactly true, too true."

In the presence of a full house, the brothers H. — came from the spirit land, gave their names, told how they were killed, and when. A second group came: one was Mr. G. Brayton; the other gave his name as Eliza Ladd. He told when he was killed, where, and how. These two spirits were fully described, and at once identified.

We delineated the character of Mr. S., a well known citizen, and the reading was pronounced exceedingly correct.

While lecturing, Thursday evening, January 7th, there came upon the platform, the spirit of a fine looking, tall man, who was carefully described. He bowed to the people, and gave his name as Mr. Russell. This spirit was fully identified by many persons present, and the people were very much surprised.

Then came forward a spirit full of sorrow, and was fully described. He had been a school teacher; had fallen from his high estate through the influence of whiskey; he had not got rid of the curse. He gave his name as Bennett. He was fully identified by several.

The next was a very marked case of spirit identity. There sat a man, thirty feet from us, Mr. J. S. After pointing him out, I said, there stands by this man the spirit of a soldier, in uniform, describing him very carefully. He says he was killed in 1861, in the army of the Potomac. He says that you are his uncle, and wishes to be remembered to you: all of which was approved, and the multitude was very much surprised.

After that we went home with Mr. W. Kealey, on Lodi Hill. After some conversation, we went into the spirit state, saw and described many spirits, among whom came the spirit of Seth Kealey: he talked sometime with his brothers, and of his dear old wife, and his daughter, and sent words of cheer; and then gave place to the Rev. Mr. Adams, formerly a Presbyterian minister, who preached in Syracuse many years ago. He fully identified himself, and spoke of his change from time to eternity, and of his views here and in the spirit world. This was a remarkable case of spirit identity.

Then came Lieutenant Charles George, who claimed to be the husband of a lady in the room, calling her Sarah. He told of a walk he had with her long ago, described the place, spoke very feelingly of his little son, and gave good advice to his wife, and bid us good night.

Then came the spirit of a black man. He gave his name as Jim Vagener, the blacksmith, and identified himself to a young man, who was in the room.

We gave a seance on Friday, January 8th, to a full house and gave many fine tests of spirit life.

Dr. W. of Baldwinville, was sitting on his seat, I saw by him a spirit, and stepping up to him, said, "Sir, there stands by you the spirit of a dear, good woman, who calls you husband, and says, cheer up for I am with you; do not weep for I am not dead, but have been in the spirit life but a little while, and here is our baby darling, just followed me into the spirit world. Do not weep."

This man came from B., on purpose to attend these meetings. He had never seen me before; had buried his wife but a few days ago, and the child three or four days before, and the description of them were fully identified. And he wept.

Dear readers, are we not surrounded by the

great cloud of witnesses, and shall he not give us in charge of his angels.

At night, we lectured to fully seven hundred people. We gave many fine tests, and received the congratulations of the audience, and was invited to return at an early day. We left our friends rejoicing; the praying band of Auburn, to shout and hurrah! and Spiritualism, triumphant!

Bless the Lord Jesus. Bless the Lord, every body.

## The Children's Lyceum of Buffalo, N. Y.

This Lyceum held its annual festival on Wednesday evening, December 30th, 1868, before a full house, and had a jolly good time, under the able management of its conductor, H. D. Fitzgerald.

The Lyceum numbers eighty-five children, and an efficient corps of leaders, guards and conductors. In speaking well of one, we speak well of all, for all did their part well. The singing, recitations, speeches, tableaux and dialogues, and music on the piano were just as they should have been—number one—winning the applause of all.

We felt young once again, and had our laugh with the merriest of the many merry souls present at the festival. God, bless our Lyceum, and its many groups of happy boys and girls.

The effort of the conductor and his helpers is worthy of all praise, and if we named any one especially a favorite, we should do the others a great wrong, for all did well. It is worthy of note that many of the first prizes of our public school exhibitions have been carried off by our Lyceum children, showing conclusively the beneficial results of the Spiritual Lyceum system, as an educating power.

The particular star of school No. 36, master Eugene Stevens, is a member of our Lyceum, and under the law of correspondences, will succeed.

Bless brother Davis for the Lyceum system, dear children. Why don't you bless the Lord, Susan? James, bless the Lord! Bless the Lord, everybody. Amen.

## Spiritualism vs. Adventism.

On Tuesday evening Union Hall was completely filled to listen to the discussion—by Mr. E. C. Wilson, the distinguished inspirational speaker, and Elder Miles Grant, the able exponent of the doctrine of Adventism. Rather unexpectedly to all, upon the first evening, the discussion assumed what might be termed an approach to a warm nature—Mr. Wilson objecting to certain testimony offered, as irrelevant and deviating from the resolution adopted, viz:—"That the Bible, King James version, sustains in its teachings and phases, Modern Spiritualism." Points which seemed very conclusive were carried by both parties in the sustaining of respective creeds, and at one time the discussion reminded us of the biographical incident which happened many years ago, between two princes on the plains of India, who met at the resting place of a departed Nalab. One of the said princes declared that the monumental slab erected to his memory was of gold; the other declared that it was of silver. After contesting and arguing the matter for sometime, it was ascertained that "both were right and both were wrong," as one side of the structure was of gold and the other of silver.

Mr. Wilson then gave very conclusive evidence that the spirits of deceased friends do come back to the earth, referring to the instance the evening previous wherein he accurately described as standing beside a person, friend who was killed in the late war, having never previously seen or heard of the party addressed.

The discussion in his closing remarks stated that so far as he had been able to learn, the so called spiritual manifestations were of the same nature as the manifestations produced from mesmeric influences. This point is a very important one and will probably afford a topic for further debate.

The discussion will continue Thursday and Friday evenings, and we would advise all who enjoy an intellectual feast to attend, assuring them that an opportunity is seldom offered to listen to speakers of such acknowledged ability as these engaged in this discussion.—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Express.*

## To the Spiritualists of Iowa.

DEAR FRIENDS:—In the following communication you will see the amount collected for our first quarter. It is not large: scarcely a beginning in this great and glorious cause of humanizing the world. We need help, and should have it. The importance of the work in which we are engaged can hardly be overestimated. We have few that have even entertained the slightest conception of its magnitude. It involves results which can not or will not be appreciated until untold ages shall circle away—long years after we have passed to spirit life. 'Tis true we can not do much in the beginning. We must work by degrees, and by degrees all great truths are made known. But we can do more than we are at the present, if we only try.

And we now ask our agents to be more alive to the great interests involved in this movement.

On the first of October, the convention which convened at Des Moines, appointed and "swore in" officers to stand at the head of this work—to move in the front ranks. Those officers constituted the Executive Committee, who went to work with a zeal, which is characteristic with each one of them, and determined to make the thing run, if in their power. They commissioned agents in all parts of the State, to organize societies, but especially to raise funds for the association with which to supply them with lecturers. A few have responded; a few only have done their duty; a few only are alive to the responsibilities which are involved in the work. In many localities, the cry is: "It is premature; the officers will not do their duty," etc. This should not be.

Friends, the officers are men and women that are honest, fair in dealing, owners of money and property, in whose hands are greater risks than in yours. Send us money, and we will send you speakers. The amount subscribed will be reported quarterly, and published in some Journal, with the amount opposite each agent's name, thus preventing all fraud or deception whatever. Each agent is also receipted for the amount he or she has paid in, and if not correct, will be made so.

The committee at present is in correspondence with good lecturers, and men and women of energy; and ere long the first step will be consummated, and not without some spirit and energy on the part of our agents.

Therefore, we urge upon you the necessity of working with greater zeal in this cause of humanity, and of being more business like.

The following is the amount received and on hand at the present:

J. S. Stanley, Davenport, \$41.00  
E. Angier, Fayette, 10.00  
T. Whitmore, Croton, 5.00  
D. Wickerman, Des Moines, 1.00  
A. Gaston, Ames, 1.00  
F. W. Talmadge, Des Moines, 5.00  
H. Whitist, 5.00  
H. C. O'Brien, 5.00  
W. F. Sumner, 3.00  
E. B. Tilden, Prairie City, 3.50  
Mrs. A. Comstock, Oskaloosa, 5.00  
A. Hill, Redfield, 3.75  
S. A. Parker, Prairie City, 5.00  
E. Hughes, New Sharon, 5.50  
D. C. Deane, Victor, 18.50  
H. Preston, Charles City, 13.00  
E. Gate, Exira, 13.00

Total, \$157.00

## AMOUNT EXPENDED.

Printing minutes of Convention, \$60.00

Stamps, 3.00

Total, \$63.00

Amount paid in, \$157.00

expended, 63.00

Cash on hand, \$92.00

The above is a true statement as far as my knowledge and belief.

H. C. O'BLENESS, Secretary.

W. W. SKINNER, Treasurer.

Des Moines, Jan. 23d, 1869.

## NOTICE OF MEETINGS.

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## A PHYSICIAN WHO WILL TELL YOU YOUR DISEASE.

FREE OF CHARGE.

Dr. GRUBB'S PHYSICIAN, who instantly tells the condition of all who approach him. He will tell at a glance how you feel, and what your disease is, without your information or any inquiry. He will also tell what will cure you, and how to get it. Consultation always free.

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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 20, 1869.

VOL. V.—NO. 22.

## Literary Department.

### THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

BY WILLIAM W. STOCKWELL.

O'er, never can I sing  
"The Bride's Farewell," again  
As in the happy days gone by  
I sang that plaintive strain  
Come, listen, ye who love the song  
I sang in days of yore,  
And ye shall know the reason why  
I sing that song no more.

I had a sister fondly loved,  
To happy days gone by,  
Her heart was light, her eyes were bright,  
No clouds hung over her sky  
That sister dear, was well to me  
Whose pledge of love was given  
To lead her on in flowery way—  
Till rest was found in heaven.

But, ah! so false at heart he proved,  
The vow he should have kept:  
In one rash hour was broken, and all  
Her joys away were swept  
It was his fault that drove her down  
Whose spirit died his doom  
And that wronged wife felt in her heart  
The burden of his doom.

The fearful glass he drained at last,  
Filled her fond heart with gloom,  
It made a demon of the man  
And peace forsook their home  
Long years of life rolled slowly on  
Long years of grief and care,  
And trials fearful to be borne,  
That wife was doomed to bear.

The sun that cheered her youth went down  
The day she was a bride,  
And rose no more her heart to cheer  
Until the day she died.  
She said while on her dying bed  
"I wish I were my bride again,  
This is the brightest day I've known,  
Since I was made a bride."

Her spirit seemed rejoiced to leave  
It would so soon be free  
To be in that world of light,  
Beyond time's changing sea  
Ah! yes, she did rejoice to know  
The time at last had come,  
When she could find true peace and rest,  
Within her Father's home.

Upon her bridal day, she said  
"The Bride's Farewell," to me,  
And now whenever I wake that strain  
Her life of woe I see.  
Then ask me not, young friends, to sing,  
"The Bride's Farewell," again,  
For it awakens memories  
Which thrill my soul with pain.

## WILFRED MONTRESSOR; OR, THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

### BOOK THIRD—THE ARREST.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

ROADWAY—THE CALL AT DOCTOR EVERARD'S.

Frederick Willoughby was walking slowly toward Broadway when he was startled from the reverie of a moment by the tones of a voice not unfamiliar to his ear.

"How now, Willoughby—a youth of twenty-one, in profound meditation?"

The young man looked up and beheld the traveler, Wilfred Montessor, said he, smiling, "there is a lady in the case."

Montessor took the young man's arm, and they moved on at a moderate pace.

"You have excited my curiosity, Frederick, by your admission. Who is the lady?"

"A comparative stranger—Miss Caroline Percy. She resides in this street, at the distance of a few doors from the spot where you overtook me."

"Caroline Percy," said Montessor, musing. Frederick Willoughby continued: "Miss Percy was returning from church with aunt last Sunday, and was taken with a sort of fainting fit in the street. It was fortunately in my power to render her a slight service. I may fortunately, because I have gained thereby a very pleasant acquaintance. She is frank, sincere, intelligent, accomplished and beautiful."

"A list of truly desirable qualities, Mr. Willoughby. Did I understand you rigidly in regard to the period of your introduction to this lady?"

"Last Sunday."

"And you have seen her perhaps two hours."

"Not longer."

"Beauty may be measured at a glance by the eye of a sculptor; but you have discovered frankness and sincerity with the same facility."

"Miss Percy seems to be what I have described her."

"You judge of human character then on first impressions. It is the fatal error of youth and inexperience to take the semblance of things for the reality."

"Is it more wise to be constantly suspicious of deceit in others?"

"The deceit is in ourselves," replied Montessor. "We are misled by our interests, our prejudices, and our passions, and when our mistakes are palpable, we endeavor to fasten them upon others. The man who complains of a false friend, condemns himself; for no man ought to give his friendship until he has read the heart as well as the face of his neighbor."

"Is that possible?"

"The lines of age are not more indelibly impressed on the features of a man, than are truth and honor on his words and actions. They require only to be calmly scrutinized and impartially weighed."

"But love?"

"Love is the fragrant, delicious flower which passion engenders on the evergreen 'Friendship.' Yet oftentimes it springs up involuntarily at a glance."

"Yes, the love of the fool, the idiot, the madman, who would barter his soul for kisses. The man of common sense will beware of such stupendous folly."

The buzz and tramp of the foot passengers and the clatter of carriages and omnibuses in Broadway, checked the conversation. The gentlemen pursued their promenade, interchanging, occasionally, a few words on the ordinary topics of the day. On arriving at the corner of Bond street, Frederick Willoughby detained his companion.

"Come home with me," said the young man, looking at his watch. "We shall surprise my venerable mother at the tea-table."

Montessor hesitated.

"Come with me," added Willoughby, earnestly. "She is alone, and will be pleased to see you."

"I accept your invitation," replied Montessor. "On condition that you will afterward accompany me on a visit to one of my friends."

"With pleasure."

"You are in the way of making new acquaintance, added the traveler, with a grave smile, "and you will not perhaps regret the introduction which I shall give you."

The prediction of Frederick Willoughby, in relation to his mother, did not prove to be correct. She had been summoned to the bedside of a dear friend and relative, Mrs. Isabella Hopkins—so Mrs. Weston, the housekeeper, informed the young man—and the period of her return was extremely uncertain.

The tea-table, however, was standing in the center of the room, with its pleasant beverage, and palatable delicacies, and a presiding divinity, in the shape of Mrs. Weston, the housekeeper. An hour was passed in the quiet enjoyment of the evening meal, and a cursory glance at the newspaper.

The approach of darkness reminded Montessor of his engagement for the evening.

"Dr. Everard is a man of profound and curious learning," observed Wilfred Montessor, appraising his young friend of the nature of his engagement, "and besides, he has a daughter."

"A hint, my dear sir," said Willoughby, laughing, "that she should consult the minor, in advances of the doctor. Come with me to my dressing room."

Shortly afterward, as Frederick Willoughby opened the street door, a gentleman mounted the steps.

"Just going out, Willoughby?" The speaker was Alfred Tracey. "I am glad I have caught you."

Hearing footsteps in the hall, the young man paused until the light of the hall lamp revealed the person of Wilfred Montessor. With a polite bow, he continued addressing Willoughby: "I came to report the sequel of our adventure this morning; but as you are engaged, I will defer it to another opportunity."

"To-morrow, Tracey."

In the meantime, said Alfred Tracey, presenting a sealed package to the young man, "examine at your leisure the contents of this envelope."

Without a glance at the envelope, Frederick Willoughby carelessly thrust the package into his coat pocket.

Wilfred Montessor and the young man left the mansion of Mrs. Willoughby, in company, and proceeded toward Broadway, conversing freely on general subjects. At the corner of Broadway and Bond street, Alfred Tracey separated from the other gentlemen, with an assurance to Frederick Willoughby that he would call upon him in the morning.

The presence of Alfred Tracey had vividly called the scene at the club-house to the mind of Willoughby, and upon his disappearance the young man related the details of the affair to his companion, with entire frankness.

Montessor listened with apparent interest to the narrative.

"The testimony of the waiter was conclusive against the soldier Captain, and his friend," said Willoughby, at last, in a tone of inquiry.

"Clearly so," said the traveler, gravely.

"The fellows were impostors and cheats."

"Both unquestionably."

"It mortified me excessively, to discover that I had associated upon terms of familiarity, even during a few hours, with men so utterly destitute of principle, and degraded in character."

"And yet," said Montessor, gravely, "a gentleman who visits a public gambling house, must not be too sensitive in regard to his associates."

"In respect to these persons," rejoined Willoughby, "I had the guaranty of my friend Tracey, that they were Southern gentlemen of the highest standing and respectability—but he was undoubtedly deceived by them, as well as I."

"You were introduced, then, by Alfred Tracey, to these adventures?"

"Have you met them at any time in the society of other gentlemen of your acquaintance?"

"I have known them but two or three days, and never saw them at any place except the club-house."

"You are quite intimate with the younger Tracey, Frederick. Have you entire confidence in him?"

"I have known but little of the Traceys, until recently. The elder brother is reported to be rich; and Alfred is a gay young fellow, rather lax, perhaps, in his morals; yet amusing, versatile, gentlemanly in his manners, and strictly honorable."

"And his means?"

"He is dependent upon his brother," said Willoughby, "to whose fortune he is the pre-heritor. His expensive mode of life indicates a liberal allowance from his brother."

"It seems strange," said the traveler, after a moment's reflection, "that a man of narrow intellect, and niggardly habits, like Owen Tracey should be so generous to another as to render him the object of a conspiracy for plunder."

The residence of Doctor Everard was a neat edifice of brick, two stories in height, fronting upon University Square.

While he was yet speaking, Montessor perceived in the dusk of the evening that he was approaching the entrance of the doctor's residence. Upon ringing the bell, the door was speedily opened by a domestic.

The gentlemen were ushered into a saloon, or drawing-room, of moderate size, furnished with elegance and taste. A cheerful hickory fire was blazing on the hearth, an object which the chilly dampness of the weather rendered, doubly agreeable to the visitors.

A young lady, the daughter of Doctor Everard, and assuming the dress of white muslin, was playing at chess with her father.

Her features were beaming with a smile of triumph. The doctor was evidently puzzled by the state of the game, and the young lady was slyly enjoying his discomfiture. Yet the predominant expression of her countenance as she fixed her laughing blue eyes upon the silvered temples of her father, was an expression of respectful tenderness.

Her face was partially shaded by the curling ringlets of dark brown hair which covered her cheeks, and extended in luxuriance even to her neck and shoulders. The longest tresses were gathered into a thick braid on the back of the head, and adorned with a bouquet of natural flowers.

There was something at once striking and attractive, in the simplicity of her dress, the grace of her attitude, and the tender, triumphant, yet intellectual expression of her countenance.

Upon the hearth, near her, lay a beautiful Italian dog, with long, white, curling hair.

The chess-table stood at the distance of three or four feet from a center-table which was burning a magnificent gas lamp.

"It is a chess-table, Helen," said Doctor Everard.

"Visitors, pa," said the young lady, in a subdued tone, as her glance rested upon the gentlemen who had just entered the apartment.

Doctor Everard rose from the chess-table and advanced to meet his visitors.

Montessor presented his friend, Mr. Frederick Willoughby, and after the ceremony of a formal introduction was over, remarked, with a grave smile,

"We have interrupted you, Doctor."

"No, Mr. Montessor. Your appearance is a seasonable relief in the moment of defeat. My little army of bishops, knights and pawns have just been compelled to surrender their king to the enemy."

The gentlemen approached the chess-table and surveyed the condition of the game.

"Your queen is lost, Doctor Everard," said Montessor, "and the king within one move of a check-mate. The have been surprised by a very ingenious and forcible attack."

"Chess is my only recreation. Other games are distasteful to me from their extreme simplicity of combination or their dependence on the playful vagaries of chance. Chess demands the constant exercise of the inventive and reasoning faculties—and yet it relieves the tension of mind arising from professional studies and pursuits."

In the tactics of the game, however, I am no match for Helen."

"It is my teacher," said Helen Everard, with a pleasant smile, "and takes more pride in my proficiency as a pupil than in his reputation as a player."

"You have stolen the occult philosophy of the game from the tomes of Monsieur Alexandre—You will not pretend, Helen," said the doctor, pointing to the chess-board, "that I taught you this system of concealed attack."

"No," replied Miss Everard laughing, "it is a brilliant device—partly the Frenchman's specialty. You are guiltless of any responsibility, except falling into the snare." Then turning to Montessor, she asked, "Do you like chess, sir?"

"I do not play frequently," Montessor answered, "but it is truly a noble game, and has beguiled the hours of relaxation of some of the most celebrated philosophers and statesmen of ancient and modern times. Its origin is lost in the fabulous chronicles of the Eastern nations. The Asiatics to this day are passionately fond of chess, and heighten the intense interest which they feel in its eventful changes by the most extravagant wagers. Their chess-boards are elegant, and the pieces—the kings and queens, bishops and knights, elephants and foot soldiers—miniature statues of pure ivory, exquisitely sculptured and richly colored."

"Are they fine players?" inquired Frederick Willoughby.

"The most extraordinary player I ever beheld was a Brahmin at the court of one of the petty Indian princes. His facility of resource and boundless invention were manifested in this astonishing variety of his combinations. A mistake of his antagonist, however small and apparently inconsequential, was invariably fatal—After such an occurrence, the spectator was some-

times held breathlessly on the watch by the irresistible march of the senseless statuettes of ivory."

"And the player was as a man in communion with spirits?" interposed, Miss Everard, rapidly.

"Grave, silent, absorbent."

"There is a mysterious influence in the combinations of the chess-board which is indescribable—though by no means inappreciable. I have sometimes felt myself impelled onward in my moves, less by an exercise of my reason than by an intuition derived seemingly from the inspired unity of purpose of the marshalled pieces themselves."

"The Brahmin of Hissoutan startled me one day with a similar idea," observed Montessor, "I play at the call of the pieces," said he gravely in reply to one of his queries.

"The sensation is most vivid," continued Helen Everard, "when I am conscious that my position is in harmony with the fundamental laws of the game."

"There are delusions of the reflective faculties," said Montessor, "curious, recondite, inexplicable—this is probably one of them."

"On the other hand," replied Doctor Everard, "Helen's experience, perhaps, reveals the germ of a profound thought—that all the productions of nature and of art have a spiritual as well as a material existence."

"The ancient Greeks invested their mountains and valleys, their forests and rivers with imaginary beings—Sylves, Dryads, Nymphs and tender divinities of different orders. The wand of science has banished these spirits, whether good or evil, to the regions of poetry and fable. Can she replace them by true creations?" inquired Montessor.

"The soul of man," said doctor Everard, "is an essence indestructible and immortal, endowed with rare transcendental faculties. As we descend in the scale of animal existence, we find a lower development of spiritual being, which power, to a certain extent sympathizes with ours. We love and hate, approve and disapprove. It is unreasonable to believe that the tree which shelters, or the rock which supports, or has a yet lower grade of spiritual existence, whose manifestations are not cognizable by the senses. Do certain material objects obtain their influence over us entirely by the power of association, or imagination? When I return to the hamlet where I spent my early youth, the trees by the sparkling brook, the brook itself, and the green hills beyond seem to welcome me as I welcome them. Do they not know me with a dim uncertain knowledge? If they do not speak to me by visible signs or audible sounds as my dog and my pecking bird are not other modes or spiritual communication adapted to their powers?"

"You are blending the theory of nature with the license of poetry," said Montessor.

"The constructions of art," continued the doctor, "and even the combinations of a chess-board, are but the material of a complex, yet appreciable, condition of spiritual being."

"Is there any proof, doctor?"

"Our daily experience, rightly considered, abounds with it. But the tendency of the human mind in this age is to a gross materialism. The spiritual agencies of this universe are overlooked in a search after the nature and conditions of its material organization."

"I am a convert to my father's theory," said Helen Everard, with a degree of enthusiasm.

"I perceive intelligence in the gentle glide of a river, and the rush of a waterfall—in the majesty of the oak, and the pliancy of the palm—the night-breeze—in the smiling valley waving with corn, and the lofty mountain burdened with glaciers. And the flowers—does not the early violet shelter herself beneath the springing grass with a sense of real modesty? Are not the moss-rose and the heliotrope conscious of their beauty and their fragrance? Surely the beneficent Creator has not formed such lovely objects and failed to endow them with a sense of enjoyment and self-appreciation!"

The maiden blushed at perceiving that her simple earnestness of manner had attracted the admiring glances of her hearers.

"I am preaching," said she with a merry laugh, "and that is my father's vocation."

"As a punishment," remarked Doctor Everard, "I condemn you to a game of chess with Mr. Willoughby."

"It is not a punishment to me, Doctor," said the young man bowing to Miss Everard.

"Not to me, unless you play badly," replied the young lady, with a smile.

Frederick Willoughby became deeply interested in the game, but not so deeply that he forgot to notice the tapering fingers of the small white hand that manialed the opposing forces of the chess-board, or even the delicate little foot, protected by a light morocco slipper, that peeped from underneath the folds of Helen Everard's dress.

Doctor Everard and the man of thirty-five paraded the room backward and forward, conversing in a subdued tone—at first on personal topics, but afterward on metaphysical and philosophical subjects.

The doctor dwelt with much earnestness upon the theory of the spiritual intercourse of human beings with each other, as indicated by the phenomena of Mesmerism.

"The absurdities and quackeries of many of the itinerant lectures on Animal Magnetism," said Doctor Everard, "cannot be too severely denounced by the honest inquirer after truth; but it is impossible to refuse credence to a vast number of curious and successful experiments in the domain of Mesmerism."

"Is your belief, doctor, of the existence of Mesmeric phenomena founded upon your personal observation, or the testimony of others?"

"On both, Mr. Montessor. In a variety of cases of disease of the nervous system, I have

seen the most wonderful results produced by the mere exercise of the will upon the patient.

"My scepticism has been deeply seated," said Montessor, "but I never refuse the conviction of my judgement to adequate testimony."

"I have recently prescribed for a young lady," said Doctor Everard, "whose nervous system is in a highly excitable condition. Her indolence—a species of fainting fit—soon disappears leaving but little exhaustion, and no apprehensions of a second attack. Discovering, however, the extreme susceptibility of her nervous organs, I was induced to commence a series of experiments in Mesmerism. The result has been astonishing. She is an intelligent person, and is enabled, consequently, to describe her sensations and impressions with clearness and discrimination."

"Is she a woman of integrity?"

"Beyond a doubt. Miss Caroline Percy is a lady of good education, and accomplished manners."

Montessor reflected in silence upon the information he had just received.

"It would gratify me," he remarked, at length to Doctor Everard, "to see your experience upon a person, and to judge for myself."

"There can be no serious objections, Mr. Montessor. If you will accompany me to my patient's residence, to-morrow morning, I will employ my influence in your favor."

The game of chess between Frederick Willoughby and Helen Everard, resulting in the defeat of the former, after a well-contested struggle.

As he arose from the table, at an intimation from his friend Montessor, Mr. Willoughby remarked:

"On another occasion, Miss Everard, I shall hope for better success."

Soon afterwards the gentlemen withdrew.

### A Statement on Atheism.

Gov. Robert J. Walker, as President Pro Tem of the Senate, and at one time Governor of Kansas, is well known to many of our readers, as a financier and statesman, but in the following extract from a familiar letter to his family, of a gentleman of this city now in Washington, he is revealed in a new character. The language is warm, but the extract is full of interest.

"Some ten or twelve days since, the Governor received a slight injury, to which he paid little attention, but which finally assumed a character somewhat alarming, confining him to his bed, since which time I have been a daily visitor, and have taken the opportunity to draw him out on subjects upon which I wanted information, and with the very highest benefit and instruction. To-day (Sunday) finding him very much improved, though still confined to his lounge, I said to him, 'Governor, I am so glad to see you better. What frail creature we are. Has the thought ever crossed your mind that death was an eternal sleep? He rose upon his elbow and gazed at me for several minutes. That look will never be effaced from my memory while life lasts. Without speaking, he seemed to say, 'have I for the last ten or twelve years, been associating on terms of more or less intimacy with an idiot? I was rallying all my powers to offer an acceptable apology, and take my hat and leave. He motioned me to a seat, settled back on the lounge, became animated beyond anything I had ever witnessed in him, so much so that I became alarmed, and he should suffer a relapse, and suggested that I would call again.' 'No,' he exclaimed, 'if you have, or ever have had, a doubt upon the immortal truth, you cannot leave this room until I have removed that doubt.' He used every conceivable argument, except those I had previously read and heard. I took no note of time and am wholly unable to say whether he talked ten minutes or three hours. During the half century I have lived, I have come in contact with many men of great learning and ability, most of whom had made some science or branch of knowledge a specialty, and were great in that alone. But Governor W. is quite as familiar with the ancient classics as the most accomplished Professor. Of the British classics—no Briton knows more. Dr. Lyman Beecher could not hold a successful controversy with him on a disputed religious dogma. In all the sciences he has few equals and no superiors, &c."

A revolution giving the vote to women 21 years of age is before the Ohio legislature.

A Vermont editor says he had a present on Christmas morning which "was not a piano but it could yell."

"Ideas," says Voltaire, "are like beads. Men only get them when they grow up, and women never have any."

The Rev. J. D. Fulton, of Boston, thinks God, Nature, and common sense are three powerful opponents to female suffrage.

"Young man, do you believe in a future state?"

"In course I do, and what's more, I mean to enter it as soon as Betsey gets her things ready."

A traveler inquired of a guide the reason why "echo" was always spoke of as she, "and was informed that it was because it always has the last word."



Again, when we take a square look at a fashionably dressed female, (she is not a woman, our heart sinks down almost into our boots, and

I read an exquisite satire upon these well-wishers in the opening services of this morning:  
If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, says James, "and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not these things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit?"  
But he was a well-wisher—he wished them well; and wished them well out of the house!—It is hinted at in another place:

This is the beginning of religion; and who can enter upon that state, so deep, so comprehensive, running down through life so continuously to the very end of it, by the mild irrationality of a happy wish—by well-wishing. He that would enter into the kingdom of God must enter by one of those throats that are like the throat of a babe crying as the child in birth cries, and enters into the life of a one feeble, as one just born, but in pain and tribulation. And no man can begin a religious life except by putting forth such conscious volitions and purposes as reach to the very bottom of the soul. Every step further in that Christian life is a step in which our hearts are to rise from the ground of grace, and to be lifted up to God. We are to follow Christ. No man can literally follow him as the apostles and primitive disciples did. That which was to them a simple literal reality, becomes a figure to us. They did walk about with Christ, following him. We can only let our actions follow his actions, and from day to day be, according to the measure of our faith, like him. As the apostle says, "We are in the greatness of his power, and according to the sphere and office which he performed on earth. But it is the daily life in which a man is obliged to put forth energy, consideration and positiveness peculiarly. For there is not an hour in which you are not called to choose between selfishness and benevolence; there is not an hour in which you are not called to choose between the higher and the lower; there is not an hour in which all the best notes of the soul do not sound, and in which all the heavenly influences do not appeal to the higher elements of the soul. Self-denial is simply that by which we renounce the lower faculties for the sake of

for him to do some duties. There are many places where men are unconscious that it is any effort for them to do right; but if a man tells me that in right-doing he has no cross to take up, I am alarmed, and multiply my vanity. What a man has grown; but a few seasons in the vineyard of the Lord, and he thinks he has got his utmost growth in two seasons, or three seasons, or four seasons; and he says, "I am a perfect vine," which he means, "I have a great abundance of clusters, and these clusters are very good." But go and see what a vine is capable of becoming. See how by training it may throw out branch after branch, and spread far and wide over trellis or wall. See how vast is the sheathed abundance of its harvest. One vine, trained in this way, will furnish more than a hundred stunted vines; and will any man tell me that a perfect vine covers no more space than the top of this desk, when its proportions—the length and breadth, and height, and depth, to which it is capable of attaining—are well-nigh boundless? Every day that I am in the vineyard, I am reminded of him; and it is a matter of forethought and of choice between a higher-and-a lower plane.

young men who are afraid to go through the mist, the mists, the ridicule, the mild remarks which emanate from these well-wishers. Oh, but they are afraid of the future, they are afraid of the future, they are afraid of summer insects, be afraid of butterflies, if you will; but what are you worth without a butterfly can chase down to? Ye children of holy men and women, ye that were taught to be afraid of the future, ye that were taught to be sneaking away from the recognition of it, ye not daring to say that you believe it? Talk because these patronizing well-wishers are talking in your presence, you have not the courage to say that you believe it? Ye children of Holy Ghost, and in the power of the Spirit of God to change the heart; ye that were taught to be afraid of the future, ye that were taught and are not able to shake off the teaching, that unless you be born again you can not see the future, ye that were taught to be afraid of the men who do not believe anything; who are mere well-wishers. Many of you have more power in your little finger than they have in their loins; and yet you are led by them, and are afraid of them.

When the spiritual and the carnal desires of a young man are so nearly balanced that they stand at equipoise, it only takes a feather to







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Editor

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The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

## HARMONY, DISCORD, VICE.

In the number of the JOURNAL preceding this we analyzed, to a certain extent, the meaning of harmony, and showed conclusively that in the grand procession of earth's children from the cradle to the grave, there was no discord. This idea may startle some of our readers as being decidedly too radical for this day and age of the world. The position we then assumed, we believe to be correct; and in this number, we propose to further elucidate our views.

In all ages of the world, the idea has been entertained that there is no harmony in the works of God, especially among his children, and instead of attributing the cause thereof, to God himself, his children have been arraigned before the tribunal of public opinion, and pronounced guilty of being an element of discord. What! blame the effect, instead of the cause that produced it! Curse the edifice that tumbles down, instead of the incompetent architect! Abuse man for his inherent meanness, instead of the First Cause that produced him! Blame the cause, if anything, instead of the effect. This is one fault of the children of earth; they look at the effect, instead of the cause; at the result, instead of the agencies that produced it, and in their amazement at the seeming discord that prevails in the human family, they are led to deplore the condition of man; to utter words of sympathy for him; to breathe forth in tremulous tones, regrets at his inherent depravity, and the tendency of his nature to sin; and at the same time they praise God for his wisdom, his manifold goodness, attributing all power to him, and they will entreat him to so use his influence as to bring every human being to a knowledge of the truth.

Bless! Supreme foolishness! Ridiculous ideas! Reason, where art thou?

Virtue, serene and happy, one of God's most beautiful flowers, blossoms when she hears her Father traduced and vilified; and though her eyes are brilliant and her countenance all aglow with innocence, she has sense enough to know that Vice, traduced, vilified, scorned, looked at with supreme contempt, spat upon, is her sister, and she loves her, recognizing that she, too, is a jewel in that beautiful casket which God himself created. She does not scorn her—no, she would not—she dares not. She loves her. Pure affection, unselfish innocence, a part of the GREAT I AM, loving her sister, Vice. Strange, bewildering conclusion! Within, without, all around, we feel the presence of angelic influence. Virtue, pure, angelic, noble; Vice, diseased, unclean, and repulsive—they meet and caress; they love each other, and why? Because both contain Deific elements. Both are elements of harmony in the universe of God. But man, seemingly, knows more than God. He would blame the effect, and honor the cause. But those whose interior perceptions have been opened, see the encircling arms of affection around all humanity—Vice as well as Virtue.

Beautiful idea, a gem of gold in the store-house of mind; a flower of transcendent beauty in the garden of the soul!

But would you say that vice is as noble and attractive as virtue? No, we would not, any more than we would declare that the Indian in his birchen canoe skimming along on some crystal river, is as wise as Andrew Jackson Davis. We do say, however, that virtue is one condition; vice another, both equally commendable in the sight of God, when he considers the cause that created both respectively, yet one not as lovely, or beautiful as the other. Vice is not as pure as virtue; nor dishonesty as commendable as honesty. We do not claim that. Both are conditions produced by certain causes. Examine the cause; trace it link by link, until you come to the effect, and then pass judgment, and not till then. If you are so obtuse in mind that you can not trace the cause in all its delicate pulsations, until you come to the effects, just remain silent, and "Judge not lest ye be judged."

The world of cause, how grand the theme! It is the pulsating waves of the great I AM that produce elements of life and intelligence, and within them is an under current, like those in the ocean or air, and they, in turn, yet more specifically in the development of the human family.

Then, there is a cause for everything; and is that cause man or God? Who formed the little dew drop that nestles in the cup of some tender flower? Who breathed into the little seed the elements of life? Who gave the tiny flower its variegated colors? Who made the tall mountain, the beautiful valley—everything? The God-element, the Unseen, of course. What, then; is vice, but virtue; what discord, but harmony?

to elucidate the subject, and make it appear as plain as that the three angles of a triangle are equivalent to two right angles.

Supposing you have inherited Scrofula from your parents. The poisoned blood is in your system, and nature, in her efforts to banish it, therefrom, causes eruptions to take place all over the body. Are you not to be respected as much as the strong, healthy man? Who would dare despise you on account of certain eccentricities your system manifests? And, although your appearance is not pleasing to the eye, the acute mind would recognize the action of certain elements in your system, endeavoring to inaugurate a more desirable condition. Again, suppose that the patient has inherited from his parents certain propensities that lead, that draw, that compel him, as it were, to lead a licentious life. Is he not to be commended as much as one whose mind is in a healthy state, or will you despise him because of his inharmonious condition. In the eyes of God, all are equally commendable—the sick and the healthy, whether the disease be one of body or mind; for there is within each individual, an elixir, an all-potent element, that never ceases its action, until it is brought in harmony with surrounding influences; and, many times, that element, for it really exists, leads man to do some licentious act, as it were, thus paving the way for more harmonious relations.

A mere-point, a Deific element, revolving in almost endless cycles, finally assimilates from the surroundings, a man. In these cycles, it is only striving for harmonious conditions, which could not be obtained at once. First in plants, then in animals, and finally in man, always striving to obtain the desired result.

In licentiousness, we find an out-cropping of the God element in man, not for the gratification of that element—oh, no! but for the purpose thereby of inducing certain conditions that would place it in harmonious relations. Scout the idea as you may; deem it absurd if you wish; say "fanaticism run wild" if you choose, still the God-element in man will constantly work for conditions suitable for its nature, whether in the field of virtue or vice. How, you ask, work for harmonious conditions, when all is harmony in the Universe of God. Why say all is harmony when the God-element in man is striving for it. This is plain. There can be no discord to an element that is in perfect harmony with itself; and in this seeming strife, it is only seeking to attain a condition that will place all the elements of creation in their respective places, and in so doing, there can be nothing but harmony.

Beautiful idea, glistening with its own intrinsic merit! no borrowed light throws over it a mantle of love and charity! It exists within itself, conscious of its own wondrous powers, for it has analyzed all things, and found therein the all potent element of God! In the flower, in the insect, in man—everywhere, the God-element is at work, and he who can not see harmony manifested in all its works, catches but a faint glimpse of creation.

## WHY PUBLISH BEECHER'S SERMONS?

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Should I be pleased with the JOURNAL, I hope to continue subscription at full rate; but I want to ask in advance what can be the object of a publication devoted to the spreading of spiritual light, and the cause of liberal ideas and principles, in publishing the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher?

BENJAMIN SNYDER.

Jamesburg, N. J. Jan. 27th, 1889.

REMARKS: Our object in publishing Henry Ward Beecher's sermons in the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, is to spread spiritual light, and promote the cause of liberal ideas and principles.

One class of thinkers will receive benefit from Mr. Beecher's sermons more readily than from the lectures we publish from our best trance mediums; others will receive more benefit from the latter; hence, we publish both. Spiritualism is all comprehensive, and includes within its ample folds, all things in nature both upon the spiritual and material planes of life. The clear thinker sees the use of every variety that is found in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms.

In Theology, we see that Mythology was its predecessor, and progenitor; and was well fitted for the times then existing—for the then development of the human mind. The same of Old Theology with all of its absurdities. Today, there is a large class of minds who have never given a listening ear to any other doctrine, and never will, unless it reaches them through an accredited minister of their system of religion. As we find the world, so we must accept it, and build thereon.

Men and women in all ages have sprung forth far in advance of the masses of mind, and they have been leaders in reform. Some have been the authors of new phases or systems of religion, and have gathered around them devoted followers, all of whom were abhorred, traduced, reviled, persecuted and sometimes crucified as heretics, by the devotees of orthodoxy, or the old and popular systems—like Socrates, Jesus of Nazareth, Michael Servetus, besides hundreds of thousands of lesser lights were. While another class of reformers like Mr. Beecher, plainly see all of the principles advocated by the extreme radicals, appreciate the truths thereof, and are inspired to present those truths and principles in such a garb and such a light, that the most violent opposers of the supposed heresy, in a short time become most devoted radicals, and support the very principles they once condemned.

As an illustration, hundreds of thousands of Spiritualists have come up from the ranks of church fellowship. Hundreds of thousands are following their example every year. Mr. Bee-

cher's sermons are essential assistants in that direction. He makes men and women think; thinking men and women become Spiritualists, inevitably.

His sermons make Spiritualists think also. They learn many good lessons by reading them. They learn that our philosophy, our literature, is being advocated and appreciated by the churches; that Spiritualism is designed to break down partition walls and pulverize creeds; that it is not designed to sectarianize even Spiritualists; but is to liberalize, enlighten and make the world better. Hence, we publish Henry Ward Beecher's sermons.

In conclusion, we frankly say, if there is a single soul denominated a Spiritualist, who wants to see Spiritualism harnessed into, and subjected to a creed, with Bishops and Priests, confessions of faith, with rights of fellowship depending upon the votes, or a compliance with the opinions and *ipse dixit* of others, or any other power than our highest conceptions of right, reason and common sense, he will not find in the JOURNAL, an advocate of that which he may so much desire.

## HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SERMONS.

In this number of the JOURNAL, will be found one of Henry Ward Beecher's practical sermons. While Mr. Beecher more particularly applies his reasoning to what is commonly called Christianity, Spiritualists and other reformers, may with great profit apply his remarks to their own every-day life matters.

How much can be done for Spiritualism, by a positive will power. How many thousands are nominally Spiritualists, but have no will to take the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, nor any other good spiritual paper, nor to encourage others to do so, but are so fearful that they shall give offense to companion, child or friend, that they remain non-committal, even upon a subject which in its very nature should command their highest respect, and their most positive efforts to promulgate to the world.

Such men and women, in private conversation, wish and hope well for Spiritualism, but would not for the world have Mrs. Grundy know a word about it. They like to hear trance mediums speak, but not for the world would they have it known by their neighbors, that they had the least respect for the lecture or medium through whom it was given.

Thank God for the Beechers and the "fishermen" of to-day, as well as for the same class of men centuries past. They are the men who make their mark and move the world. It is not the *ism*, but the spirit of everliving truth that moves men's souls to action. Put on the armor of eternal truth, and speak out boldly—self-respect will beget respect for self and our opinions.

## RECIPROCAL FAVORS.

We have, and probably shall continue to publish, gratuitously, the names of all the speakers of whom we have knowledge, together with their post office address, and change the same whenever requested. What favors do we get in return? This question, each speaker can answer for him or herself.

We do not belong to the complaining class. We mean to be perfectly independent in publishing the JOURNAL, but while thus independent, we mean to supply our subscribers with the best paper published in America! Did we say best? Yes, we said so. We will aim high, and if we succeed, it will be by dint of continued perseverance; and in so saying, we mean no disrespect to our worthy contemporaries.

We simply mean to say that we have set out to publish a good paper as *material aid*, moved by spirit power, can produce, under existing circumstances. Now, to the point.

We desire to give the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, an opportunity to be tested; therefore, we offer it on trial, for three months, at the nominal sum of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Any one of our lecturers can procure us clubs of from ten, to one hundred and upwards, at every meeting they hold. Will they each consider this matter, and act upon it? If they would but consider the subject a few moments, it would need no other argument to convince them, that we are a first-class spiritual newspaper, circulated and read in each town through the United States, there would be a demand for lecturers in such towns, and a fitting compensation would be ungrudgingly made.

## THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

In another column will be found the advertisement of William White & Co., publishers, to which we respectfully call the attention of our readers.

No better men, no more worthy company to do business with, can be found, in or out of the ranks of Spiritualism. For over twelve years, they have struggled to furnish Spiritualists with a first-class newspaper, and reformatory books. They have sunk money, and encountered opposition within, and out of the ranks of Spiritualists, that would have made faint hearts give up in despair. With Brother Luther Colby at the head of the editorial department of the BANNER OF LIGHT, it has weekly gained friends until it has become an indispensable institution of our country.

Their publishing house, with brother William White at its head, and with the other members of the firm, good and strong to back him, is rapidly gaining an enviable reputation—soon to be classed among the first of American publishing houses.

## COL. D. H. FOX.

It gives us pleasure to acknowledge the fraternal call of our Brother and co-worker in the cause of Spiritualism, Col. Fox, editor of the PRESENT AGE.

Br. Fox is President of the American Association of Spiritualists, and of the Michigan State Organization, and we believe only second to Mr. M. B. Dyott, in the secret order of "Eternal Progress."

## SUSIE M. JOHNSON AT LIBRARY HALL.

On Sabbath morning, the 7th inst., we had the pleasure of hearing an address by this lady, on "The Progress of Ideas." She was listened to with wrapped attention by those present. Her synopsis of the Progress of Ideas, was lucid and expressed in a clear, forcible style.

What subject more interesting than the above? Ideas are not inert, they possess a living principle which ever keep them moving. She alluded to Pythagoras, Galileo, and others, as entertaining ideas far in advance of the masses of the day in which they lived, and in eloquent language, depicted the condition of those whose minds are towering and who grasp the grand truths of nature intuitively, as always being subject to persecution, and regarded as fanatics, and as being generally shunned by the society that they so far out-strip in all that pertains to life.

Her views in regard to angularity of genius, or those who grasp great truths intuitively, was indeed, pleasing, for this seeming angularity, was only an expression of the great truths within.

In the Progress of Ideas, since the first dawn of creation, the great minds who conceived them were often regarded in no favorable light, but were condemned to suffer death, in consequence of the innovations that they caused.

Ideas were the motive power that actuated either the good or bad, and it would be well for all to consider their nature and general tendencies.

Her allusion to "free love" was timely and eloquent, and was well calculated to do good. "Free love did not constitute a license to sin, to violate nature's divine laws, and trample under foot the most sacred obligations of life. "Free love" had its barriers, and beyond them it must not go. Its mission was not to ruin, but to rear a noble, holy edifice where truth could reign supreme, exerting its influence to promote the happiness of all.

The subject of her address in the evening was derived from the timely and eloquent remarks of Mrs. Mills, in regard to the efforts of certain parties to proscribe Spiritualists and prevent them from becoming a party to certain movements about to be inaugurated.

In her evening address, she was, indeed, eloquent, giving utterance to ideas the practical bearing of which, could be at once noticed.

She honored the Catholics for their honesty, in not concealing their hatred of Spiritualists. She knew where to find them. They did not try to conceal their real intentions.

Her allusion to the Unitarians as being "the skirmish line" between the Catholics and Protestants, was too true.

To be appreciated, she must be heard.

She lectures during the month at Library Hall.

## THREE MONTHS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

If each one of our friends would set themselves at work for one day, they could induce from twenty to one hundred in every town, to try the JOURNAL for three months, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH; a large percent of whom would become permanent subscribers. Think of it, friends. How easy it would be to fill up your ranks and become strong, if the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL was weekly placed in the hands of fifty or a hundred of your best thinkers.

If you wish to become strong, bend your energies to the promulgation of the truths of our philosophy in all its branches among the masses. A good weekly newspaper, devoted to that subject, widely circulated among the people, will make it an easy matter to support lectures and lyceums. We ask our friends everywhere, new and old subscribers, to give us a few hours each, of their time, in presenting our proposition to their neighbors. On our part, we will guarantee to give you a weekly visitor, that all who receive will be proud to exhibit it.

## BOOKS AND SHEET MUSIC.

Any book or sheet music in the market, can be had at this office, at the regular publisher's prices, and which will be forwarded by mail, on receipt of price, and the government postage, which is two cents for every four ounces, or fractional part, of four ounces, on pamphlets, and four cents on each four ounces or fractional part of four ounces, on bound books.

Address S. S. Jones, No. 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

## UNDERHILLON MESMERISM.

The above is the title of a new work just published, which throws more light upon the subject of trance and the power of the positive over the negative, than the same existing on the physical or spiritual planes of life, than any other book published. The same will be sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of \$1.50.

Address S. S. Jones, 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

## DR. D. C. DAKE, THE HEALER.

Will be at Kalamazoo, Michigan, on the sixteenth, and remain twenty days; from the ninth of March to the thirtieth, at Battle-Creek, Michigan; at Marshall from the fifteenth to the twentieth; and at Coldwater the remainder of the month of March.

## CORRECTIONS.

We urgently request those who fail to get their papers, to advise us of the fact, that we may correct errors in mailing and send missing numbers.

## The Sorosis.

The Chicago Sorosis has been holding a Mass Convention at Crosby's Music Hall, Feb. 11th and 12th. We shall allude to it more particularly in our next.

Read the advertisement, for sale cheap.

## Personal and Local.

Mrs. W. T. Stearns is engaged in the Missionary work in Pennsylvania. She earnestly says:

"I do not believe in kindling fires to let them die out. We must constantly add fuel to the flames. From the spirit-world we have every encouragement, and accepting all things which reach to a nobler humanity, we reach the hearts of the people."

Chicago is to have thirty-two miles of water-pipe, to be laid down next summer.

Miss Almida Fowler's address, is Sextonville, Wisconsin.

Stolt, a Boston actress, swallowed a fishbone, and threw up her engagement in consequence.

Napoleon, to conciliate Italy, has advised the Pope to renounce his claim to Papal territory, Rome excepted.

A grand Lyceum Masquerade is to be given, by the First Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston, on Thursday evening, February 11th.—It is anticipated that it will be one of the finest parties of the season.

A resolution has passed the Common Council of Chicago, to establish a South Side Park, to be bounded by Lake Michigan and Clark street, and Thirty-fifth and Eighteenth streets.

J. Madison Allyn is engaged to lecture at Elkhart, Indiana.

Our sanctum was enlivened, on Monday last, by the genial countenance of our friend, C. G. Foster, of the Journal of Commerce, Kansas City, Missouri. We are always glad to meet him. "His soul is always full of sunshine."

Dr. Dake, the healer, late of Rochester, New York, who, for a few months past, has been working such wonderful and truly astonishing cures by the aid of his Indian Guides—laying on of hands—gladdened our sanctum by his presence, on Monday of this week. God speed Dr. Dake, and all our healers, who are alleviating the sufferings of the afflicted.

## Amusements.

Chicago is brim full of fun, or places of amusement. All the various places of amusement have on the boards attractive plays and productions, and are all well patronized.

Theatre Comique, at the corner of Clark and Monroe streets, which opened on Monday, the 8th inst., is meeting with good success. They claim a first class company, and the largest in the world, and intend to make it an interesting and pleasant resort of amusement for gentlemen and ladies. They present a multitude of attractions. Performances every evening, and Matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Arlington Minstrels reappear at Library Hall, commencing on Monday evening, Feb. 19th, 1889.

Sharpley's Minstrels, at Wood's Museum, opened the week's entertainment on Monday, the 8th inst., with a set of new and vivacious novelties. In addition to their own people, Harry Macarthy, who some years ago played star engagements in this city, assisted by Miss Lottie Estelle, will appear in a series of English, Scotch and Irish character pieces.

Their programme is large and varied, and they who go to the Museum this week will unquestionably enjoy a host of fun.

The great extravaganza of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," was produced on Saturday evening, Feb. 6th, to a packed house, at Crosby's Opera House. In fact so great was the interest felt, in the play that the house was literally overflowed, a prestige which is of no small account in the first production of a piece.

On Tuesday evening it was reproduced to another overflowing house, and has continued to draw full houses every evening this week and is destined to have an unprecedented run. It is unquestionably the greatest success of the season by the management, C. D. Hess & Co.

The burlesque is founded upon the famous historic meeting of Henry VIII, King of England, and Francis I, King of France, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold in the Valley of Adreas in 1520, the incidents of which are unmercifully burlesqued and the lines filled with the most excruciating puns and witticisms.

The management have also filled the piece, apart from its intrinsic merit, with a constant succession of novelties.

The appearance of the Worrell Sisters at McVicker's Theatre, who began their engagement on Monday evening, the 8th inst., was a grand and signal success, the house being crowded in every part. These Sisters are distinguished in the East as burlesque actors. Their names are Irene, Jennie and Sophie, and they bring with them their entire burlesque troupe, the music for their own burlesques, their leaders of orchestra, etc., so that their pieces will be done in exactly the same style that has enabled them to retain so strong a hold upon the people of New York city for the past two years.

Among the burlesques which have been particularly successful in New York, and each of which has been played something like 100 nights or more, are "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," "The Grand Duchess," "La Belle Helene," and "Barbe-Blanche." Besides these, there are many farces and character pieces included in the Worrell repertoire, during their stay. They are said to be very expert in their line and will unquestionably draw full houses, who will be delighted and highly amused at their burlesques and comicities.

The attractions at Aiken's Dearborn Theatre during the week has been the reproduction of the "Lancashire Lass," until Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., when a bill of farces was presented; on which occasion Mr. Dillon took a benefit. And on Thursday evening, the 11th inst., Sterling Coyne's beautiful comedy was put upon the boards, entitled "A Woman of the World," for the first time in Chicago, which will be retained for a season, and draw full houses.







## Communications from the Inner Life.

He shall give his angelic charge concerning these."

All Communications under this head are given through

MRS. A. H. ROBINSON,

a well-developed trance medium, and may be implicitly relied upon as coming from the source they purport to be the spirit-world.

Q.—Questions, to be answered at our Inner Life sources, should be concise, well written, and directed to the editor, when convenient for the questioner to be present at the sittings.

## INVOCATION.

FEB. 7th, 1869.

Our Father and our God! Thou in whom we live, move and have our being! Thou that, in ages past, men were desirous to praise, honor, and adore! Thou that hast ever been with every heart, every soul, in its darkest hours of sorrow! Thou that dost stand by and witness the departure of spirits from the material to the spiritual plane of life! Thou that dost send consolation to the bereaved ones left behind, and, also, give to the new born spirit, joys unspeakable! Thou that dost dwell in the clouds as well as in the sunshine! Thou that dost live in the valley as well as upon the mountain-top! Thou that art ever watchful of the smallest thing as well as the immortal soul of man! Thou that hast power to be ever present at all times and in all places, we feel that to call upon Thee, to look to one that possesses such power, such love, and such kindness, would not only add to our happiness now, but in all time to come. We would not ask for any special blessing to rest upon any immortal soul, for Thou knowest what is best for each one of us. We would praise Thee for any unfulfilled in the past. We would thank Thee for all that we receive in the present, and with our hearts full of love and praise, we would ever look to Thee as the giver of all things. With the continued assurance of Thy presence, we will ever bless and praise Thee, our Father.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTION BY J. N. SMITH.

Is the common, formal prayer necessary or essential to man's happiness, either here or hereafter?

A. Just so far as it contributes to his happiness, just so far as it is essential here; and, inasmuch as it is always here, then there is no hereafter about it.

MR. MEKINS OF MASS.

Q. Do we answer the true ends of our earthly life by obedience to all the impulses of our earthly being?

A. I shall say that most certainly we do. It may seem strange that we do, but when we take into consideration this fact, that an impulse may be that which is seemingly evil, yet another will instantly follow, which is good, and prevent us from that which is evil, if possible.

To us, there is no evil. We believe that every individual acts as best he can,—with his surroundings, and for the unfolding of his interior nature, whether it be that which we call good or evil.

Q. Does not the creation, or individualization of the human spirit, necessarily imply a dissolution?

A. The individualization does not; yet, if it were possible to conceive of its creation then we might say that it would; but since that individualized entity is a part of that great Deific principle, God, therefore it is, that we know of no time when it is created. An individualized entity, to our senses, upon the material plane of life, as we have often experienced, has an acute and penetrating natural sense. It has been thought that the laying of the form—that form which we see—away in the grave, was the last of the soul, or life-principle animating the body; but as there is that principle within everything in nature—a spirit you do not see—so it has an existence after the dissolution of the external form—that which had a beginning to your senses.

And we would have you bear in mind that everything that has an existence upon the material plane of life, has its counterpart upon the spiritual plane. You will see upon the spiritual plane, all that the material plane has.

The idea to you, that we have to travel from a great distance to come down or up, is, to us, a mistaken idea.

QUESTION BY MR. LA SALLE.

Q. Are you conscious of having any assistance in answering these questions?

A. Indeed, I am conscious of the fact that I have assistance from those around me, upon the material plane; and I have the assistance of the innumerable beings upon the spiritual plane.

Q. Will you please explain: how you derive that assistance?

A. From those upon the material plane we obtain assistance from the harmony they possess within themselves. From those upon the spiritual plane, I gain strength, so to speak. I have impressions from others, the same as you would get impressions from another source.

Q. Do you ever feel that there may be a question asked that you will not be able to answer?

A. I never think of that. When the time comes that I have that question asked, then I shall say most emphatically I cannot answer it. I shall answer it by saying I can not. So you see I shall answer every question that is given me, whether I answer it to suit the people or otherwise. We do not claim to be possessed of all power, or a capability of knowing every thing in the past, present, or future. We give what we have, and you, by your powers of reasoning, should take that which is good, as something best for you. That which is good, whether it comes from the material or spiritual plane, take it and make use of it. Probe everything as far as it is good for you. If Spiritualists, as a body, to-day, accepted all the ideas that are given, from the simple fact that a disembodied spirit brings them, I think really, they would soon find out their mistake.

Q. Do not the individuals referred to possess great ability upon the spiritual plane of life; and if so, do they not make it available by acts upon that plane which redound to the good of those yet remaining upon the material plane?

A. We do not think that their powers are any greater upon the spiritual plane of life than they would have been had they not occupied the position they have upon the material. And again, individuals upon the material plane of life, not being conscious of their presence, we do not think that they are affected a great deal thereby. That they will work to inspire and to impress people to deeds of goodness, we believe, but no more so because they occupied that plane in life.

Q. Has not their experience upon the material plane of life been of great value to them; and is it not made a matter of utility upon the spiritual plane?

A. It must be, from the fact that every experience adds to their unfoldment. The idea, that because people occupied a position of great influence and importance upon the material plane of life, that therefore they possess greater powers upon the spiritual plane, we do not find to be the fact. The time will come when that idea will be laid aside. Spiritualists, to-day, as a body, often get communications, purporting to come from some great individual, supposed to be, upon the material plane of life. It is of some great value to them, than one coming from someone that had not a distinguished character upon the material plane of life; hence, you find so many communications purporting to come from great individuals, so to speak.

Q. The individuals referred to must have possessed great natural powers for controlling men. Did they not carry these powers with them to the spirit world, and may they not exercise them there in the control of men, both upon the spiritual and material planes of life?

A. As we said before, we cannot see that they have any greater powers from the fact of their position here. If we could see that they had, most certainly we would tell you so. We do not know that it necessarily follows that they had stronger positive will power, because of their position. It was their surroundings that lead them to do as they did.

Q. Does Jesus of Nazareth occupy a place or position, higher than other men, in the Spirit World?

A. Higher, so far as intelligence is concerned than many spirits upon the spiritual plane, but not higher, that we know of, than a great many others. Bear in mind, that when upon the material plane of life, he was a medium, and inspired to do as he did. Then, of necessity, he is not higher in the spiritual plane than those that inspired him to those acts of kindness and great miracles that he performed.

Q. By whom, and by what, was he inspired?

A. By spirits upon the spiritual plane of life, who wished to complete the work they had begun while upon the earth; who passed the same as spirits must of necessity pass, from material to spiritual things. The names, individually, we could not give.

Q. Was Jesus of Nazareth a better man than Socrates, Pythagoras, Confucius, and the long list of others that are called heathen philosophers?

A. We believe he was a better medium, more susceptible to the power of spirits; but as far as the individual man was concerned, we do not know that he was better.

Q. Where do those great philosophers, statesmen, poets and writers, etc., derive their power? Is it derived from the same source as Jesus of Nazareth derived his? And, also, why have they been thus singularly favored above millions of others upon this earth? Why are some so superior, while others have not a sound idea in their heads?

A. We should really be sorry for an individual that had not a sound idea in his head. We find some so constituted that they are not susceptible to the influence of others: be it for that which is good, or that which is evil. Why they were so particularly favored, we know of no other reason, than that their own surroundings were different, their material organism was different, and consequently, they were chosen to carry out these ideas conceived by spirits on the spiritual plane of life. As we stated before, there are no two persons who are alike. They would not do the same thing all such great men, for there would be no great, no small, no high, no low, no rich, no poor. If all possessed the same amount of knowledge, or same amount of wealth upon the material plane, then their would be no difference. Yet, there is one great truth—every soul possesses in itself as much of that divine principle, God, as another; and those that to-day, stand to you the highest, because of their intelligence, the very lowest individual that you can conceive of, will, one day, reach that point. So his God given powers are equal to the other's.

Q. Chemists on the material plane have analyzed the physical organization of man, and can tell the component parts of the same. Can chemists on the spiritual plane analyze the spirit, and tell the component parts thereof, and its powers and capabilities?

A. We know of no one upon the spiritual or material plane, that has the power of analyzing the spirit, the life-principle permeating everything, not only the human soul but everything upon the material plane of life.

Chemists come to the conclusion—and naturally, too—that because they can not find the spirit that permeates the body, there is no existence after the dissolution of the form. If the chemist could analyze chemically this life principle in everything, then he could tell exactly, its powers and capabilities.

Q. Do persons like Napoleon of France, Caesar of Rome, and the great Alexander of Greece, who exercised wonderful power over the minds of men while in this life, exercise the same power in the spirit world?

A. The powers of compulsion are left behind, that pertain to the material plane of life. Bear in mind that it was the surroundings, the love of gain and power, that made them act thus upon the material plane of life. Not having anything which they could gain, or add to their happiness by such acts, therefore it is, that they

do not try to make use of such powers upon the spiritual plane of life.

Q. Do not the individuals referred to possess great ability upon the spiritual plane of life; and if so, do they not make it available by acts upon that plane which redound to the good of those yet remaining upon the material plane?

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A. We do not think that their powers are any greater upon the spiritual plane of life than they would have been had they not occupied the position they have upon the material. And again, individuals upon the material plane of life, not being conscious of their presence, we do not think that they are affected a great deal thereby. That they will work to inspire and to impress people to deeds of goodness, we believe, but no more so because they occupied that plane in life.

Q. Has not their experience upon the material plane of life been of great value to them; and is it not made a matter of utility upon the spiritual plane?

A. It must be, from the fact that every experience adds to their unfoldment. The idea, that because people occupied a position of great influence and importance upon the material plane of life, that therefore they possess greater powers upon the spiritual plane, we do not find to be the fact. The time will come when that idea will be laid aside. Spiritualists, to-day, as a body, often get communications, purporting to come from some great individual, supposed to be, upon the material plane of life. It is of some great value to them, than one coming from someone that had not a distinguished character upon the material plane of life; hence, you find so many communications purporting to come from great individuals, so to speak.

Q. The individuals referred to must have possessed great natural powers for controlling men. Did they not carry these powers with them to the spirit world, and may they not exercise them there in the control of men, both upon the spiritual and material planes of life?

A. As we said before, we cannot see that they have any greater powers from the fact of their position here. If we could see that they had, most certainly we would tell you so. We do not know that it necessarily follows that they had stronger positive will power, because of their position. It was their surroundings that lead them to do as they did.

Q. Does Jesus of Nazareth occupy a place or position, higher than other men, in the Spirit World?

A. Higher, so far as intelligence is concerned than many spirits upon the spiritual plane, but not higher, that we know of, than a great many others. Bear in mind, that when upon the material plane of life, he was a medium, and inspired to do as he did. Then, of necessity, he is not higher in the spiritual plane than those that inspired him to those acts of kindness and great miracles that he performed.

Q. By whom, and by what, was he inspired?

A. By spirits upon the spiritual plane of life, who wished to complete the work they had begun while upon the earth; who passed the same as spirits must of necessity pass, from material to spiritual things. The names, individually, we could not give.

ignorantly supposes the Order of Eternal Progress to be, will have to form it of different materials, or other society upon this planet, but was subsequently admitted to fill a vacancy in the Washington delegation. Your correspondent, speaking of the Fifth National Convention, which resolved itself into the American Association of Spiritualists, says: "The organizers of the Fifth National Convention, 1st, in organizing a Secret Order; 2d, in mixing it with the business of the Fourth and Fifth Conventions; 3d, in taking possession of the entire work by that Order. Neither of these actions have any foundation in truth or fact. The organizers of the Fifth National Convention, or of the American Association of Spiritualists, did not, nor ever thought of organizing a Secret Society, neither did they mix it with their business, nor has the Order taken possession of the work of the Convention as stated."

Who were the organizers? They were the three or four hundred delegates, sent by the various associations of Spiritualists and Lyceums in America; not more than three or four hundred of the three or four hundred were members of or were connected with the Secret Society.

The Order of Eternal Progress has not and never had any more to do with Spiritualism than it had with Methodism, Catholicism or with any religious organization. The Order of which he speaks (but knows nothing) is a Beneficial Society, similar to the Odd Fellows. It is Old Fellowship improved and beautified, and adapted to the admission of man and woman of all who are of good moral character. It has nothing whatever to do with the belief of its members. It is true, three of the delegates, who the Convention refused sufficient confidence to place them in positions of honor and trust, were and are members of the Order. One of that number is also a Mason and a Son of Temperance. Your correspondent, with as much truth, may say that the Convention was mixed up with and controlled by the Secret Order of the Peace Society, or of the Abolition Society, either of which have as much to do with Spiritualism as the Order of Eternal Progress; the third is a member of the Masonic Fraternity and of the Odd Fellows; but would it be true to say that the Abolition or the Peace Societies, or the Odd Fellows, or Society for the Protection of the Indian, were organized by or controlled the Convention; because some of the members of those various Societies have more than one idea, and choose to assist in doing all the good they can in more than one direction?

The Order of Eternal Progress, of which he speaks, was not organized by or for Spiritualists, as such, but for the organization of a good man and woman, regardless of their religious beliefs. They may be, and are, Episcopalians, Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Christians, Jews and Spiritualists. The objects of the Society are not to promulgate any system of belief. All who compose it pledge themselves to introduce no religious or political debate, or heart of the Convention, because some of the members of those various Societies have more than one idea, and choose to assist in doing all the good they can in more than one direction?

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sons from those that compose the Order of Eternal Progress. Its doors are, and will ever be, main closed against Sectarianism, whether it be in the form of Spiritualism, Methodism, or any other peculiar form of religious belief.

M. B. DYOTT.

S. D. of the Order of Eternal Progress

P. S.—The American Association of Spiritualists have in their employ three missionaries, neither of which are in any way connected with the Secret Order, and were never asked to join it. There are also nine Trustees, not one of which was ever "urged" or solicited to unite with it; three of them joined without solicitation before they were elected. Those who do not wish to take part in the Order are invited to remain outside until they have a desire to become acquainted with its beauties, and take part in the noblest work man has ever aspired to.—Banner of Light.

For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

Third Annual Convention of Michigan State Spiritual Association.

Reported by LORETTA MAYN.

Concluded from last week.

MORNING SESSION.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 10.

Convention met at half-past 9 o'clock A. M. Business of yesterday was finished. Amendments to the Constitution were read and adopted. Moved, and carried that the proceedings of this Convention be published in THE PRESENT AGE, THE BANNER OF LIGHT, AND THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

J. C. Wood: In reference to the paper, I think it is a very good paper; but in reference to the financial matters, I am not fully advised. I am one of its stockholders; but one thing I would like to inquire of the President, what Association is in session to-day. I understand that new articles were adopted yesterday.

Mr. Root: I arise to call the gentleman to order, as a resolution is before the Convention.

The resolution was then voted upon and adopted.

The President said: As Brother Wood was not present yesterday, I will read the report of our amendments. We intend to get a special act of the Legislature for our Association, the same as other religious bodies do.

The Business proceedings were then suspended.

Music by A. B. Whiting and Mrs. J. Wood.

Invocation by Mrs. Frank Reed.

Then followed an able address by Prof. E. Whipple on the Evolution of Religious Thought.

He was followed by an address from Miss Susie M. Johnson. Subject: "What is true Reform?"

Song by Mrs. Lee. Invocation by Frank Reed. Adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock, P. M.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON SESSION.

January 10, 1869.

Song by Mrs. Lee. Invocation by Mrs. Woodruff. Dr. Bailey presented the following resolution:

WHEREAS, The organization of the advocates of the religion of Spiritualism means the promulgation of its phenomena and philosophy; and

WHEREAS, The present condition of this religious movement demands a system of itenary or Missionary labor; therefore,

Resolved, That some system calculated to secure money—an essential element in the progress of our work—should be devised, and immediately put into action.

Resolved, That the several County Circles, or where no such Societies exist, the local organizations be, and they are hereby requested to raise such sums as is practicable in their respective localities, and pay the same to the Treasurer of this Association, to be sacredly applied to the employment of laborers in this much needed work. Adopted.

Address by Mrs. Horton:

The President made a few remarks about the missionary work. Said: We shall not employ another one till they have labored in the field; and I hope the people of Michigan will not allow the fund to decline.

The Committee on Missionary Fund then reported the indebtedness, which was something over \$600.

Address by Mrs. Fowler, of Adrian.—Subject: "The Philosophy of Spiritualism—what is it?"

It was then announced that the audience could select a subject for an improvised poem, by Mrs. Frank Reed. Some one gave, "Tubal Cain," but she refused it. Mr. De La Fleur then proposed the following:

"Man his own nature cannot understand; He knows not whence he came, nor where he stands."

The spirit through Mrs. Reid responded with a poem.

Mrs. Emma Martin then came forward under the influence of the spirit of Burns, and improvised a poem from the subject before given, "Tubal Cain." [Adjourned.]

SUNDAY EVENING SESSION.

Convention met at 7 o'clock. Music by A. B. Whiting. Invocation by Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm Slade. Dr. Henry Slade then recited the beautiful poem of Mr. William Van Name, entitled "Spirit Visitants."



## DR. WM. CLARK'S

DR. W. M. CLARK'S  
Spiri<sup>t</sup> Magnetic Vegetable  
Syrup

## Syrup

Is placed before the public as one of the best alternative remedies for invigorating the organs and functions of the body. Its benefits are mostly apparent in cases of Cancer, Ulcers, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Jaundice, Torpid and Inflamed state of the Liver, Kidneys, and Bladder; acts favorably on the gland system, cleanses and heals ulcerations of the Kidneys and Liver, and completely eradicates Mercury and other poisonous minerals from the system; taken in proper doses

**Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Pulmonary and Bronchial Syrup**

Is excellent for the Asthma either Periodical or Continued. In such cases take one bottle of the Magnetic Vegetable Syrup before commencing on the Bronchial, especially in continued Asthma.

The Syrup is an invaluable remedy for all Pulmonary and Bronchial complaints even the most chronic cases will derive benefit from its use.

**Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Ner-  
vine Syrup.**

This Syrup is invaluable for strengthening the nervous system, and equalizing the circulation of the fluids.

**HIS SPIRIT MAGNETIC VEGETABLE  
SYRUP.**

INDICATES Humors, MERCURY, and all Impurities, from the system; Magnetically Vitalizes and Strengthens the system, and restores the system to its normal state.

**Magneto Vegetable Medicine!**

all things, dwell in love, and blending one with another, far  
in union there is strength. Then let us all work together in  
unity.

Physicists can look into the system and see clearly why the  
workings of the whole physical battery, as plainly as the  
work of the nervous system, is the result of the action of the  
receptacles. The philosophy before physicians in the form that  
have depended upon the knowledge they receive by dissec-  
tion, and by analysis and putting over medical works. **Pro-**  
**tection in all cases.**

The above medicine will be sent per Express on receipt of  
\$1.00 per bottle. Also any of the following valuable magne-  
tic preparations, at the same price per bottle:

**Dr. William Clark's Magnetic Dysentery,  
Cholera Morbus, and Cholera Cordial.**

**Dr. William Clark's Magnetic Nerve, and  
Spiriting and Regulating the Nerves and Circulation.  
Dr. William Clark's Magnetic Pulmonary  
Bronchial Syrup.**

Strengthens the glands and tubes, clears the air cells and  
restores the membranes from unhealthy mucus collections.

The above-named Syrup are put up in strong bottles, each  
with a cork and boxed, with full directions accompanying  
each kind.

**Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Dys-  
entery, Cholera-Morbus and**

**Cholera Cordial.**  
Every person should have a bottle of this invaluable  
Cordial. Full directions accompanying each  
bottle guide to the different stages of  
either of the above diseases.  
For Cholera and Chlenterismus give the Cordial as directed  
on the bottle, four or five times a day. Camomile flowers  
and sage, equal parts, steeped; continue same, in connection  
with cordial, until the patient perspires profusely. For dysen-  
tery, give, four or five times a day, with cooling  
drinks, a slippery elm or barley water. In all these cases  
keep the circulation rapid in the extremities by rubbing, as  
directed on its label on the bottle.

PRICE, \$1.50 EACH.  
SENT BY EXPRESS TO ALL PARTS OF  
THE UNITED STATES.

**Spirit Magnetic Anti-Bilious Sugar-coated Vegetable Pills**

Unobtainable to remove the liver from torpid conditions, relieve obstructions of bile in the gall-bladder or its ducts; cure jaundice and inflammation of the stomach, which require the most speedy assistance. Where persons have been bilious for a long time they will have to caution these Pills until the membrane system is cleansed, by taking three or four Pills

N. B.—The Magnetic Vegetable Syrup is advised to be taken at the end of two weeks instead of the Fillosine Pills, taking one of the Pills once a week in conjunction with the syrup. By following this course the patient is sure to find a speedy and lasting relief.

**Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Cathartic Pills**

Remove costiveness, indigestion, and correct the stomachic and acid bowels.

**Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Tonic**

**and Strengthening Powders.**

These powders are invaluable in all cases of debility and weakness of the blood; in consumption, dropsy, lung complaint, and sperm, debilitated intestine, may be taken twice a day, after meals, with great benefit, by those taking the **Magnetic Vegetable Bilegic Syrup**. Where the patient has no appetite, or feels generally debilitated, the blood, strengthen, the system, and give tone to the stomach, and restore the organs to their natural healthy condition.

**Spirit Magnetic Vegetable Bilegic Pills.**

These Pills cure the most distressing cases of colic, biliousness, and

ing the patient's back and extremities with moderate force is advised in connection with the Pills as directed, especially in painful cases.

The above named Pills and Powders are put up in packages with full directions accompanying each kind.

**PRICE \$1.00 EACH PACKAGE,**  
**SENT BY EXPRESS.**  
**SMALL PACKAGES 50 CTS. EACH.**

Send by Mail on receipt of Price, together with two red stamps.

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WM. G. CLARK, Room 5, 84 Deauroton St.  
Chicago Ill.  
N. B.—If any desire to consult Dr. Clark's spirit, it  
can do so by calling on or addressing it at  
JEANNIE WATERMAN DAMFORTH,  
318 East 23rd Street, New York.

bers, Piles, Rheumatism of three kinds, Dropsy, Scrofula, Ophthalmia, and Deafness, Nervous Debility, Cutaneous skin Affections, and all other External and Internal Eruptions. Medicines are permanent, never fail, and are sold at the Root, Erve and Six Dollars. Sent by Express. Medical Children 3 stamps, Treatise 20 cents.

WILLIAM R. PRINCE.  
Linnean Nurseries, Flushing, N

**TAYLOR'S**  
*BED SPRINGS.*

PATENTED MAY 10, 1868. Are the cheapest and best use. Sent freight free for six dollars, a liberal discount.

the agents.

J. C. TAYLOR.

Ann Arbor, Mich.  
No 8 vol. 5 13 wks.



Let the work continue. Home with his first tests, Lewis with his flower tests, Davis with his revelations, Persons, Swan, Bryant with their healing powers, the Davenport with their untiring feats, the writing without human hand carrying bodies through the air, and telling people all that they ever did,—are not these the works of those whose bodies we saw

Mr. Ho: By this time about signs of exhaustion, and sinking back into the arms of each said: "Remove the books; do not tell Dan what has occurred, and let him wash his hands purified by water, the contact between broken vessels will underscore the high significance of water baptism," by which I explained this some day. *The fire ordeal* you have witnessed, and it has been explained to you."

He now awoke, staring about quite bewildered, the pupils of his eyes dilated and, for a time, immobile. Our circle having broken up, and the seven of the evening, I turned to myself for a moment around the drawing-table, just to have a final chat, when loud raps came answering to some mental questions. Mrs. Ho—had her chair pushed back two or three feet, and the table withdrawn and tilted a greeting to the guests of the evening.

I have to apologize for occupying so much of your valuable space; but the subject is a replete with interest that I may be excused for having given the account of this remarkable seance in *the portals*. Fire ordeal, fire tests stand at the apex of the past; what they mean when the ordeal is passed, and the fire is

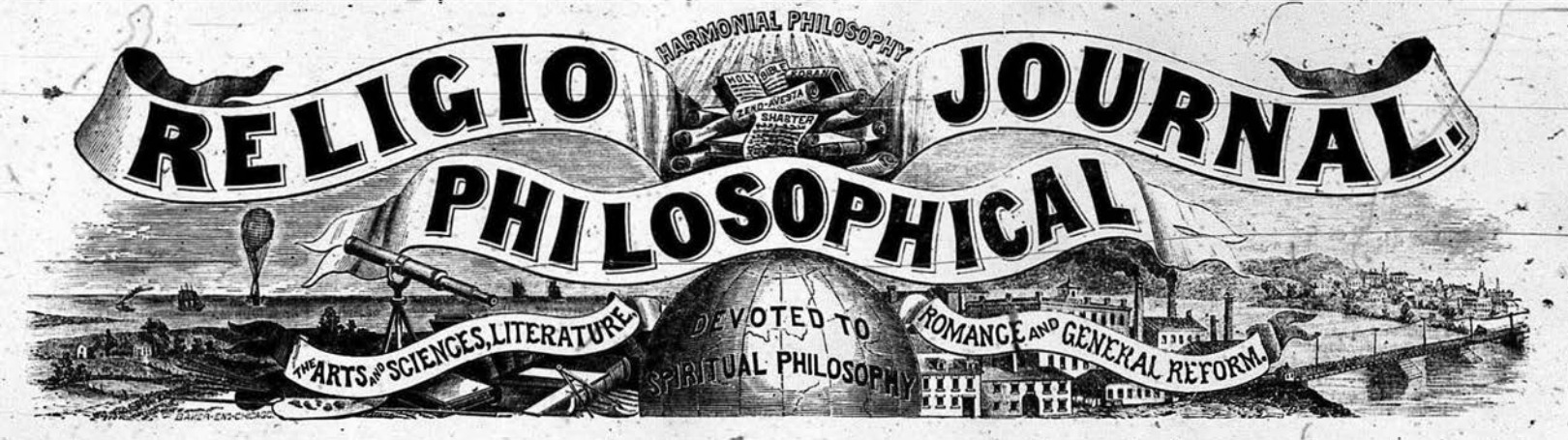
ott, Guardian. Lyceum No. 2, at Thompson street church at 10 A. M., Mr. Langham, Conductor; Mrs. Mary Stretch Guardian. The First Association of Spiritualists has its lectures at Concert Hall at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. on Sundays.

Nellie J. T. Brigham. April James M. Feebles. May, Alston  
Wilhelm. Lectures at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Childrens Pro-  
gressive Lyceum Geo. B. Davis conductor, Mrs. Horns, Guar-  
dian of Groups, Miss Maggie Sloan, Assistant Guardian of  
Groups. Commences 12.30 p. m. Conference. Free Platform  
every Tuesday evening at 7.30 p. m. Sociables Thursday eve-

**52.** Publishers who insert the above Prospectus three times and call attention to it editorially, shall be entitled to a copy of the **REHBERO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL** one year. It will be forwarded to their address on receipt of the papers with the above

Claytonia virginica





\$3.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.]

Truth wears no mask, bows at no human shrine, seeks neither place nor applause; she only asks a hearing.

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RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

VOL. V.—NO. 23.

For The Religious-Philosophical Journal.  
**HOW READST THOU? Luke 10: 26.**

BY A FREE THINKER.

"The one thing now to read the Bible through, and another thing to read, to learn and do. 'Tis something now to read, to learn and do. And quite another thing, to read it right. Some read it with design to learn to read. But to the subject pay but little heed. Some read as their duty once a week, But no instruction from the Bible seek. Whilst others read it with but little care, With no regard to how they read, nor where. Some read it as a history, to know How people lived three thousand years ago. Some read to bring themselves into repute, By showing others how they can dispute; Whilst others read because their neighbors do, To see how long 'twill take to read through. Some read it for the wonders that are there, How David killed a lion and a bear. Whilst others read, or rather if it took, Because, perhaps, they have no other book. Some read the blessed Book, they don't know why It somehow happens in the way to lie; Whilst others read it with uncommon care, But all to find some contradiction there. Some read as though it did not speak to them, But to the people at Jerusalem. One reads it as a book of mysteries, And won't believe the very thing he sees. One reads with father's spectacles upon his head, And sees the thing just as his father said. Another reads through Campbell or through Scott, And thinks it means exactly what they thought; Whilst others read the Book through H. Ballou And fit cross his track, it can't be true. Some read to prove a pre-adopted creed, This understand but little what they read. For every passage in the Book they find To make it suit that all important end. Some people read as I have often thought, To teach the Book, instead of being taught. And some there are who read it for spite, I fear there are few who read it right. So many people in this world, So many ways, That few can tell which system is the best, For every party contradicts the rest."

**Literary Department.**

For The Religious-Philosophical Journal.

**WILFRED MONTRESSOR;  
OR,  
THE SECRET ORDER OF THE SEVEN.**

A ROMANCE OF MYSTERY AND CRIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE DE LACY, OR THE COQUETTE," ETC.

**BOOK THIRD—THE ARREST.**

**CHAPTER XXIII.**

**THE ARREST OF THE BURGARS.**

Upon his return home, Hugh Simonson imparted his determination to break into the premises of Hubert Elston, No. 1—Bleeker street to his associate, Andrew Williams.

The countenance of Williams manifested the firmness and the sadness of despair.

"I have taken your money, Mr. Simonson," said the man, gloomily; and have promised to go with you, whenever you called upon me. I will keep my promise, though I fear it will turn out badly."

"It can't, Williams," replied Simonson, hastily. "I have looked over the ground, and feel sure of success."

"My rent, indeed; so they will not turn my poor woman out of doors. They may do what they will with me."

"Cheer up, man," exclaimed Hugh Simonson. "It is natural, perhaps, that you should be a little nervous. I was, myself, the first time I went out; but you will soon get used to it."

"Mr. Simonson," said Williams, firmly. "I have taken a Bible oath, that I will never again violate the rights of others and the laws of my country. I am driven to it now by necessities."

"An oath!" replied the other, with a coarse laugh. "I shall not constrain you to keep it or break it. You are a free man."

"To-night, I will follow you."

"Come down to my room then, between eleven and twelve—you will find me there."

The remainder of the evening was passed by Andrew Williams in the apartment of his sick wife. He was kind and attentive—even more so than usual—and yet there was an expression of settled melancholy on his features, which gave an air of listlessness to his movements. Once or twice, in the midst of her suffering, this expression drew the attention of Mrs. Williams, particularly to her husband's countenance; however, that many causes of weariness and distress were pressing upon him, she forbore to make any urgent inquiries.

When the children had retired, Williams sat down by the bedside of his wife, and at her request, read a chapter from the Bible. Afterwards, he talked to her, in a superstitious and earnest manner, upon the prospects of the family after her decease. She invoked him to make the most strenuous exertions to provide a suitable education for the boys, and to train them up to useful and respectable occupations. She dwelt upon the good qualities of her daughter Jane, and her ability, young as she was, to superintend the affairs of the household. At length she became exhausted and gradually sunk into a profound sleep.

During a full hour, Andrew Williams sat

gazing upon the calm, placid, yet attenuated features of his wife. Then, with a deep sigh, he rose from the stool on which he had been seated, extinguished the candle, and cautiously withdrew from the chamber. He descended the stairs, on tiptoe, to prevent the creaking of his footsteps, and stealthily advanced to the door of Hugh Simonson's apartment.

By the meagre light of a Japanese lamp, the robber was busily engaged in selecting from a chest, filled with mechanical tools and other implements, such articles as he deemed requisite in the prosecution of his scheme of plunder. He had, previous to the entrance of Williams, placed upon a table near him, a large bunch of keys, a dark lantern, a file, a screw-driver, a small hatchet, and two or three knives with blades of a peculiar description.

"These things look like hard work," said Hugh Simonson, as Williams approached and surveyed the formidable array of tools and keys, with an inquiring glance. "Ours is a trade as well as a profession, but it pays high wages."

"The wages of sin is death," muttered Williams, half unconsciously, in a low, husky tone. Simonson turned toward his neighbor, and said, sneeringly:

"How now, Williams, are you crazy?"

"The sentence came into my mind, from a chapter in the Bible, which I have just been reading to my wife."

"The Bible!" exclaimed the robber, chuckling with suppressed laughter. "Your studies will help you along vastly in the profession. But seriously, Williams, I doubt whether you have the pluck of a man, after all."

"Don't fear me, Simonson."

"The Bible!" muttered Hugh Simonson, several times. Then crossing the apartment toward a small closet he said to his associate: "Come and take a horn, Williams, and quit this cursed nonsense; we have got something to do."

The men pledged each other in silence, in a bumper of cogniac brandy, slightly diluted with water.

"It must be nearly midnight," observed Simonson, replacing the decanter and the empty tumblers in the closet, "and now for action!"

The robber returned to his former position and employment. He took a couple of large canvas bags from the wooden chest, and handed them to Andrew Williams.

"Roll them into as small a compass as possible, and thrust them into your coat pockets."

Williams followed his directions.

"Here are two iron bars," continued Simonson—exposing them to the view of his companion—which may come in play very usefully. You can tuck them into the sleeves of your coat, until we get out of the train, without awakening any of the building, passed into the street.

The night was intensely dark. The sky was covered with a pall of dense heavy clouds, through which not a single star manifested its twinkling rays. At the distance of six paces, the figure of a man was not discernible, in the open air, by the keenest vision, except within the narrow circles, partially illuminated by the street lamps. There was neither fog nor rain, but the senses were affected, unpleasantly, by the chilly dampness of the atmosphere.

Somewhat hurried by the implements of their unlawful trade, the robbers moved slowly onward by the most direct route to the corner of Broadway and Houston streets. The darkness of the night, intense—almost palpable—while it was highly favorable to the success of their enterprise, insensibly retarded its prosecution. At length, Hugh Simonson had made the most careful observation of the localities, the preceding afternoon, a quarter of an hour elapsed between the arrival of his companion and himself at the corner aforesaid, and the discovery of a narrow wooden gate or entrance in Houston street, which he had chosen as the first point of attack.

"This is the spot, Williams," whispered Simonson, at length, to his associate. "Hand me one of the bars. The gate is bolted on the inside but the bolt is an old shabby thing, which would yield to a child's strength. Keep a good look out for stragglers, Andrew, and we'll soon be out of harm's way."

The burglar took the iron bar which his comrade presented to him, and applied one end of it to a small crevice in the gateway. With a steady, yet moderate exercise of muscular power, he pried the edge of the gate toward him, until the fastenings of the bolt gave way and the gate itself swung freely upon its hinges. He opened it cautiously, and, seizing Williams by the arm, drew him quietly into the dark, narrow, passage-way. Closing it behind him with the same caution, he stood, for a minute or two, in a listening attitude by the side of his companion.

"This is a desperate dark place," murmured Williams, in low trembling tones.

"Black as pitch, neighbor," whispered the burglar; "but so much the better. Be quiet, and follow me."

"Had we not better give it up, Mr. Simonson?"

"Fool!" muttered the burglar, through his closed teeth.

Hugh Simonson took the lead through the narrow passage; feeling his way at every step. In a few moments he had safely reached a small yard or garden, in the rear of the building to which the passage-way belonged. He directed the attention of his comrade to a partition fence on the right, as they advanced, slowly, across the yard. Assisted by an oblong wooden box which they encountered accidentally, the men

climbered over the fence and pursued their promenade in the adjoining garden.

"One more fence, Williams," said Hugh Simonson, in a whisper, to his neighbor, "and the way is open."

These words had barely escaped the lips of the burglar, when Andrew Williams clasped his arm, and murmured in a voice tremulous with terror:

"We are lost—somebody is coming!"

"Silence, man."

A peculiar sound as of some person approaching, was distinctly heard. Simonson laid his hand upon his comrade's shoulder and whispered:

"Crouch upon the ground, Andrew. There is no danger that we shall be seen in this darkness."

The pattering of footsteps upon the gravelled walks of the garden grew more audible. The heart of Andrew Williams quaked with fear. He sank motionless upon the ground.

Presently, the low harsh growl of a mastiff, fell upon the ears of the listeners.

"Blast it is a dog," muttered Simonson, who had felt a slight degree of alarm at the previous sounds. "I am prepared for him."

The dog approached the burglars so nearly, that his white teeth and glaring eyes were visible amid the intense darkness of the garden. His growl was gradually increasing in loudness and harshness. It was evident that he was conscious of the presence of the intruders, and that the least movement of retreat on their part, would be the signal of attack from the ferocious animal.

At that moment, Hugh Simonson thrust his hand into his outer coat-pocket. The dog plunged toward him, barking loudly.

"Take that for your pains, and shut your ugly mouth," muttered the burglar, tossing a large piece of fresh butter's meat in the face of the mastiff. The bait was successful. The hungry animal growling over the delicious morsel, tore it into pieces and devoured it with savage eagerness.

"This way, neighbor," exclaimed Simonson, "we have gained time to scale the garden wall."

The hope of escape, gave new vigor to Andrew Williams. He rose from the ground without assistance or a second bidding, and followed Hugh Simonson.

The burglars soon arrived at the bottom of the garden, and felt their way along a brick wall, six or seven feet high, to the partition fence on their right. This fence was considerably lower than the wall, and they were able, without serious difficulty, to climb the fence and mount the garden wall, with still greater ease. Holding to the top of the wall with their hands, they swung themselves safely to the ground, on the opposite side.

A moment afterwards, they heard the low growl of the mastiff, still muzzling the remnant of his midnight meal. He was again upon the track of the burglars, and as they stood leaning against the wall and listening earnestly, they perceived by the direction of the sounds, that he was slowly approaching the junction of the wall and the partition fence. They moved not—scarcely breathed, lest their proximity should be betrayed to the acute senses of the dog. But the sagacious animal, apparently satisfied by his examination, that the intruders had left the premises of his master, did not remain long in the immediate vicinity. His movements became maddish; his growl died away, entirely, and a profound silence ensued, broken only by the hushed breathing of the watchers by the garden wall.

"Yonder is our game," at length whispered Hugh Simonson to his companion, shaking him gently by the shoulder.

The voice of Simonson caused Andrew Williams from a train of melancholy reflections. He was no longer sustained by the temporary firmness, which a combination of circumstances and feelings had imparted to his resolution. The danger which he had already beset him, convinced him that the path of crime was thorny and difficult to tread. He possessed little energy of character in the ordinary conflicts of the world, and was easily adapted to act as an accomplice in the examination of his neighbor's garden wall, did he long to be at home—the home of his sick wife and his slumbering children.

He turned his eyes toward the pile of buildings whose black outline was hardly distinguishable, in the darkness of the night. In front, every thing seemed to be buried in impenetrable obscurity. The faint glimmer of a lamp, from the upper story of a dwelling house, in a diagonal direction, was the only evidence which the eye could gather of the existence of the massive structure of brick and mortar which, on all sides, surrounded the burglars.

Suddenly, the dense cloud that veiled the earth in darkness parted, and a glimpse of starlight was visible for an instant. The next moment the eyes of the adventures were dazzled by the brilliancy of a falling meteor, and then the clouds rolled sluggishly together, and the earth was clothed with unrelief gloom.

"It is a warning of Providence," said Andrew Williams. "Let us turn back, Mr. Simonson."

"You forget the dog," muttered Hugh Simonson in reply.

Williams sighed heavily; but made no answer to this effective hint.

"If cowardice were catching," continued Simonson, "there would be no chance for us. What is there in a falling star? It shows us where we are, Andy, and I'll warrant it is a good omen."

"I have always heard to the contrary," said Williams, despondingly.

"Your sick wife, your starving children, Andy," whispered Hugh Simonson. "Courage for half an hour, and we shall be rich men."

With these words, by way of encouragement to his companion, Simonson left the shelter of the garden wall, and stole cautiously along the

gravelled footpath, which accident revealed to him. In a few minutes, he felt that he was treading upon a pavement of smooth flag stones, and moving on still more warily, he discovered at length, a descending flight of stone steps. One, two, three, four, five steps, and he stood upon a level surface, paved with brick.

"Halt! Andy," said Hugh Simonson, in tones scarcely louder than his ordinary breathing: "where are you?"

"Here," replied a low tremulous voice.

"Hold this lantern, till I can find a match. The house is still as death."

Williams took the lantern, in silence. Simonson thrust one hand into his trousers pocket, and drew forth a box of pepper matches—one of which he instantly lighted, by rubbing it gently against the end of the box. The flame was immediately communicated to the wick of a small lamp, in the dark lantern.

"Guard the opening of the lantern, thus," whispered the burglar to his associate, "so that only a glimmer of light shall escape, and hold it constantly toward me."

Such was the extreme caution and consideration of thoughtfulness of this man Simonson, accounted so rash and impetuous, by James Fogle.

Hugh Simonson commenced the examination of the premises. The paved area extended along a portion of the rear of the house, until it was terminated on the left by the wall of a smaller building, projecting from the main edifice in the direction of the garden. Above the area, was a plank roof, the door probably of a terrace or plaza, connected with the first story of the mansion.

The attention of the burglar was, however, principally directed to the means of egress. In the rear of the basement, bounded by the paved area, there were two windows, closed by wooden shutters, and a door. Simonson first attempted the door. Its unyielding solidity led him to judge that it was not only locked, but secured with bolts and bars. He next approached the windows. The opening of the window nearest the door, were firmly closed; but those of the second window yielded readily to a prying movement of his fingers. The window-sash proved to be securely fastened.

After a moment's reflection, Hugh Simonson returned to his comrade, took him by the arm and led him directly in front of the window. Then he drew from one of his pockets, a sharp single-bladed knife.

"A little more light, Andy."

By means of the knife the burglar succeeded, in a short time, in loosening and removing a pane of glass from the window-sash. He passed one hand through the opening and unfastened the catch or spring, attached to the upper surface. The sash glided freely upward.

The sill of the window was not higher than three feet from the pavement of the area. The burglars effected their entrance into the basement with little noise. The first act of Hugh Simonson, after the entrance of his comrade, Williams, was to close the window-shutters carefully.

"Open the door of the lantern widely," whispered Simonson.

"There is no danger, any longer, from the light."

It was a room of moderate size, containing a handsome carpet, a mahogany table, and half a dozen rosewood chairs. On the side opposite to the windows, were folding doors: one of which, was partially open. These doors butted, each of them, against a projection from the main wall of the edifice, standing as it were, in the centre of a broad passage-way, between the two rooms. The projections were of brick work, finished externally in the same style as the rest of the apartment, with hard walls and panel doors, grained in oak. They were evidently constructed as chambers or closets for the safe keeping of valuable articles.

Hugh Simonson advanced towards a side door which he rightly conjectured opened into the basement entry. He passed into the entry, followed by his associate who, surrounded no longer by the imaginary terrors of darkness had recovered his ordinary firmness.

"We will provide in time for our retreat," murmured Simonson, unlocking successfully the doors of the entry in front and rear; the keys of which, fortunately for his purpose, had been left in the lock; and removing the iron bars, noiselessly, from their sockets. He glanced up the stairway, leading to the main hall on the first floor of the mansion. The door, at the top, was closed. From the entry he went into the front apartment, unfastened and raised one of the window-sashes, and carefully slid back the bolt that secured the shutters.

He passed through the folding-doors into the other room, closing them after his companion.

"That is the closet where the metal is. The one to the right," said Simonson, in a louder voice than he had lately spoken.

"It is locked, isn't it?" eagerly inquired Andrew Williams.

"Locked," muttered Simonson, with a coarse sneer.

Disburdening himself of his implements, except the bunch of keys and the small file which he had drawn from his pocket, and still retained in his hands, the burglar approached the door of the closet. He tried key after key, unsuccessfully. The necessity of using the most vigilant precautions against noise, delayed his operations. After a great number of trials, he discovered a key which seemed to be intercepted in its action by the narrowness of one of its wards. He attempted to remedy the imperfection by filing away a portion of the solid metal.

While he was thus engaged, Andrew Williams interrupted him with a tremulous whisper.

"Don't you hear a noise, Mr. Simonson?"

"Nothing but the file and the thumping of

your heart," replied Simonson.

"I thought—"

"Hush! this is no time for thinking. Now for the lock."

Hugh Simonson placed the key in the aperture of the lock, and turned it with a gentle twist of the wrist. The bolt of the lock flew back, with a loud snap. Instantly the burglar opened the door of the closet.

The interior of the closet presented a glittering appearance. Costly services of plate, of the most exquisite workmanship, were ranged upon the shelves. Silver coffee-pots, tea-pots and sugar-dishes, cake-baskets of elegant fashion; silver trays, containing tea and table-spoons; richly chased goblets of gold and silver, and a variety of lesser articles were ranged upon the shelves, in a dazzling profusion.

"The bags, Williams," quickly muttered Simonson. "Set the lantern on the table and come hither."

Andrew Williams obeyed Simonson's directions, and took a position near the door of the closet, holding one of the canvas bags open at the top.

Hugh Simonson entered the closet, and grasped a couple of golden goblets.

"Gold before silver, always," he muttered, thrusting the goblets into his own pockets.

At that moment, Andrew Williams heard a slight noise, as of the jarring of a door, and turning a little to the right, he saw the figure of a man standing in the door leading to the basement entry.

Uttering a cry of agony, he sank upon his knees, pressed his hands to his forehead, and exclaimed: "Mercy! oh my poor wife!"

The shriek of his comrade, excited the alarm of Hugh Simonson. Looking round he perceived beyond his kneeling and terrified associate, not only the door of the basement entry, but others lately entering the apartment, through the folding-doors.

"By God," he exclaimed, "he has betrayed me!" shouted the ruffian.

The burglar, however, did not yield passively to the terror which had overcome his companion. Rushing from the closet, he flew towards the window by which he had entered the building.

"Surrender to the police!" exclaimed one of the strangers, intercepting him.

The ruffian replied with a blow, which sent the man reeling against the wall of the room. The delay of a moment, however, enabled the other policeman to seize the burglar. A violent scuffle ensued in the progress of which, Hugh Simonson and his antagonists fell together, upon the floor.

A deep groan suddenly burst from the lips of one of the struggling policemen, followed by the exclamation:

"The villain has stabbed me!"

With an effort almost superhuman, Hugh Simonson rose upon his feet, and, thrusting his antagonist, violently from him. The wounded man who had clung to him, notwithstanding the severity of his pain, sank, bleeding, upon the carpet. Simonson bounded through the folding-doors, towards the front window, threw back the window-shutters, and dashed through the open space with surpassing velocity. He had reached a paved area of less depth than in the rear of the building, which was protected in front by an iron fence. The burglar sprang upon the stone coping of the area, and resting his hands upon the upper rail, watched the act of swinging him self over the fence, into the street, when a stunning blow upon the head, from the round leaden ball of a loaded cane, struck him senseless. He fell heavily upon the stone pavement of the sidewalk—the impetus of his desperate effort to escape, enabling him to clear the fence entirely.

A squad of persons, bearing lanterns and torches, shouting and laughing came up at that moment.

"What is the row, neighbor?" inquired one of them, addressing a large man who was leaning over the prostrate burglar.

"I am a police officer, and this man is a thief," said the person addressed, turning for an instant toward the first speaker.

He had hardly finished the sentence, when two of the policemen from the interior of the building, made their appearance with Andrew Williams in custody.

"Put the iron on this scoundrel, Roberts," said the officer who had struck down Hugh Simonson.

"Ay, ay, Mr. Masters, here is a desperate fellow. He has stabbed Holmes, badly."

As the policeman raised Simonson from the pavement, he moved his hand, languidly, toward his head.

"Jack Hightyler," muttered one of the squad. "It is the fellow you punished, so severely, last night."

"The same, Tim. He is in 'better hands now."

Other policemen made their appearance; and the inmates of the dwellings in the neighborhood, alarmed by the noise, were flocking around the officers.

"More on boys!" exclaimed Jack Hightyler, in a tone of command; the fun is all over in this quarter."

Two hours afterwards, when Hugh Simonson recovered his consciousness, he was lying on a straw-bed in one of the cells of the Eighth Ward Station House—an arrested felon.

A lady in Cambridge, Mass., holds the pen with which Mr. Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation.

Chicago built twenty million dollars' worth of new buildings last year, had thirty miles of water pipes, twenty-one miles of Nicholson pavement, thirty miles of sidewalk and seven miles of sewers.



the fund. Day, he, and all such [illegible]



be able in the years to come, to prove life, beautiful and good, under the eye of the Loving Father.

#### The Condition of the First Society of Spiritualists of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

BY M. S. BROWN, M. D.

There is one feature in the constitution of the First Spiritualist Society here, to which I wish to draw the attention of your readers. The word moral is not in it. If principles are just, we consider them moral; but we know a great many people are considered moral, who are known to be very unjust. The popular meaning of the word is very different from the scientific or true meaning. A person cannot be considered truly moral unless he will give others the rights he claims for himself, upon the same principles by which he claims them. Justice demands this. Yet, according to popular notions, a person can hardly be moral who adopts this moral principle. So to avoid all mistakes and confusion in the meaning of words, we say that a person acts justly or unjustly, and thought it best to until a science of morals is adopted. We thought the word moral should be dropped from our language, and only used when defined especially, as the writer intends it to be understood. I wish to get the opinions of the writers for your paper upon this subject.

#### Phenomenal.

##### An Angel Visitant.

BY S. A. F.

BRO. JONES:—Permit me to start an inquiry relative to a certain phenomenon witnessed a few days since by my wife.

The phenomenon consisted of a visit from a certain angel or spirit, to our house, seemingly of a very bright and elevated order, possessing in addition to her common garb, what she had never before witnessed, the appendage of wings. (The wings seemed to be a part of the dress, and not connected with the body.)

Should I speak of the visitor in detail, it might not prove uninteresting.

Mrs. F. was engaged in her house work, as usual, in the fore part of the day, and alone. She heard at the sash door, a rustling sound, and stepping to the same, she beheld through the glass, before opening it, a most beautiful lady standing outside, with veritable wings, apparently waiting for the door to be opened that she might enter. The sound she heard, was made by those wings, for the purpose of attracting her attention. Mrs. F. opened the door and this fair visitor walked in without passing any words. Then she placed the rocking chair for her to sit in, but instead of taking the seat, she motioned with her hand for herself to take the chair, which motion Mrs. F. understood and complied with. As if by a preconcerted plan, her guardian, at this time, made herself present and visible. A lengthy conversation ensued between them, which Mrs. F. understood, and in this way discovered the object of the meeting with her.

When the object of the meeting was seemingly accomplished, this beautiful being arose from the chair she had obtained for herself, and stepped towards the door, which was understood to signify a desire to depart. Mrs. F. opened the door and after bestowing a parting kiss, the stranger stepped upon the stoop, took her departure in an upward easterly direction, without saying a word to her. Mrs. F.'s curiosity led her to follow her; she watched her until she was lost from her view in the distance.

Now, what I wish, is to ask the many readers of the JOURNAL if such phenomenon has ever been witnessed by them; or if they ever understood that the inhabitants of the higher spheres in spirit life, assume that appendage.

Hyde Park, January 24, 1869.

#### Voices From The People.

##### Letter from a Friend—Name Unknown.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Please find enclosed \$3.00 to aid in sending your paper to the poor.

A FRIEND.

REMARKS:—Thanks to our Spiritual friends in angel life; may they inspire many to do like noble deeds.

##### J. H. Powell in Terre Haute, Indiana.

BROTHER JONES:—I commenced my labors here yesterday, under promising conditions. The friends are all in earnest and equipped for battle. Our hall, belonging to Dr. Pence, a true Spiritualist, is capable of seating 300 persons.

A Lyceum is in course of formation, and I have no doubt whatever, will be inaugurated efficiently, and work well.

The two daily papers published here, have both liberally reported my inaugural lecture, the one giving my statement of rules, the other my poem. Will you kindly find room for them and let the Spiritualists around see what is being done at Terre Haute.

I am now prepared to answer calls for week evening lectures. Yours for the Truth,

J. H. POWELL.

Terre Haute, Indiana, Dec. 28th, 1868.

##### Letter from H. S. Brown, M. D.

Having finished the business, I will now state a few things regarding the status of Spiritualism in Milwaukee.

The old Progressive Lyceum has increased in numbers since the division, the 1st of January. It meets at Bowman's Hall at 2 P.M. every Sunday. The new Spiritualist's Lyceum meets at Silver's Hall every Sunday at 2 P.M. It had about the same number of children that used to attend the old Lyceum before the division, and all are working in harmony; but it has not yet been supplied with books and music, but expects to be, next Sunday. So the good work goes on. We have doubled the numbers in our Lyceums,

and more than doubled their influence for the good of the cause. We have one Spiritualist Society here, legally organized, enabling us to receive all the benefits which the laws afford to religious organizations. Mr. J. L. Potter is the speaker, who is not only doing a good work here, but during the week, visits towns on the lines of the railroad, and as a missionary worker, he is building up societies, and already there is a larger field than he can fill, and other workers are wanted.

If the Spiritualists in the towns in Southern Wisconsin, will inform us of their needs, it will enable us to systematize a plan whereby they can be furnished with speakers.

H. S. BROWN, M. D.

##### Dr. A. B. Wheeler's Disappointment.

MR. EDITOR:—I became a subscriber for your RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, for three months. When I subscribed for it, I had the impression it was a paper containing Beecher's Sermons, but instead, I find it to be a Spiritualist paper, advocating the doctrine of Spiritualism in its worst form, and which I utterly condemn and despise. You will, therefore, please discontinue your paper, as I do not want my name on one again. Respectfully,

A. B. WHEELER.

Washington, Iowa, Feb. 1st, 1869.

REMARKS:—You were right in your position that we publish Dr. Henry Ward Beecher's Sermons. He is a great favorite with our friends in the spirit life.

The old Jews looked for the Messiah, and when he came in the form of the gentle Nazarene, they denied him, and would have nothing to do with him. So when the glowing words of Dr. Beecher and many other inspired speakers, are sent to you upon the pages of the beautiful RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, you, like the old Jews, reject it. It doesn't come under the seal of old Orthodoxy. My dear brother, it is a great misfortune to a man or woman to be a bigot. She is blind, she cannot see; she is deaf, she cannot hear; she has no brains, and cannot think!

The paper we send you is paid for, for three months. If you will profit by our suggestions, and read the JOURNAL, (we shall send it to you,) during that time, you will be a wiser and better man. Think of it, dear brother. Think how you are "grieving the spirit," per se, of a loved companion, child, father, mother or some other dear friend who has passed to the sphere of spirit life and who would be so happy to cheer and comfort you in your lonely home, with loving words from the home of the blest. "Prove all things," hold fast to that which is good.

##### Letter from Wm. Paul.

THE JOURNAL is almost a necessity our acquaintance is maturing, and our companionship is becoming inseparable. The Frontiers and Inner Life Departments are preeminently good, interesting, and consolatory. We rarely peruse the effusions from the Summer Land without due instruction and profit.

Occasionally we find a recent importation, slightly discontented and longing for earth life: this to me, is inexplicable. If the beauties of the Summer Land bear a tinge of the splendor imputed, I should manifest no desire for a change of habitation. I should rejoice that the weary spirit is at rest; expanding and developing in soul, and divorced from the privations, trials, sorrows, and cares of life; always basking in eternal bliss and happiness; and with congenial and loved associates, treading the ambrosial bowers, and feasting on the exquisite, varied and delightful scenery.

Oh, brother, how we cling to earth, its follies, temptations, vanities and allurements, when the glories of futurity, in all their transcendent splendor, bid us look beyond terrestrial scenes.

"We are reminded that the world is as we make it." It is preeminently as rulers, oppressors, warriors, and heroes have made it; and deception, war and hypocrisy are the lesser vices promulgated by those whose authority is limited. The earth is only beginning to become a desirable habitation. Said vices will have, in a manner accomplished their deplorable mission, when the hideous monstrosities, in the shape of hereditary, constitutional and chronic diseases, are dethroned and dissipated; then we may look forward to human perfection, and the ultimate dawn of truth and concord.

That happy epoch, generations yet unborn shall behold. I shall never witness the enchanting sight. "What is right," we are told; but it is peculiarly trying and harassing for an invalid to be near health's portals at times; wonderfully relieved, and having a foretaste of the few delights of life; and then be rudely thrust back to darkness and gloom. Were I in the realms above, my recurrences to earth-life would even there, induce horror.

WM. PAUL.

REMARKS:—It is a notable fact, and a subject for reflection, that occasionally a spirit communicating to mortals, expresses sorrow for the change he or she has passed through, and wishes that it had been his or her lot to have remained longer upon the material plane of life. Hence, we get knowledge of the variety of feeling and powers of appreciation, even in spirit life. That which is lovely and beautiful to one, is the reverse with another. Home-sickness, so called, is an every day occurrence with multitudes in this life, in spite of beautiful and attractive surroundings; even so, in spirit life, if such is the tendency of the mind, until the natural attractions of that life, and the kind offices of guardian angels overcome such feelings in a similar manner to that of earth life.

Indeed, it is a fact, that the messages from the Inner Life are giving us more light upon the nature and condition of spirit life, than could be obtained in any other manner.

Fifty years hence Americans will be unable to understand the meanness of this epoch. The prejudice of race will have passed away. There will be but one race, and one glory—Radical.

#### For the Religio-Philosophical Journal.

##### To the Secretary of the Minnesota State Association of Spiritualists.

During the month of January, much has transpired in my peregrinations, of interest in our cause.

Lectured, New Years eve, in Vernon, on temperance. Could not have the church, because I was a Spiritualist, but the large school house was literally crowded with eager listeners.

I only regretted that many of our church members could not be seated, and the rest so uncomfortably crowded; but perfect order and quiet continued throughout the audience, and when, after speaking an hour on temperance, I gave liberty for questions, a voice said, "Tell us something of Spiritualism."

I may be allowed to, I replied, as we have the school house, and it is devoted to progression. After taking half an hour, a liberal collection was taken, and an orthodox walked up to me and said: "Mrs. Logan, I believe you to be an earnest, and true worker, although we differ in our theology, yet, take this," handing me money, and at the same time said, "Good speed in your work—hope you will revisit us soon."

Brother A. Colton, member of the legislature, last winter, had made arrangements for lectures in Winnebago City. The hall was crowded. Gave three lectures and also liberty for questions. A Baptist Minister and others, asked questions, which, thanks to the angels, seemed to be answered satisfactorily.

Then I went to Blue Earth City, and gave two lectures on Spiritualism, and one on Temperance, and established a "Star Army."

I lectured in Pool's school house, two evenings, to an orthodox audience; also at Verona school house, where they had just closed a protracted meeting, and it was like beating against the wall to speak to their benighted minds.

Brother Colton brought me to Fairmount, to the pleasant home of Mr. Andrew's. The only place of meeting is in a large school house, in which the Free Will Baptists were holding a series of meetings; but the Elder said that the Infidels asked him for the house for lectures, that if the district voted that evening after the close of their meeting, to let us have the house, they of course, would have to give way; whereupon they marshaled all their forces, and the Free Thinkers theirs, and we had the majority. I lectured on Spiritualism two evenings. A minister was in attendance, and took the stand after me, and made each point in my lecture appear as ridiculous as possible, whereupon a church member, (an intelligent lady,) exclaimed, "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Elder, to treat this lady's lecture as you do. We can take no exceptions to what she has said." I knew that she was influenced, and it was but a fulfillment of the prophecy which I had just made, that mediums would, and had already become so unfolded in clairvoyance that they could read the thought and contents of the heart.

I proposed to lecture on Temperance, and to establish a Star Army on the third evening, but they much preferred a lecture on Woman's Rights. The house was crowded and much applause given. The Lyceum desired me to stay and aid them in the affirmative of their question the next evening which was, "Whatever is right."

The best conveyance the town afforded, brought me back to my appointment at Winnebago, and there unexpectedly to myself, gave a temperance lecture.

Whole amount in collections, and subscription during this month, \$52.71

Expenses, 3.25

Balance, \$49.46

Mrs. F. A. LOGAN, Agent for the Spiritual Association of Men.

##### Illinois State Association of Spiritualists—Report of Dr. E. C. Dunn for Dec., 1868.

At the close of the month of Nov., feeling the need of rest from arduous labors in the central and southern parts of the state where I had been speaking, for the two months previous, I took my way homeward where I intended to spend the most of the month, and especially the holidays, for the first time in three years, with my family. But ere the month was half passed, the missionary cry came from abroad for help, and finding that while the world needed my services, I could not be idle; at the close of the second week, I took my leave of home, making my first stopping place at Elroy on the line of the Illinois Central R. R. I believe I found only two avowed Spiritualists in the place. Mrs. E. G. Jones, a very estimable lady, with whom I stopped, is entitled to much credit for her untiring zeal in the cause. Realizing the presence of her friends who are sojourners in the Spirit Land, of which her husband is a representative, and feeling the guidance and presence of her sainted loved one, she feels anxious to bring others to a knowledge of the glorious truth which is a solace to her in her hours of sorrow.

In Elroy, I delivered a course of three lectures receiving for the same ten dollars. From this place I went to Warren, found a few earnest souls banded together for the advancement of the glorious cause of the angels. Here, I gave a course of five lectures, awakening great interest in the cause and a good deal of uneasiness in the ranks of the pseudo saints, the interest in the lectures increasing until the hall was not sufficient to contain the anxious seekers after truth. The friends in Warren paid me for the lectures, giving twenty-five dollars.

Money received for the month of December: From Elroy, \$10.00

From Warren, 25.00

Total, \$35.00

##### How to Prevent Gray Hairs.—Keep the head closely shaved, or apply the PATENT MAGIC COMB, just as you choose, both processes are equally effectual.

Over a million of the marriageable ladies of England are living to-day in a state of enforced celibacy.

#### Our Children.

"A child is born: now take the germ and make it a kind of neutral being. Let the dew of knowledge, and the light of virtue, wake it."

In richest fragrance and perfume break it from its mother's breast, and it shall live All power to charm; but if that lovely flower Hath swelled one pleasure, or endured one pain, O how shall say that it has lived in vain!"

From the Hostess Banner.

##### December Snow.

Child December snow is falling, Falling fast and cold and drear; Falling on the leaves of autumn, Covering up their brown and bare.

Child December snow is falling, Falling fast, and cold, and clear; Falling on the graves of loved ones, Coldly hiding treasures dear.

Child December snow is falling, Round the homes of want and woe; Children crying, Mother's prayers, Falling fast, December snow.

O December! Snow has fallen, Leaves of autumn covered o'er, Hidden graves within the churchyard, Hearts made desolate and sore.

Warmer skies shall come at spring-time, Verdant leaves to fresh the sight, Little graves grow green with water-lilies, Happy homes from mournful night.

Alas, there is a gloomy spring-time, Where the graves shall never fail; Where no little graves are rounded; Where no warm comes at all.

Alas, there is a kind of summer, Where no sunbeams glow so bright, Where no roses of cold December, 'Tis all a cruel, cruel sight.

We shall see that golden sunlight; We shall know our loved ones well; We shall hear most sweetest music Ever more with kindred bell.

In that land of golden sunlight, With our dear ones, loved so well.

##### The Monkey and the Hawk.

The cook of a French nobleman, whose chateau in the south of France, had a monkey which was allowed the free range of the kitchen, and which was so intelligent that by severe trainings its natural propensity to mischief had been subdued, and it was even taught to perform certain useful services, such as plucking fowls for instance, at which it was uncommonly expert. One fine morning a pair of partridges was given it to pluck. The monkey took them to an open window, which looked directly upon the park, and went to work with great diligence. He soon finished one, which he laid on the outer ledge of the window, and then went quietly on to the other. A hawk, which had been watching his proceedings from a neighboring tree, darted down upon the plucked partridge and in a minute was up in the tree again, greedily devouring his prey.

The consternation of the monkey at this untoward adventure may be easily imagined. He knew he should be severely whipped for losing it. He hopped about in great distress for several minutes, when suddenly a bright thought struck him. Seizing the remaining partridge, he went to work with great energy, and stripped off the feathers. He then laid it on the ledge, just where he had placed the other, and closed the shutters of the window, and hid himself behind it. The hawk, which by this time had finished his meal, very soon swooped down upon the partridge; but hardly had his claw touched the bird when the monkey sprung upon him from behind the shutter. The hawk's head was instantly wrung, and the monkey with a triumphant chuckle, proceeded to strip off the feathers.

This done, he carried the two plucked fowls to his master, with a confident and self-satisfied air, which seemed to say, "Here are two birds, sir, just what you gave me."

What the cook said, on finding one of the partridges converted into a hawk, is more than we are able to tell.

##### SPEAKERS' REGISTER.

PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

(To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves lecturers to promptly notify the Editor of changes whenever they occur. This column is intended for Lecturers only, and it is so rapidly increasing in numbers that we are compelled to restrict it to the simple address, leaving particulars to be learned by special correspondence with the individuals.)

Harrison Angier, Calamus, Clinton Co., Iowa.

C. Fannie Allen, Stoughton, Mass.

Mrs. N. K. Andrews, trance speaker, Dalton, Wis.

Mrs. M. K. Anderson, trance speaker, Deunion, Mass., P. O. Box 48.

Mrs. Orrin Abbott, developing medium, 127 south Clark-st. room 16.

J. Madison Allen speaks in Elkhart, Indiana, until further notice.

J. Marion Alexander, trance speaker, Chicago, Illinois.

Charles A. Andrus, Yonkings, Mich.

J. O. Allen, Springfield, Mass.

Dr. A. T. Ames. Address box 2001, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Anna E. Allen, 147 West Washington street, Chicago.

Joseph Allen, Editor of the Spiritualist, Janesville, Wis.

Wm. Bush, 163 South Clark St., Chicago.

J. P. Benson, Joplet, Mich.

Rev. J. O. Barrett, Espenoy, Ill.

Dr. James K. Bailey, Palmyra, Michigan.

Dr. Barnard, Lansing, Mich. Lectures upon Spiritualism and scientific subjects.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes. Address 87 Spring street, East Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. A. P. Brown, 87 Johnsonbury Center, Vt.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown. P. O. Drawer 5666, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. E. F. Jay Bullen, 181 West 11th street, New York.

Mrs. Nellie J. C. Brigham, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.

Mrs. M. A. C. Brown. Address, West Randolph, Vt.

Addie L. Ballou. Address Mankato, Minn.

Wm. Bryan. Address box 36, Camden P. O., Mich.

Mrs. B. H. Brewster, trance speaker, Address, Almond, Wis.

J. H. Bickford, Charlestown, Massachusetts.

Warren Chase, 54 Broadway, New York.

Dean Clark. Permanent address, 24 Wamsell street, Lowell, Mass.

Mr. Cowen, Rt. Charles, Ill.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier. Address, box 515, Lowell, Mass.

H. T. Child, M. D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. P. Cox, M. D. Address Box 1274, Ottawa, Ill.

S. C. Child, Spiritualist, Springfield, Frankfort, Ohio.

Mrs. Dr. Wm. Crane. P. O. Box 635, Elkhart, Indiana.

Thomas Cook's lecture is Drawer 6028, Chicago, Ill.

Albert E. Carpenter. Address care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. A. H. Coffey, Trance speaker, Lowell, Lake Co., Ind.

Dr. J. R. Doty, Stockton, Ill.

Miss Lizzy Doty. Address Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston.

Henry Durgin. Permanent address, Cardington, Ohio.

George Dutton, M. D., Rutland, Vt.

Andrew Jackson Davis can be addressed at Orange, N. J.

Mrs. E. De Lamar, trance speaker, Quincy, Mass.

Dr. E. O. Dunn, lecturer, can be addressed at Rockford, Ill.

Mrs. Eliza Howe Fuller, inspirational speaker, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. Maudie B. Fowler. Address, Saxtonville, Wis.

A. T. Fox, Manchester, N. H.

N. S. Greenleaf, Lowell, Mass.

Isaac I. Greenleaf. Address for the present 22 Washington street, Chelsea, Mass., or at office.

Mrs. Laura Lee Greenleaf, San Francisco, Cal.

E. Greenleaf, author of "Biography of Satan." Address Richmond, Ind.

Laura De Force Gordon, will lecture in the State of Nevada till further notice. Permanent address, Treasure City, White Pine District, Land Co., Nevada.

Dr. P. G. Griggs. Address, 1225 Fort Wayne, Ind.

H. L. Goodwin, lecturer, Kirkwood, Mo.

O. H. Hazlett, Mass. Mania, Wis.

D. H. Hall, inspirational speaker, Fairfield, Iowa.

Dr. H. Henry Houghton. Address, West Park, Maine.

Miss Julia J. Hubbard. Address, Cumnor street, Boston.

Mease Hull, Holart, Lake County, Ind.

Mrs. S. A. Horton, 24 Wamsell street, Lowell, Mass.

Miss Nellie Hayden. Address No. 20 Wilmet street, Worcester, Massachusetts.

Mrs. F. G. Hyatt, 122 E. Madison street, Baltimore Md.

Dr. A. Hunt will receive calls to lecture Sunday, Cold Water, Michigan.

Dr. E. B. Holden, North Chatham, Vt.

W. A. D. Hume. Address West Side P. O., Cleveland, O.

D. H. Hume, M. D. Address 204 Walnut street, Chicago.

Lyman C. Howe, inspirational speaker, Lucas, N. Y.

Charles Holt, Warren, Warren Co., Pa.

Mrs. S. Townsend Hoadley, Bridgeport, Vt.

Dr. William Jordan, speaker, Wake, Michigan.

Wm. H. Johnson, Curry, Pa.

Dr. P. T. Johnson, lecturer, Ypsilanti, Mich.

W. F. Jamieson, inspirational speaker, Belvidere, Ill.

Abraham James, Pleasantville, Yonkers Co., Pa., box 24.

H. A. Jones, Espenoy, Ill.

E. Jones, Drawer 6028, Chicago.

Dr. G. W. Kirby, speaker. Address this office.

George F. Kittidge, Buffalo, N. Y.

O. P. Kellogg, East Randolph, Ashland Co., O.

Ir. S. King, trance speaker, care of Joseph Smith, P. O. Box 1118, Indianapolis, Ind.

J. S. Loveland Monmouth, Ill.

M



## Religio-Philosophical Journal

CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 27, 1889.

OFFICE 84, 86 &amp; 88 DEARBORN ST., 3d FLOOR.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION,  
JOHN W. SMITH, S. S. JONES,  
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S. S. JONES, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the editorial  
Department of this paper, should be addressed to S. S.  
Jones. All business letters to John W. Smith,  
84, Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Pen is mightier than the Sword.

## "GOD IS LOVE"—WHAT IS LOVE?

How little the world understands its true nature or significance. "God is love," comes welling up not only from the Bible, but from the rippling streams, the vast fields, the high mountains, the turbulent ocean, and lastly from the human heart. Love, what art thou? Poets have revelled in your ample folds, drank in the sweet incense that ever emanates from you, kissed your sweet lips, and gazed admiringly at your features all aglow with the divine attributes of the great fountain, "God is love." Notwithstanding all this, how few understand its true nature or significance. The mother with her darling child, the young man with his beau-ideal of life, the old, tottering near the grave—every one—are constantly feeling within their interior nature, the pulsations of this—what? Without this element fully developed within men or women, what are they? They are destitute of any sunshine in their souls; they do not enjoy life as they should, but full of ridiculous angularities, selfish and exacting, they pass through life without having lived at all. Their life in one sense is a blank. Better be born blind, deaf and dumb, or limbless, than destitute of this ennobling quality, the essence of the "God is love."

Among the ancient philosophers, we find the love-element developed to a wonderful degree in the person of Socrates. From his whole soul seemed to emanate, like so many rays of light, this divine element. He spoke of pure love as the diamond of the human mind, the brightest jewel in the casket of God's attributes. Yet, he with all his wisdom, was unable to define it, or give a solution of its divine qualities.

The philosopher, the statesman, the divine, as well as the humblest peasant, are subjects of its demands. When Benjamin Franklin first saw the lady to whom he was afterward united in marriage, this element, love, set its intricate machinery in motion, and soon he was basking in the sunshine of its wonderful influence. During his eventful career on earth, he had drawn electricity from the murky cloud when surging waters were passing to and fro in the sky, felt the sublimity and grandeur of God's vast universe, but when stricken down, as it were, by a something, a latent power of which he knew nothing, he did not attempt to philosophize, but went to bed. Thus it has ever been. Washington did not enjoy fully the divine effects of this wonderful element, for the lady on whom it was first concentrated, he could not obtain in marriage.

More potent in its action than electricity, more driving in its attributes than steam, more exacting in its demands than the worst tyrant, more varied in its manifestations of power than any chemical compound in existence, it invades every house, it penetrates the muddy bowels as well as the palatial residence, affects the peasant as well as the king. It is infinite in its wonderful manifestations of power. We wonder not that poets have personified this bewitching element, making a man of it—oh, not a beautiful angel, her countenance all aglow with purity; her eyes glistening with the radiance of her divine mission; her features illuminated with a bright, pure smile! No wonder that poets have bowed in humble adoration before her, and in sweetest verse, sang her praise. It is natural that they should do so. And as much as you may scout the idea, if any are so foolish, as to do it, there is an infinite element of love, for God himself is love, and how could it be otherwise than infinite? To define love, then, would consist of a full understanding of Deity; therefore, do not look for a full interpretation of this wonderful element. Like the ancient philosopher, who, while gathering a few pebbles on the sea shore, caught a faint glimpse of infinity before him—we stand in the same relation to God and nature, as this ancient philosopher did to the sands of the sea; we are all picking up a pebble here and there, and by so doing catch a glimpse of the vast fields beyond.

Although we cannot give you a full and complete analysis of this living element, for it has an existence as such, just as much as earth, water or air, yet we shall examine it, if only by so doing, we catch but a glimpse of its wonderful powers and grandeur.

Starting out from this stand-point, that "God is love," and that he is infinite in nature and capabilities—and that the exercise of this element, is only the workings of God himself in each individual, we propose to show how his wonderful powers are manifested and what makes them known. Allow us to say, however, that the savage in his leafy home, or the Esquimaux in the polar regions, knows as little of love, really, as the filthiest hog understands the wonderful mechanism of the starry regions. In savage man, love is of the lower, order—it might be mistaken for lust. The love of the savage, and the love of the wise sage of the spirit world, how great the difference! how wonderful the contrast! The love kiss in the spirit world is ecstatic in the extreme, for as man progresses this element unfolds itself in the spiritual organization, but little thought of at the present time. It is boundless in its sources of enjoyment, for it is infinite in its nature.

The man or woman who don't love, knows nothing of God, for he is the essence of love. However, there is no such person as that. This love-element permeates every soul. It is the blood of the affections, as essential to their existence as the blood is to the physical organization. In some it is thin and weak and many times is impregnated with scrofula, as it were, causing eruptions to show itself on the affections, the same as it sometimes manifests itself on the body. The licentious have this diseased blood, as it were, circulating within their affectional nature, and it is impossible for them to love truly, purely, nobly. Their affectional nature is diseased, and love, therefore, can not manifest through it, its transcendent qualities.

As manifested in earth's children, what is love, and how is its presence known? Like our appetite, or any function of the organization, it requires the constant care of reason, that it may be kept in a healthy state, and its true nature understood. In the peculiar manifestations of its own inherent powers, it is productive, many times, of very strange results. It induces insanity; it causes its disappointed devotees to commit suicide; it imparts zeal, patriotism, and a strong desire to accomplish some particular result, and, indeed, there is, seemingly, no end to its varied manifestations of power.

The man without his love nature in action, knows nothing of the pleasures of life, and is not of any benefit to himself or humanity; but when diseased, as it many times is, in the licentious—its works are far from being commendable. Like a river swollen by snow and rain, it breaks over its embankment, and destroys the surrounding country, so does this love-element of our nature when diseased, or misdirected, throw a dark shadow over our whole life. This element is really incorporated in the physical structure of man. The blood is more attenuated than the bones or flesh; the magnetism that is incorporated in every part of the body is more subtle than the blood; the nerve aura is still finer in its make-up than magnetism; and finally, the love-element, the most sublimated element in the organism, sits upon the throne of man's quintuplicate nature, the brightest, purest, noblest monarch in existence! an off-shoot of the GREAT I AM, for God is love! The most subtle, yet it possesses the most power, and is most wonderful in all its results. Its vibrations are the sweetest music to the soul, for all knowledge, all sensations are result of vibration. No sound could be heard, no object seen, no taste experienced with out this vibration which is constantly going on in all creation. Whenever this love-element in nature vibrates, you feel at once the effects thereof.

The mother when she imprints a kiss on her darling child, when lovers separate and exchange a parting salute, when friends meet with a cordial shake of the hand, this love element within the nature commences to vibrate and you feel the effects thereof at once. In one sense, mankind are selfish, and it is right that they should be so. They live for effects. They love for results! They weep for the soothing effects upon the sorrows of the soul. In pure love, the vibrations are perfect, and no jars follow.

## SOROSIS—WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION IN CHICAGO.

It is, doubtless, pretty generally known that there are two distinct organizations of the Sorosis in this city, each of which held a convention last week. One of them was largely attended; the other but moderately so. Near the close of the second day, a resolution was offered in the smaller, to accept an invitation from the larger, to unite with them, which motion prevailed; whereupon, the minority of the lesser-convention claimed that such a course would be a sacrifice of principles and immediately reorganized, with a new chairman, and perfected the original object of the convention. The larger convention did the same thing—no more—no less. Each organization has a newspaper; that of the larger convention is known as the Sorosis; the organ of the smaller, CHICAGO SONOSIS.

The public are not very well advised of the *causis belli*, but they are both recognized as belligerents.

The larger of the two conventions was very much under the control of priests of the different orders, hence, some severe blows were struck, to say nothing of the depth of the wounds inflicted—no deaths as yet, although one Universalist clergyman, who was an active member in the lesser convention, has been arraigned since, before a grave tribunal of Universalist clergymen! This, however, is not the result probably, of the course pursued by the Rev. gentlemen at the Sorosis Convention. He is young and talented, calls out large congregations, and casts the lesser lights in his order, (those who claim the right to prefer charges, set upon his trial and pronounce judgment upon him,) into the shade. But we will speak more of this by and by. The Sorosis is our theme just now.

The gentle Anna Dickinson wielded her Damascus blade to good effect. She and the Rev. Robt. Laird Collier were pitted against each other in single combat. The gentleman did not see things exactly in the Sorosis light. He got his eyes opened, however, by the aid of the blade of the gentle Anna. She, in turn, learned something of the reality of the practical workings of "woman's rights," by the thrusts of the Damascus steel of the Rev. Robert Laird.

On the whole, it was, taking into consideration the workings of the two conventions, one grand success.

It was fully demonstrated that these Sorosis Conventions can be managed as adroitly by women, as other political conventions have been by old hacks, of the opposite gender. Another feature is worthy of note, viz: The priests and lesser lights among the candidates for office, are on hand to unite with the new party, knowing, perhaps, that they lose nothing by so doing.

Maybe some fragments of the leaves and fishes will fall to their share. However, all may be honest; we will not pretend to judge. Certainly, the best feature, as a guarantee that the movement will eventually be a success, and that principles will come out uppermost, is that the lesser convention would not be sold out, overawed nor betrayed; but when the trying moment came, they adhered to their principles and sifted out all that were too light to be counted solid workers.

We pass no opinion in regard to the merits of the one convention over the other. We simply admire the *spunk* of the lesser convention and say, God-speed both in all good and noble deeds.

## "ANSWER NOT A FOOL ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY, LEST HE BE WISE IN HIS OWN CONSCIENCE."

We received the following by mail:  
"Please answer the following questions through your columns. Who am I? My age? When born? Have I a brother, sister, father, mother, grandmother, or grandfather in the spirit-land? What was my mother's maiden name? Am I married or single?  
If you can answer these, please tell the name of the spirit that does it."

SUBSCRIBER.

Old theology has, in the past, taught the doctrine that those who pass from this sphere of life to heaven, find themselves upon a plane of life where no further acquisitions in knowledge are necessary. One eternal palm-singing, or thumping of golden harps, is the never-ending occupation.

One of this class of believers can, at once, be recognized by the tenor of thought manifested in his letters. He seems to think that if spirits can control mediums to communicate at all, they can tell all about his mother, grandfather, grandmother, and other relatives, and also the name of an anonymous writer, and whether he wrote with a goose quill, or some other kind of a pen.

This is not very much to be wondered at, when we consider the dimensions of an orthodox heaven, as per Biblical measurement.

The writer is yet in theological bondage, awe, ignorance. We are happy to say that the philosophy of Spiritualism, will eventually redeem him and all others of his limited views, in regard to the number and condition of those in spirit life, from much mental darkness. Then he will realize the fact that his letter of inquiry is about as definite, and as likely to get an answer, as Pat O'Flannagan, of Ireland, was, when he wrote to his brother, addressing him as, "Brother Mike, United States of America."

## TUNNELING IN CHICAGO.

The Chicago Sunday Times of the 17th inst., under the caption of "Men and Muskrats," offers some facetious remarks on the subject of tunneling.

Chicago furnishes, probably, the most advantageous field for the pursuit of this interesting branch of scientific investigation. The relation between men and muskrats is more obvious in Chicago than anywhere else. It is traceable not only in the anatomical structure, but in the habits and occupations of the two species. The muskrat was first to discover the admirable adaptability of the site of Chicago to the construction of tunnels. He was the first engineer that introduced the plan of tunneling. Chicago river. His cousin-german, the present inhabitants of Chicago, have only executed the plan on a somewhat larger scale. And, it is not to their honor it must be said, they have neglected to give him due credit for his invention. In the spirit of self-exaltation, they have inscribed his own name in profusion on the Chicago tunnels, but have ignored that of the original inventor. It is the common fate of genius.

Further on, the remarks take a more practical shape and assume a more business-like bearing, and allude to the subject or idea of tunneling for the various railroads which now, or may hereafter center in this city. We quote: "Another of Mr. Muskrat's Chicago relations now comes forward with a proposition to introduce Mr. Muskrat's system of tunneling in Chicago on a grander scale than ever. The proposition is nothing less than to convert the whole bed of Chicago river into one grand and stupendous tunnel for the accommodation of the numerous railways that enter Chicago. The execution of this project would remove the railway-tracks from the surface and place them under ground, where the Chicago muskrat thinks they ought to be. At a central point, a little north of the present Lake Street bridge, a grand subterranean depot, or muskrat-house, would be erected, where all the different lines would converge and unite.

The idea is a prodigious one. It is a scheme worthy of the engineering genius of Chicago; or rather, worthy of the engineering genius of the muskrats that preceded the present race of tunnel-builders in Chicago. It is worthy of commendation, not only for the facilities it would offer to the railways, but for the innumerable advantages it would confer upon Chicago.

Grand and stupendous as the scheme may seem, we wish to record it as our honest conviction, that within twenty-five years it will be put into practical operation.

As a reason for these subterranean passages for our rail-roads, it further says:

Chicago is growing rapidly. Engineer Chesbrough—the present chief official representative of the old muskrat race of tunnel-makers—estimates that, in 1883, the city will contain a million of inhabitants. So many people will occupy a good deal of ground, if they be limited to surface occupancy. The city, already, is spreading out in a rather promiscuous fashion over the surrounding prairies. City distances have become so great as to occasion not a little inconvenience to men who do business in the center, and have their homes in the suburbs. What, then, must be the inconveniences in 1883?

But all this may be obviated by a general adaptation of the muskrat system. With that system inaugurated, Chicago need not spread over any more surface. Instead of the present center, and have their homes in the suburbs, they may be reduced to two divisions, the upper division and the under division.

## WINNEBAGO, ILLINOIS.

Our friends are delirious of having speakers call and lecture when passing near the above-named town.  
Address, Reuben Alworth, Esq.

## WHERE THE MONEY GOES.

One of the officers of the "American Association of Spiritualists," boasts of receiving seventy-five dollars per month, from that Association. Rather an expensive Institution! Well, it is none of our special business, inasmuch as we have not, nor do we intend to pay an initiation fee, nor a yearly contribution of five dollars per annum, for membership, as required by the articles of organization.

We now begin to see why the wire-pullers at our late Springfield convention, required members of the Illinois State Association of Spiritualists, in order to hold their membership, to support the American Association.

As soon as we can get the thirteen names that composed the delegates to the Springfield Convention, we intend to publish them. For some, probably, in going the proceedings of that meeting, at Springfield, Ill., published, (in an interior town in Michigan,) did not see fit to give the names nor number of delegates. His laudations were profuse; facts which should make up a record, few.

## THREE MONTHS FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

If each one of our friends would set themselves at work for one day, they could induce from twenty to one hundred in every town, to try the JOURNAL for three months, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS EACH; a large portion of whom would become permanent subscribers. Think of it, friends. How easy it would be to fill up your ranks and become strong, if the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, was weekly placed in the hands of fifty or a hundred of your best thinkers.

If you wish to become strong, bend your energies to the promulgation of the truths of our philosophy in all its branches among the masses. A good weekly newspaper, devoted to that subject, widely circulated among the people, will make it an easy matter to support lectures and lyceums. We ask our friends everywhere, new and old subscribers, to give us a few hours each of their time, in presenting our proposition to their neighbors. On our part, we will guarantee to give you a weekly visitor, that all who receive will be proud to exhibit it.

## DR. J. C. WONDER.

Writes to us from Milwaukee, giving in detail an account of his travels, seances, and diagnosis of diseases.

The good work, brother, is going bravely on, and we are glad you are so earnest in your efforts to spread a knowledge of our beautiful philosophy.

## KEOKUK, IOWA.

Dr. D. B. Zera writes us that the harvest is ripe at the above named place. Lecturers take notice.

Read the article taken from the *American Artisan*, found in another column, concerning the patent Magic Comb, which we fully endorse.

## Literary Notices.

"The Gospel of Good and Evil," by Joseph S. Silver.

This work consists of a hundred and thirty-two short essays, designed, as the author says, "To illustrate the nature and uses of the various evils, each treated separately."

It is not often that we open a book of greater intrinsic merit, than this. The writer seems to grasp the inherent nature of good and evil, and carefully analyzes the same, coming to the sensible conclusion, "that good and evil are convertible terms, and that each is necessary to the existence of the other."

Each essay is complete in itself, the subject of the same being so critically and carefully examined, that nothing more is necessary to be said in reference to it.

Physical evils are first examined and defined. In so doing, however, he wisely refers to nature as "a system of violence, one thing driving another; and it is by the equipoise of checks and balances that order is maintained and perpetually insured." "From this," he says, "we derive the first hint; that we must go through evil to enjoy good; that evil is a contending force necessary to give to goodness life and motion."

There are several reasons why this book will be read with pleasure and profit. Any disquisition that harmonizes as it were, the contending forces of nature, and the seeming good and evil that pervades society, should be hailed as a "Savior," by those who are anxious to arrive at the truth, and thereby comprehend the manifestations of Deity.

For sale at this office. Price \$1.50.

Better Views of Living.

The above is the title of a new work, by A. B. Childs.

It is not often that we meet with so much substantial food for the human mind, in one volume, as is contained in this new work by Mr. Childs. This work is particularly adapted for those who have been in the habit of giving the various religious tenets of the day, but a casual examination, for they will find in this volume some startling maxims, which cannot fail to awaken investigation in their mind. Starting out, with the thought that every religion is divine; every faith true, and that no creed is false to the invisible cause of its production, the author, seemingly guided by inspiration, adds thereto, until a fund of information is adduced, that is rarely met with in one volume.

Feeling the truth of his statements, he gives expression to them, not deeming it necessary to sustain them by a thorough course of reasoning.

His ideas of chastity are, indeed, beautiful. He says: "To think evil of no one, is chastity in thought." "To love every one, is chastity in affection." "To do as we would be done by, is chastity in deeds."

The casual reader, the profound thinker, the metaphysician, the biblical student, and "ministers of the gospel," would do well to give this book careful attention. No one can read it without feeling that he is benefited thereby.

For sale by the Western News Company, 121 and 123 State Street, Chicago; also at this office, 84 Dearborn Street. Price \$1.00.

Our correspondent, J. W. S., offers the following, on our review of "Sunderland's Trance."

Mr. JONES:—There appears to be an error in your cursory review of Sunderland's new work, "The Trance." The author is dealing with the physical, and not directly with the spiritual phenomena of Trance, while your notice seems to make it appear that the spiritual phenomena were not fully done justice. Mr. Sunderland has chosen ground to explore, which has been very mysterious in the dark past, and I think from a careful reading of his book, "The Trance," he has done a work we greatly needed, to show that all his investigations harmonize with the wondrous phenomena of spirit forces.

There are thousands, say millions, who would utterly deny the facts of Spiritualism, and what can we do with such persons till we have convinced them, by scientific and philosophical demonstration, that the facts exist? We may theorize forever. Sunderland's work, dealing exclusively with the physical condition of Trance, is just what is needed to effect an entrance into the minds of the millions, for the mental and spiritual philosophy which will afford a confirmation and completion to the work.

J. F. B. of Indianapolis, sends us the following criticism of a review of A. J. Davis' "Spirit Mysteries Explained."

BROTHER S. S. JONES:—I find in the *Investigator*, of Boston, a review of A. J. Davis' work, "Spirit Mysteries Explained," and also of Sunderland's work, which I see you have just published. I mean "The Trance."

Brother Seaver's entire argument is his inability to see or feel, spiritual existence. This is all he urges as an objection to A. J. Davis' work.

Mr. Sunderland has written a scientific work on the agencies producing the trance state, and has chiefly confined his attention to the physical conditions of induction. Having read his book, we know whereof we testify, when we say it is a powerful sledge hammer, skillfully directed against the ignorance of that earth-philosophy which would deny the fact of spiritual forces. The work is collateral to Spiritualism, and must be of great value. I am glad you have introduced it upon the shelves of the JOURNAL book establishment.

Mr. Sunderland, writing a scientific work on the physical conditions of the trance, could not well ignore the mental or physical conditions thereof, and has consequently said:

"It is not difficult to suppose that invisible persons exert power over physical bodies, and that intelligence, rationalization, music, &c., are made without any human organs, or instruments." Brother Seaver, of the *Investigator*, says it is "difficult for him, very."

Very well, brother Seaver, Mr. Sunderland's work is admitted by materialists and by yourself, to be a scientific book, but because the author of "The Trance," shows facts which your philosophy does not account for, you throw him overboard, on the mere instigation of an "inability" on your part. "The Trance" is a book that we advise every Spiritualist to read, and fortify himself with the store-house of its historical and philosophical facts, and we advise every materialist to read it also, for it will assuredly aid him to "conceive" of things and truths which are now "difficult" to the undeveloped.

Indianapolis, Feb. 4th.

"Jehovah Unveiled, or the Character of the Jewish Deity delineated," to which is prefixed a letter to the Bishop of Condoiff, by J. P. Mendon, Boston, 1888. Published by J. P. Mendon, Boston, Mass.

This is a pamphlet of over one hundred pages. The work is keen in the extreme. The foundation stones of old theology, are shown to be of a concrete that quickly crumbles to pieces when exposed to the sunlight of common sense. It did well enough to hold up a structure to be used only by semi-barbarians. Now, it serves as a land-mark, denoting the progress made in the unfolding of mind—and yet it is popular to believe in the myths of the past.

For sale at this office. Price twenty-five cents. Postage four cents.

"The Ignorant Philosopher and The Adventures of Pythagoras in India." By M. De Voltaire.

This little work is well worthy of a careful perusal, not only on account of the distinguished character of this ancient philosopher, but from the simple fact that in all his statements and adventures, food for reflection can be obtained.

Published by J. P. Mendon, Boston, Mass.

"The Land of the living is the home of the dead. To die is but to live."

## Amusements.

The Worrell Sisters, whose partial failure at McVicker's Theatre, called forth some pretty severe criticism, are, this week, meeting with good success, drawing good houses, and giving the most ample satisfaction.

Their business Manager, A. L. Parkes, was out in a card in the *Times* of the 15th, in which he gave many good reasons for their not at first meeting the expectations of Chicagoans; one principal one being that all three sisters, as well as several of the company, were suffering from severe colds. He concludes by saying that the amount of anxiety caused by the fear of an unfavorable impression has utterly prostrated the sisters on two or three occasions during the past week, and Miss Sophie, particularly, has been compelled to leave the stage in a fainting condition, swooning repeatedly during the performance, the result of an overworked and ailed system.



At Col. Wood's Museum, Sharpley's Minstrels have had full houses during the week. Their engagement of Harry McCarthy, the character actor, and the charming Miss Lettie Estelle, brought them a grand ovation.

"The Field of the Cloth of Gold," continue to be a grand feature of attraction at Crosby's Opera House. The management can congratulate themselves in the presentation of this burlesque, on having made a capital hit, resulting in the most gratifying success, as it continues to draw nightly, and at the Matinees, over-flowing houses. It deserves, and probably will have a long run; another week at least.

"The Woman of the World" proved a genuine success at the Dearborn Theatre. Rarely if ever, has a comedy been better produced, both in action and mounting, than this. Mr. Alken is entitled to great credit for the taste he displayed and the real elegance which marks every part of it from first to last.

It was given on Wednesday evening, for the last time.

On Thursday evening, Mr. J. W. Blaisdale, one of the most pains-taking actors in the city, took a benefit. The hall was full of novelties, and drew a full house.

We are not advised, at present writing, of what will succeed the "Woman of the World," but presume it will be Olive Logan's American comedy, "Surf," as we observe that it is in active preparation; as also Chas. Read's "White Lies."

Theater Comique are out with a new programme, embodying additional attractions. The Tribune of the 17th inst., says:

The Theater Comique has also proved a decided success at Sharpley's Hall, and is doing a very handsome business. As a variety show, it is the best yet have ever had here, for the reason that it is kept within the bounds of decency, and is made attractive by a constant succession of novelties.

The Arlington Minstrel's reappearance at Libby Hall has been a signal success. Crowded houses attest their appreciation of their minstrelsy.

Ralph Waldo Emerson is to give a course of readings to a Boston audience, limited to one hundred persons.

#### DR. D. C. DAKE, THE HEALER.

Will be at Kalamazoo, Michigan, on the sixteenth, and remain twenty days; from the ninth of March to the thirtieth, at Battle-Creek, Michigan; at Marshall from the fifteenth to the twentieth; and at Coldwater the remainder of the month of March.

### LIFE'S UNFOLDINGS.

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WONDERS OF THE  
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RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, PRINTERS.

The Medium, in his address to the public says: The Medium (David Corlies) of Huntley's Grove, McHenry Co., Ill., through whom this work was given, has been a careful observer of the phenomena of "Modern Spiritualism" for over twenty years, and during that time he has been the humble medium through which hundreds of philosophical and scientific lectures have been given to attentive listeners. Of himself, he can only say he is an uneducated farmer, far advanced in years. He asks for this pamphlet a careful and attentive perusal.

The introduction entitled "The Unveiling" treats of man as the grand objective ultimate of Life's Unfoldings.

He also stands at the pinnacle of all organized life in the twenty-four of all things.

On page twenty-four the author treats of "the way mediums paint themselves," in the true order of the development of the arts and sciences. In part second, under the general head of mysteries Revealed, the author treats of "How Mankind Manifest their presence through Physical Bodies of Mediums. How the writing is done. How we influence a Medium to speak. The fulness of all kinds of language investigated. The risk and the carrying of Musical Instruments around the room explained."

This work is neatly got up and consists of seventy-three closely printed pages and we hesitate not to say that it contains more original thought upon important subjects, a few only of which we have enumerated, than any other work of equal size we have seen.

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Most truly thine,  
J. M. PERLIER.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov., 1868.

#### Panorama of Wonders.

Read in another column, "A Panorama of Wonders by the great Spiritual Remedy, Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders."

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With crest of dancing foam,  
And BEAUTY in the special work,  
OF PATTON'S MAGIC COMB!

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#### A PLEASANT STORY.

In the streets of Chicago, I wandered along,  
And curiously saw a familiar old song,  
While viewing the cars, horses, and such,  
The Irish—the Scotch—the French, and the Dutch,  
And the strange Advertisements of these latter days,  
On the Bulletin Boards, for concerts, and plays,  
When all on a sudden I saw something new,  
On one printed paper in Red, White and Blue:  
It told of the virtues of something so new,  
So handy—so harmless—so perfect, complete,  
For coloring beard, the mustache or hair,  
Without any poison, or anything, or care,  
And not only so, but the color is "fast,"  
And like a skunk, it "sticks to the last!"  
In reading I pondered, and thought of my hair,  
Now as "gray as a rat," once so glossy, and fair,  
I hunted, and found it—I bought it, and tried,  
When all my gray hair, in a "jiff" stopped aside!  
My age is increased—I feel twenty years younger—  
I will surely next week—no more wait longer,  
I will have new hair, and the comfort of home,  
For all will be gained by the New Magic Comb.  
Yes, I found that Comb at 84 Dearborn Street, where they have a few more left of the same sort. Don't forget the price, \$1.25, and address MAGIC COMB AGENCY, 84 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, and you shall receive the MAGIC COMB by mail post paid.  
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## INVOCATION.

O, Thou Spirit of Wisdom, let our thoughts be accepted by Thee. Hear Thou, the secret prayers of our souls, and give us that strength, and light that shall enable us to walk in the path of wisdom and truth. Teach us to be true unto ourselves, that we may deal justly with the immortal germ within, giving it power to unfold itself in goodness and love, harmonizing it with all things above and all to be in harmony with itself, thereby showing to one another that it is love and wisdom within, that control the outer manifestations.

We realize that through sad experiences, we are enabled to send forth greater sympathies to others. The heart which has passed through the trying ordeal, can enter into the deepest sympathy with those who are in like sadness.

Those sad experiences unfold to us the great lesson of kindness, of brotherly and sisterly love.

We realize Thy guidance in the past, and we earnestly desire Thy presence in the present, and in all time to come. Give us to know that all things are governed by Thee; that Thou art a grand and mighty Principle, unfolding Thyself to us in many ways; that whether we call upon Thee as Father and Mother, as a Spirit of Light, as a Spirit of Truth, Goodness or Wisdom, it matters not unto Thee, for Thou art ever present, guiding and directing all with a divine will and purpose. Let us ever feel this, and ever ascribe unto Thee ceaseless praise.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTION BY MR. BALDRIDGE.

Q. What became of the saints after the crucifixion, that came out of their graves?

A. Not having been present ourselves, we could not say; but judging from others, we should say their experience was similar to that of other spirits, that pass from the material to the spiritual plane of life.

QUESTION BY MR. LASALLE.

Q. It is really astonishing to me where such intelligence comes from, to answer questions so promptly, and in such a satisfactory manner—questions that would puzzle almost any known person, now living upon the earth.

A. We say that every A, B, C or D, can answer them in his way, according to his ideas of right; and from the fact that we have given them to correspond with your approval, it does not follow that it will meet with the same with every one else. While these answers might be satisfactory to you in every particular, yet there are minds which would, doubtless, find fault with every one of them.

Q. Please explain the origin of thought?

A. Thoughts, of necessity, must be within, and language is their external expression. All thoughts, then, seemingly, originate within the brain of the spirit, and they help to unfold the individual's life within, so that we can take cognizance of it by our external senses. Thoughts have their origin in the great fountain of life, and as every spirit is a part of that life, so we can say, thought is within the spirit. Two persons for instance, think the same thing at the same time, both, perhaps, will give expression to it at the same time. And, again, another may give it expression, and the other will respond. "It is exactly what I was thinking." How it is that we get these thoughts—that we cannot tell, except it is from the great source or fountain of thought, God.

GEORGE E. WILLIAMS.

My good friend, I have been promising to come here time after time, and now that I have succeeded in getting possession of this organism, I propose to tell my story, and tell it in my own way. I don't propose to be driven away, until I get ready to go. If it is a fact that we can come—and it must be, or else I should not be here—individuals have a right to come, and then they must have a right to stay until they get ready to go. I don't wish to intrude upon any one, but there are a few things that I want to say. How do you say that they will carry conviction to my only study. God is infinite. God is good. If he is infinite, he has also power. If he had power years and years gone by to suffer people that once lived upon this earth to return, so he has the power to-day, and I want you to bear this in mind. You believe that with God all things are possible. So do I now, but I did not once. I believe that when he gave life a living existence upon earth, and gave that same life an existence after death, I believe that then he must have power. Now you believe that we exist, but where and how? You do not believe that it is possible that any one can return and take possession of a physical organism after they have once left their own. Neither did I. You, like myself, would be very glad to have it so. If you could only be convinced of the fact, you would say, Amen, and bless God that it was so. That I lived as you now live, that you know. That by disease I was forced to leave my body, that you know. You say God gave, and he has power to take away. You believe that he took me. I, living, lived what you conceived a good and honorable life. Believe that I am happy. Now if I could not see you when you are the dearest of all either in earth or in heaven, how could I be happy? No heaven could possess charms sufficient for me to keep me away from you, to make me happy if I could not see you. To die, to leave dear ones

behind is a terrible, terrible thing. It was not God's will that I should die, but it was because my body was so diseased, and I suffered so much I could not stay any longer in it. You think that God took me. I thought at the time he was going to take me, but now I don't think so. But since it is possible for me to return to you and tell you that I live, and something near how I live, I will not complain, but will take things as they are. Believe me, when I tell you that I had not been dead to you not one half hour before I witnessed all your grief. I then thought if I could go away as you would go away from witnessing the sorrow of any one that was dear to you, I thought I would go away; but I could not. As long as you continued to feel so, and grieve in the way you did, just so long I seemed to stay nearer and nearer to you. When you said at night, "If I could only see him, if it was but for a few moments, that would be all that I would ask," then it was that I was close by you, but could not, could not speak. That is, I could not speak so that you could hear me. I could come close, and lay my hand upon your head, but you did not feel it; you did not know that I was there. I witnessed everything that you did. I saw where you laid my body, and how anxious you were to keep it, thinking it was the last you could see of me on earth. You had no thought that I should ever say one word to you until you had passed through death the same as I have; but now it is true, and here I am. This is my body, seemingly, and yet, with my sense, I know it is not my body. If you were here, it would seem to me as though I could be just as real to you as I ever was in my life. How glad I would be if you were here. But by this you will think that it is possible for me to come here. It may be possible, if you visit some medium, I can then manifest myself to you. I will try to do it just as hard as I ever tried to do anything for your happiness. I will try to do that. Time alone can tell how I shall succeed. Emily; God bless you; God bless our little ones. I had so many things that I had thought to tell you. When I first got possession of the medium, I felt strong and positive; now I do not feel so. It seems to me that I am growing weaker, as I did in my last sickness. To you, my wife I will say that I shall ever be near; and to you, my dear father and mother, I will be the same; and to our children, I will never leave them until they shall pass through death the same as I did. Oh, Emily, do not doubt, do not be afraid, no matter what people may say, no matter what they may think. You were the dearest to me on earth; you are the dearest now. I know I was dearest to you. Yes, your husband, George E. Williams, will never leave you. You will ask me why I do not tell you my age. That thought comes to me: I will say I was thirty-seven.

[He has not stated place of residence; that is important.]

January 31st, 1869.

## LEMUEL ELLIOTT.

If you want my place of residence I can give it to you, just as easy as can be, but I don't suppose it will make any difference to you. I did not come here to notify any one that is here. Now, you mind that. I came here because I have something to say to my folks. I heard you say that he didn't give his place of residence, and that that was essential or important; so it is, but you see that man was just exactly like a great many other Christians. When they start out, they are very powerful; but as time passes on their religion passes away; and they are not near as powerful as they thought they were going to be. They do not hold out, near as well as they thought they could. I never was a Christian, I never belonged to any church except God's Church; and anybody belongs to God's Church, whether they make any great professions of religion or not. If one does just the very best he possibly can, why, I don't see what more you can expect him to do. I will say that nine-tenths of all these Christians, are Christians because it is popular. They are Christians because they believe that somebody will think a little more of them; and some of them are Christians because they think that if they do not do just so, that God will strike them out of existence after death, and, again, others are afraid that they will go to a place of torment and there suffer eternally. But I tell you, such impressions do not stay long, for they are nothing more nor less than psychological influences produced upon them by what some powerful preacher has said—some strong minded individual that earns his bread and butter on Sunday; and the larger his salary, of course, the better he can talk and the more terrible things he will portray to his congregation, and the better he is liked because the more converts he will make.

Belong to church? "Come into my church, and you will be all right." No, I won't do it. Everybody says "It is my church; it is my God," but it's your devil, always. You never find a good Christian that has any sort of any idea that it is his devil; but it is your devil if you do not "our church." "Our Church" is a great institution. I heard the preacher when he said, "His spirit has gone, and it has gone to the God who gave it; and we leave it in the hands of a just God; and by his taking this one away from your family, it will lead you to think and to be better Christians." The devil it would! If God would take a person away from his family when he is needed by that family, just for the sake of making them better Christians, I would call him a very unreasonable God. I had a great deal rather that the Churches should have such a God than to have him myself—a great deal rather; because I have no use for such a God. If God, by his laws suffers people to die when they violate the same—now I mean the laws of health, why then of course, I can not be him. If people take care of themselves, take care of their families, and live honorably, they will do well enough.

I don't believe in people doing any great sins now, such as stealing or lying, or killing any thing of that kind—I don't believe in that at

all. But I mean, good honest, every-day sort of people, who try to mind their own business, and let other people do the same. I believe they are just exactly as good Christians as God ever cares to have them to be. Now that's my God. I would not have any other God if I could. I would not change him if I could.

Now I know many a one that will say "yes, I guess you could not change him if you would, and you would, if you could." Well I would not, if I could, I say. The whole long and short of it is, we are born upon the earth without ever being consulted in regard to it, or the least thing about it whatever; and we find them; and we have to make the best of them, too. Perhaps, we have not the power within us to do just exactly as we would; then we have got to do just the best we can. I know very well that the preacher said, "he lived a good moral life." A good moral life: You sat and swallowed it all. It is just as well. It don't make one particle of difference to me whether you do, or do not believe it. It was not a very great consolation to me after all. You thought if I had only just repented, if it had been only just a few minutes before that, I would be all right. Now I didn't repent at all, and I am just as near right as though I did. You say if I had lived a terribly, terribly wicked sinner all my life, and just a little while before I left that life, if I had called upon God for forgiveness, that he would have forgiven me, in just one or two minutes, for all the wicked deeds I had done.—If that is so, why, I should think it a very great piece of injustice.

Again, I have told you many and many a time, that if God had the power to forgive people for all their sins in a few minutes, why, of course, if he wanted to forgive them he would any way, and if he didn't want to forgive them, why he would not, and that would be the end of it.—And another thing you know, I told you many and many a time, that if God made every thing in the first place, and pronounced it good—now that's a bible—and then made the devil to take charge of a certain portion of his children, why, he had an object in view, in making him; and of course, if he didn't take some of them, he would not carry out his aims that's all. I believe in everything being in its proper place.

Now, you will say, I have not changed one bit, not one bit. I will tell you, another thing; all of your prayers, all of your long faces, all of your strict obedience to the Sabbath—and by the way this is Sunday, and here I am a great sinner—I say all of that won't make one particle of difference—it won't make you any happier or better after you get here. Now do you know that I think that the looks and the thoughts that you give to this one, or to that one, and the other one, because they do not think just as you do, and do not belong to the same church that you do—you do know I think it is as big a sin as any I ever did? I do. I tell you, that if you only knew what I know now, you would see that to die, was nothing.—And why? Because we go into a life where everything is just exactly as good as you have it, and better, for this reason: Nobody is picking at one another, because they don't think just as they do; and there is no pulling and hauling, no strife among ministers or church members to see who shall have the most, and who shall have the nicest church, and who shall have the best preacher, and who shall have the most converts. There is not a particle of it, here, not a particle of it.—That is a great thing. I don't know but I am staying here a long time. I like it. If Christians can come here, why not I? Now truth is the truth, ain't it, no matter who gives utterance to it; no matter how it comes, it is true that truth is the truth.

I believe that my God—now mind you, I have got a God—I believe that with my God every thing is a truth for itself. Now this is Sunday night. I never went to church. This is just about as near church as any church I ever went to. I worked hard, you know, during the week, and when Sunday came, I thought it was as good a way to worship God as I could find, to rest my body and prepare for my work. That was all that I cared for Sunday. I didn't think it was one particle better than any other day, nor I don't think it is now. I think some where, away back in the past, when some great Christians had control of matters and things, I think that the day called Sunday, God's day, was set aside for the purpose of making people live up to their ideas of Christianity. Now I can prove that to you, just by things you see here on earth. In some Christian cities where there are the greatest churches, and Christians of the greatest power, you will find how very strict they are; and then in another city where a kind of liberal minded people have control of things, you will see that people can do pretty near as they like on Sunday; and believe in this very city where I am now, the people can go to church or stay at home. They can go to places of amusement on Sunday—for there are such places—or they can do the other thing. They can do just exactly as they are a mind to, and I like it. I tell you, I am heartily glad that people are getting out of this old idea that you have got to do just so and so on Sunday. Just think what an awful thing it would be, if a person could not sing on Sunday. Think what an awful thing it would be, if they could not play on Sunday. Think what an awful thing it would be, if they could not visit their friends on Sunday; or if they could not have a nice warm dinner on Sunday. Some think you must not cook on Sunday; it is God's day. There are some people to-day who would not have a meal of victuals cooked in their house on Sunday for any thing; it is God's day. You may go outside, and go wherever you like in the vegetable world, and you will find that there is not one thing that stops growing because it is Sunday—not one thing. All animals require food just as much on that day as any other; and human beings who are anxious to make Sunday one of the happiest days of the week, should do it by having good things, and if they have good clothes, make good use of them, and they should

see one another and have real, good suitable things, because they don't work on Sunday. Now, that's my idea. "Just the same," you say, "as he was before he died." How long is it since he died? Just think of it! It is eleven years since. Now, wouldn't you think I had changed a little? Do you really think, if the devil had me I should be speaking here now? Now, mark! you think that evil spirits can come back. Just think of it—an evil spirit can come back, but a good one can't. Now how consistent that is. You think that evil spirits can come back for the purpose of what? For the purpose of making people sinners; for the purpose of seducing them from the path of rectitude and virtue! If I say one word that is not God's truth—that is my God's truth—then tell me so. Now, if your God would let wicked people converse with their friends, and would not let good ones, would you really think that was just? No, no, no, not so. If evil ones can come, why, surely, good ones can. You do not think that a wicked man has any greater powers or deserves any greater blessings than a good one. Neither do I. Well, I have spun out a long story here—a very long one, I am afraid, longer than you will like; but if there is a part of it you want to disregard, do it. If you want to discard the whole of it, why, do that; but I tell you, you can't discard the truth if you discard everything else.

Another thing; it will set you to thinking a little, because nearly all of this talk I have given to you more than once, and I am precisely—that is so far as my opinion goes, the same as I was then, only a little more so.

Now, right here in this room, there are some good Christians, that is they think they are; and right here there are some others, every day sort of people; and right here are some others who are Spiritualists, that you think are the devil in all. Now, if you could see them, just cast your eye around as I do here, you could not tell the Christian from the Spiritualist, or the every day sort of person. They have just about the same look. It is Sunday, and one don't look any more like a Christian for Sunday than the other. There are more here that I know of than I have ever seen before, and yet I know that what I say in regard to their characters, and the world's people and Spiritualists, is true. You don't find any body here that is an infidel, not one. You don't find any one in the life where I now am, that are infidels either.

You will read this over and over again. You will sometimes throw it away in contempt, and think you will never touch it again; but something or other will come over you that you will kind of want to keep it. You want it destroyed, and then you will read it again. You will show it to others to read, and they will exclaim, "how very like him." I wonder if it is really so. I wonder if some one there got this all up. If they did, they hit the mark pretty well. I really would like to have been there, when it was given. Well, I would like to have had you, but that is not here now.—Now, you know that I live. Let me see. I lived between forty-three and forty-four years, and never was a member of a church; and I never shall be a member of a Christian church, because I am dead, dead to you, but not to myself.

Now I am going to say to you, that when the time shall come when you shall die, as I did, and die you must, of necessity—and pass into the same world where I now exist, then we shall see each other right. I lived in Memphis, Tennessee. I believe I said it was eleven years since I had been in this world. It was Typhoid fever that I died of.

Now then, this is the first time you have heard from me, but it won't be the last time you will hear from me before you will die. I am sure of that, because I can control a medium and manifest, easier than I did this time, and I will again inside of three months.

Between three and four months, you will hear from me again. I will keep you thinking about this matter, until you find out it is true; and when I have done that, it will be all I care to do. It is not because you cannot get along without me; it is not that. But if I can get any of the ideas out of your head, that you have got in it now, and give you some that are better, then I will go far, and be a preacher and a teacher. My name was Lemuel Elliott, and though I have been dead, I yet live. This is night; when you read this it will be day—so I will say good day. Then it will seem more as though it was just then. I am very much obliged to you all, and to the spirits that gave me permission to come. To every one here present, I will say good night.

JAN. 31st, 1869.

## Correspondence in Brief.

Harrison Augir writes to us from Calamus, Iowa. He is engaged in the lecturing field, and, no doubt, is doing a good work.

He has had several interesting debates with those who do not believe in the power of spirits to communicate with mortals.

E. E. P., of Omango, gives cheering accounts of Spiritualism in that town. The Society there has been favored with a lecture from E. C. Dunn, also from Mrs. Wilcoxson. Go ahead, brother, in the good work.

Mr. Rathburn writes an interesting letter from Shellbark, Illinois, giving an account of a dream wherein he was prompted to purchase a certain book. Dreams, brother, sometimes reveal startling facts, especially when caused by our spirit guardians.

Dr. H. S. Brown informs us that the two Lyons in Milwaukee are in a flourishing condition. We are glad to hear that Milwaukee is alive to the interests of the children.

He speaks flatteringly of the good work of Bro. Potter.

Bro. J. Mc Clure, of Albany, New York, writes to us that the Spiritualists there—

would like to have our Western mediums call upon them, when passing through that city. Bro. Mc Clure's address is No. 27, Orange street.

Benjamin Smith, Fallsburg, Kent county, Michigan, writes:

I have long been a confirmed believer in our glorious philosophy, founded upon our own experience, my wife being a physical medium. I think that the JOURNAL now excels all other spiritual papers, for good, sound arguments and reading matter. I am much interested in Austin Kent's philosophy; his arguments are sound and come square to the point without dodging the question. The idea of an all-wise, all-powerful and all-good Deity, creating and controlling the universe, to my sense of reason, is contradicted by stern facts. The evil and suffering which we every day can observe in the operations of nature, the cruelty of man and the lower animals to each other—the cat tormenting the mouse for mere amusement—backs up the arguments of brother Kent. I have to take the position of the noble Dr. Robert Hare, that the creative principle lacks the power, rather than the goodness, and without these sufferings, we cannot reach a better state of things.

S. Stanberry, of Aroma, Illinois, writes: The secret of success apparently is, that we shall say the right thing at the right time. It is not a fact that every zealous Spiritualist has made converts. The more a man says the more likely he is to be misunderstood. It takes but a slight jog for any one to become a Spiritualist, who believes in the existence of spirits, if we only knew when to push and how.

Mrs. "Addie L. Ballou" writes encouragingly from Minnesota where she has been lecturing for some time. She is one of our most efficient workers, and has done great good on those Western prairies. She says:

Why is it that we have so many floating speakers, poorly supported? I am glad to see some societies wise enough to agitate this subject, and settle at least a few. If the funds now benefiting railroad companies, traveling expenses of our speakers, were given to keep speakers in the localities to which they are best adapted, we should as a society, have thrice the thrift, and be a power in the land.

Closing my engagement with the State, I still remain to fill one made for the month of January with this Society, when each succeeding Sunday brings together a little larger audience. Our church is filled, and the interest great. Letters or calls will reach me the first of next month if sent to Mankato. God-speed the right.

Luther Stant, of Luddington, Michigan, gives a curious account of certain noises heard in the forest. It seemed as if some one was driving an ox team, the clashing of chains, etc., seeming as natural as life. Whenever any one would go where the noise proceeded from, there would be no team, and no indication that any had been about.

Dr. J. H. Hill, Knightstown, Indiana, says:

Allow me to thank you for your confidence and kindness, for sending me your paper nearly a year without payment. Your untiring energies are to be commended in so successfully continuing to publish it under discouraging circumstances, so fine a paper, which seems to be free to all who are wishing to express a thought in behalf of freedom, and progress.

From the American Artisan, Vol. VII, No. 19, p. 2.

Patent "Magic Comb" for Dyeing the Hair.

Perhaps one of the most popular applications of chemical science ever made, was that which enables the hair and beard to be changed from an unsightly or undesirable shade of grey or yellow to the more approved tints of brown or black. Hitherto the dyes by which such results have been secured have been applied in a liquid form, involving much inconvenience in their use, often staining the skin, and in many cases failing to give that glossy brightness which is one of the finest attributes of *moustachios* or *chevelure*.

The miniature unique device represented in the accompanying engraving is so formed, as will be seen by the subjoined description, as to be capable of use without any of the drawbacks incident to the employment of a liquid dye; and furthermore communicates to the hair the natural and glossy appearance always desired, but very unobtainable by the ordinary artificial means.

The apparatus, as shown in the cut, may be briefly described as consisting of a double comb, or, in other words, of a comb having two distinct sets of teeth, arranged at suitable distances apart. The teeth of one of these sets are coated with any desired thickness with a composition containing, in a suitable proportion, the material which imparts color to the hair. The teeth of the other set are in like manner coated with a composition containing the substance which fixes the coloring matter upon the hair when applied thereto.

In using the apparatus, the hair or beard, as the case may be, is first washed, and while yet damp has passed repeatedly through that set of the teeth marked A, coated with the fixing composition. This fits the hair for the reception of the dye, and also effectually cleanses it from all impurities. The being done, the device is simply reversed and the hair or beard is combed with the other or B side, whereupon the dye on the last indicated set of the teeth is uniformly deposited upon the hair and fixed thereon by the substance previously applied as indicated forth, communicates the desired dark tint thereto, and at the same time leaves the hair as soft and glossy as if no dye had been applied; no danger, furthermore, having been incurred of staining the skin, inasmuch as the dye is not liable to be brought in contact with the latter at all.

Aside from its efficacy in serving the purpose for which it is designed, the compactness of the device enables it to be carried by travelers and others with far less inconvenience than the common liquid dyes put up in bottles; at the same time its convenient form allows it to be used in giving a darker shade to the eyebrows, in cases where the application of such ordinary dyes would be objectionable in the extreme.

This ingenious device is the invention of William Patton, of Springfield, Mass., to whom a patent thereon was granted on October 13, 1868.

Patents on this invention have also been secured in foreign countries.

For sale at this Office as per Advertisement in another Column.



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No. 3 vol. 5 12 wks.

J. C. TAYLOR



